CAVALIER

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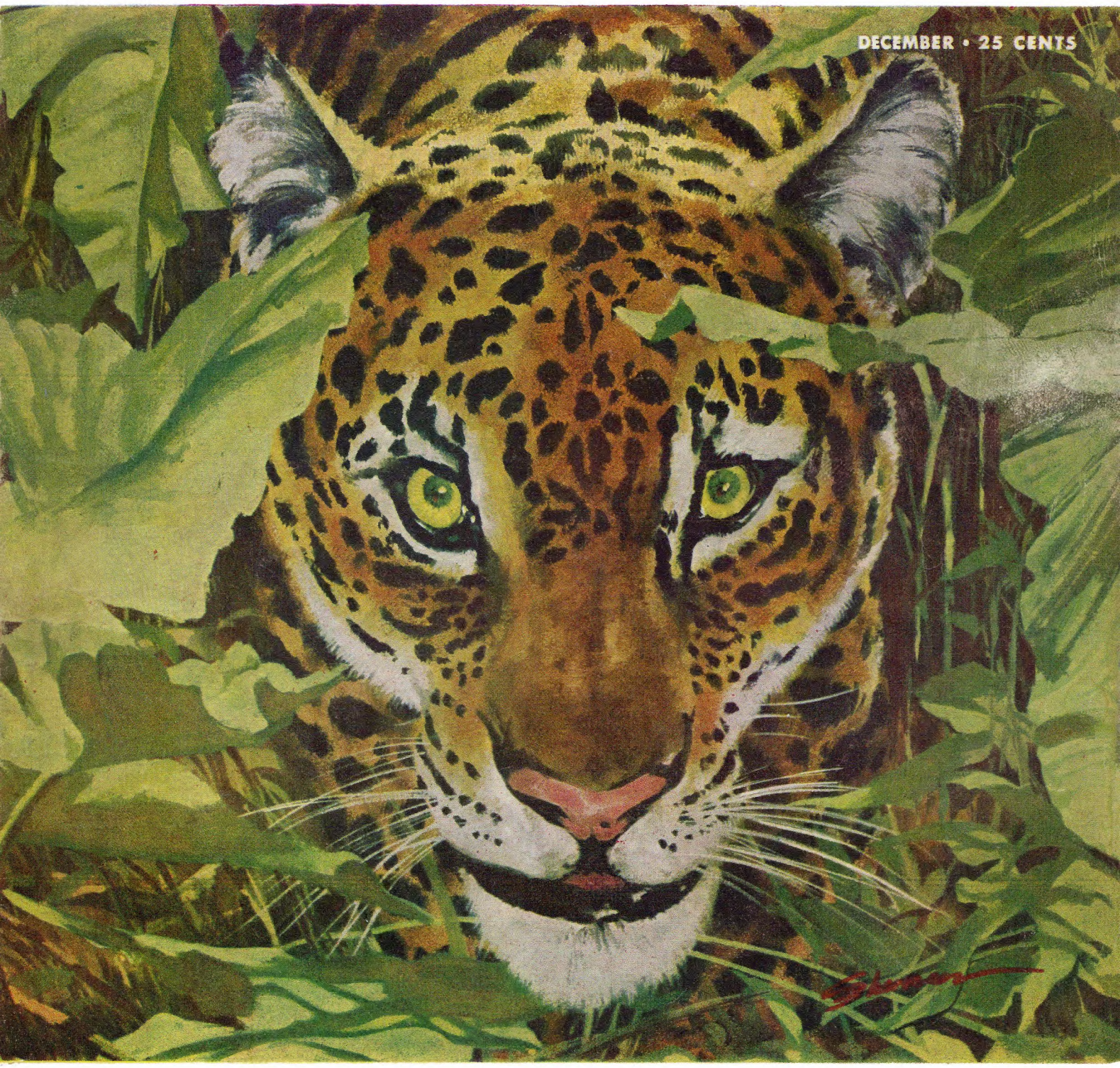
MONTANA'S FISHY MONSTER

I Crossed the Atlantic by Jeep

THE WOMEN WHO RAPE MEN



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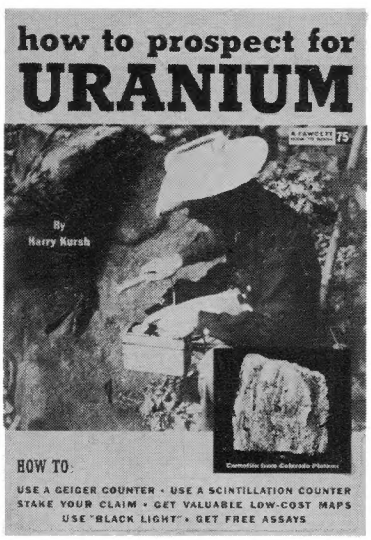

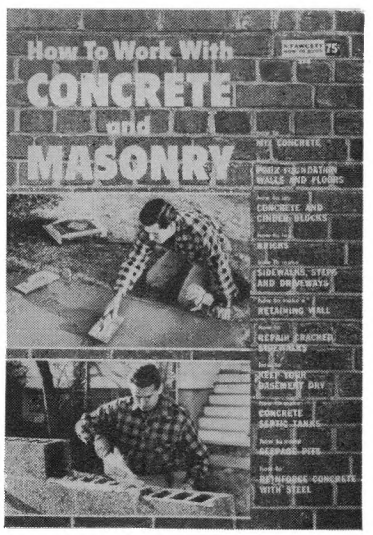

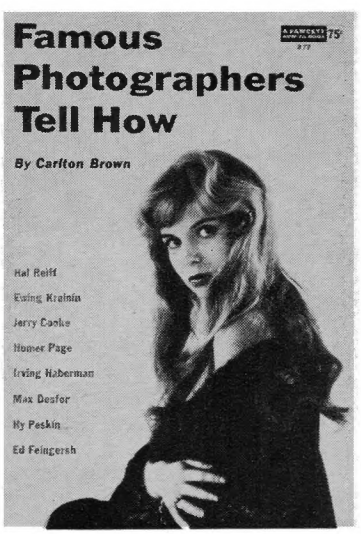

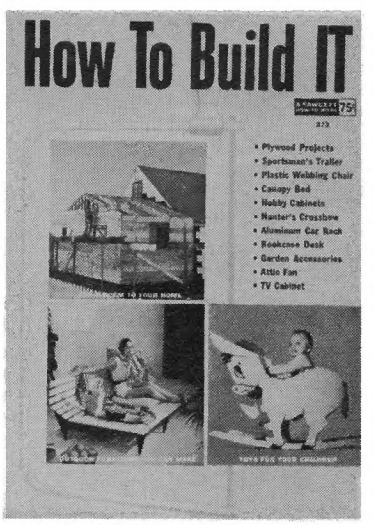

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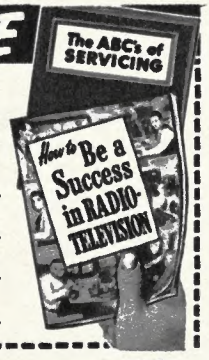
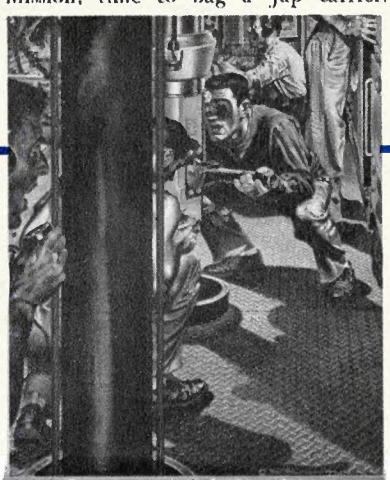


MOTORCYCLIST Kretz: Bad luck and broken bones can't stop a winner.

CLIMBER Thayer: Destiny waited for him on top of Mt. McKinley.

ITALIAN STAR Sophia Loren: Her success lies in looking available.

SUB SKIPPER Fluckey: On a rescue mission, time to bag a Jap carrier.



CAVALIER

DECEMBER, 1955 **A FAWCETT PUBLICATION**

Bob Curran .....*Managing Editor* Stephen Horvath .....*Art Editor*
Arthur Herzog .....*Associate Editor*

James B. O'Connell.....*Editor*

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VOL. 3 NO. 30

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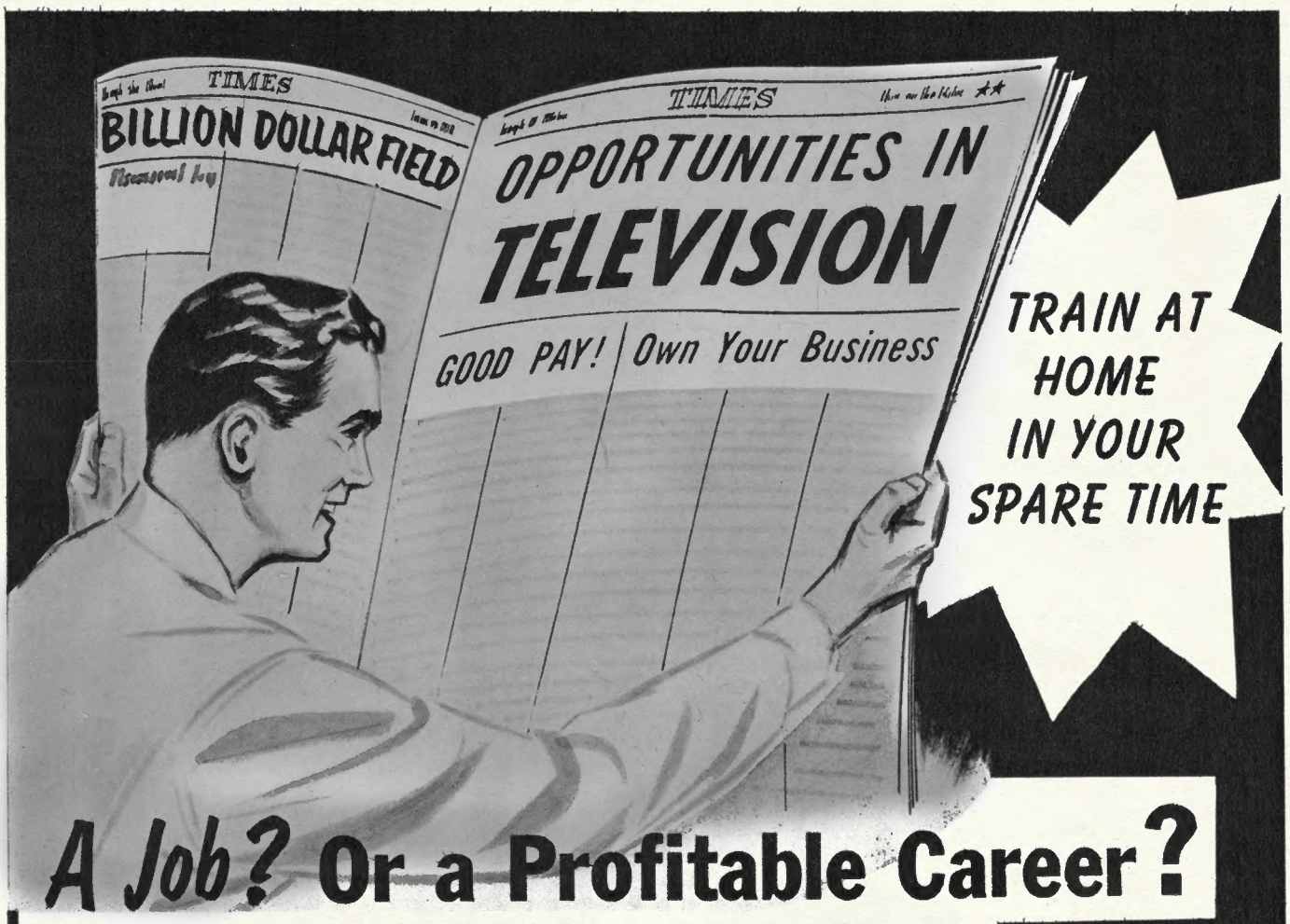

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YOU SAID IT!.... Letters to CAVALIER

'EAR, 'EAR

I read your recent article, *World's Greatest Night Fighters* (September, CAVALIER), with tongue in cheek. Granted, the Ethiopians are good, but the undisputed champion of all night fighters is the Ghurka who is in the service of Her Majesty the Queen.

In North Africa the Ghurkas traversed the lines freely after dark armed only with their 12-inch, more than razor-sharp knives known as Kukres. According to ceremonial custom, the Kukre *must* draw blood when it's drawn from the sheath. The Ghurka can decapitate a man with one swift stroke of that knife, and the word is that they were paid a bounty on German ears. The German soldiers were mortally afraid of the Ghurkas.

Edward F. McGivern
Butler, Penn.

The Ghurkas are the world's most overrated, underpowered mercenaries in the world. While they slink around like Charlie Chan scaring the tourists, the Ethiopians are out racking up the bodies. We'll take the Ethiopians, pal.—Ed.

KILL JOY

The Great Uranium Boom (October), will no doubt unload another stampede of get-rich-quickers on us and boost staggering prices a few notches higher for us poor jokers who must live here and take it.

Somebody seems to have put over the impression that all prospectors are loaded with folding money. I've lived here for fifty years and I can tell you that some of the true facts would make a statue weep: used car lots jammed with cars whose owners peddled them to get enough bus money to go back home; uranium offices run by guys who don't know straight up from sideways; people getting gypped left and right.

A guy came up to me on the street yesterday. His chin sprouted a five-day crop of whiskers. He wanted to trade me his razor for a hamburger, that's how busted they get. I found out he had a wife and three kids who hadn't eaten in three days.

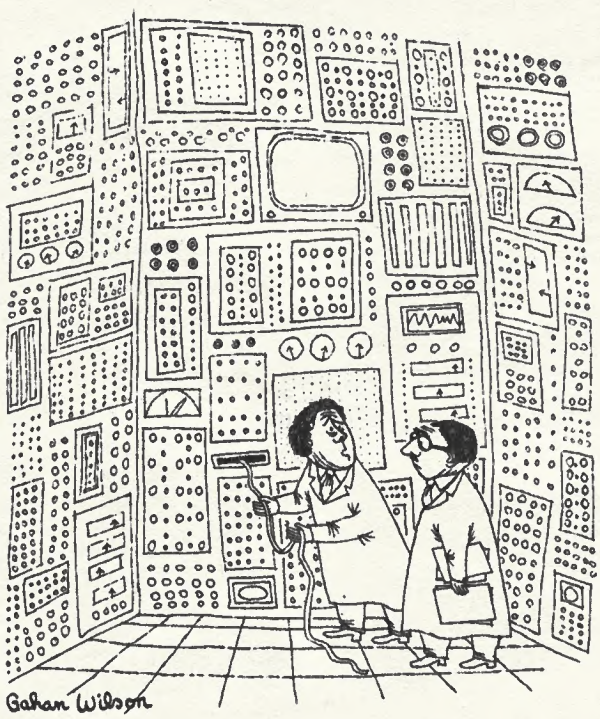
I attach a poem I've written on the subject.

Oh come to Colorado
If your brain is getting old.
You may find lots of rocks
But you won't find any gold.

The hills are full of suckers
With a Geiger counter box,
Skidding on their bottoms
To try to save their socks. . . .

Edwin M. Glaze
Grand Junction, Colo.

Save the tears for the bellyachers who can't rough it. CAVALIER readers mostly have guts enough to take a chance. Go for broke, Edwin.—Ed.



"It says the some thing over ond over agoin, 'Ask me no questions ond I'll tell you no lies.'"

BIG TALK

I read your article *Number One Bobcat Buster,* October issue. In my opinion anyone who needs the aid of a high-powered rifle and a pack of dogs to hunt little bobcats is a coward. I've shot animals with a .22 rifle that some of these so-called sportsmen would be afraid to face with a Weatherbee Magnum, and I didn't need dogs to help me.

Warren Robertson
Pasadena, Calif.

Go ahead, Warren. Tell us about the time you bagged a field mouse with your trusty .22. But keep it short. We've got a date to hunt bobcat.—Ed.

A LOVER OF CHEESECAKE, HE

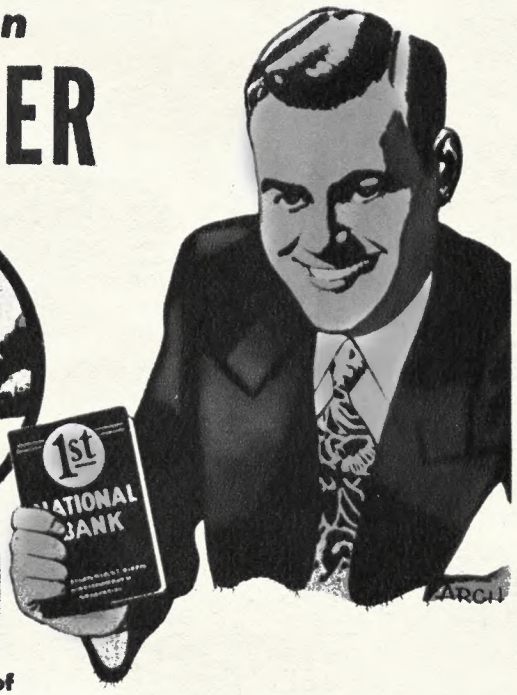
. . . the South deserves our admiration for having produced a woman like Jayne Mansfield (*Everything's the Greatest in Texas, September*), who is in certain obvious ways comparable to Tamara Lees, Barbara Osterman, Anita Ekberg, John Diener, Tempest Storm and Sophia Loren. Why not have some of these girls, too?

José Mario Caycede-Garcés
Cali, Columbia

We're way ahead of you, José. Check a back issue for Ekberg, this issue for Loren (page 32). And it's only the beginning.—Ed.

To the man who wants to enjoy an

ACCOUNTANT'S CAREER



if you're that man, here's something that will interest you.

Not a magic formula—not a get-rich-quick scheme—but something more substantial, more practical.

Of course, you need something more than just the desire to be an accountant. You've got to pay the price—be willing to study earnestly, thoroughly.

SAMPLE LESSON SENT FREE MAIL COUPON BELOW

Still, wouldn't it be worth your while to sacrifice some of your leisure in favor of interesting home study—over a comparatively brief period? Always provided that the rewards were good—a salary of $4,000 to $10,000 and up?

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REASON #2. The demand for accountants is great—everywhere. All business must have trained accountants to cope with ever-growing requirements. It's a profession offering wide opportunity—always—to the man who knows. The accountant's duties are interesting, varied, and of real worth to his employers. He has standing.

REASON #3. You can fit into any business, anywhere in the country—because accounting principles are universal. Think what this means in terms of security and independence!

REASON #4. Accountancy is open to all. Any man or woman of good intelligence, who enjoys figure work and is willing to follow LaSalle's systematic "problem method" plan, can rapidly qualify for a highly profitable, enjoyable lifetime career . . . and he doesn't have to finish his training before beginning to "cash in."

REASON #5. Without losing a day from your present work, you can prepare in spare hours at home, at low cost. LaSalle has trained nearly 10 per cent of all the Certified Public Accountants in the U.S. . . . and many thousands of others who are now enjoying high-paying careers.

YOU "LEARN BY DOING" THROUGH LASALLE'S PROBLEM METHOD

Just suppose you were permitted to work in a large accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant. Suppose, with his aid, you studied accounting principles and solved problems day by day—easy ones at first—then more difficult ones. If you could do this—and could turn to him for advice as the problems became complex—soon you'd master them all.

That's the training you follow in principle under the LaSalle Problem Method.

You cover accountancy from the basic principles right up through Accountancy systems and Income Tax Procedure. Then you add C.P.A. Training and prepare for the C.P.A. examinations.

As you go along, you absorb the principles of Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Statistical Control, Organization, Management, and Finance.

Your progress is as speedy as you care to make it—depending on your own eagerness to learn and the time you spend in study.

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Do you feel that such things aren't for you? Well, don't be too sure. Very possibly they *can* be. You know that success *does* come to the man who is really *trained*. It's possible your employers will notice your improvement in a very few weeks or months. Indeed, many LaSalle-trained men have reported substantially increased earnings long before they finished their training. Others have quickly won higher position and larger incomes by changing jobs with the aid of this training.

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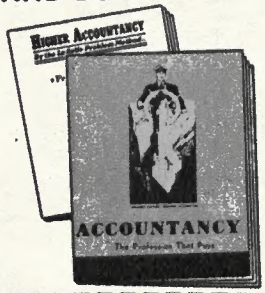

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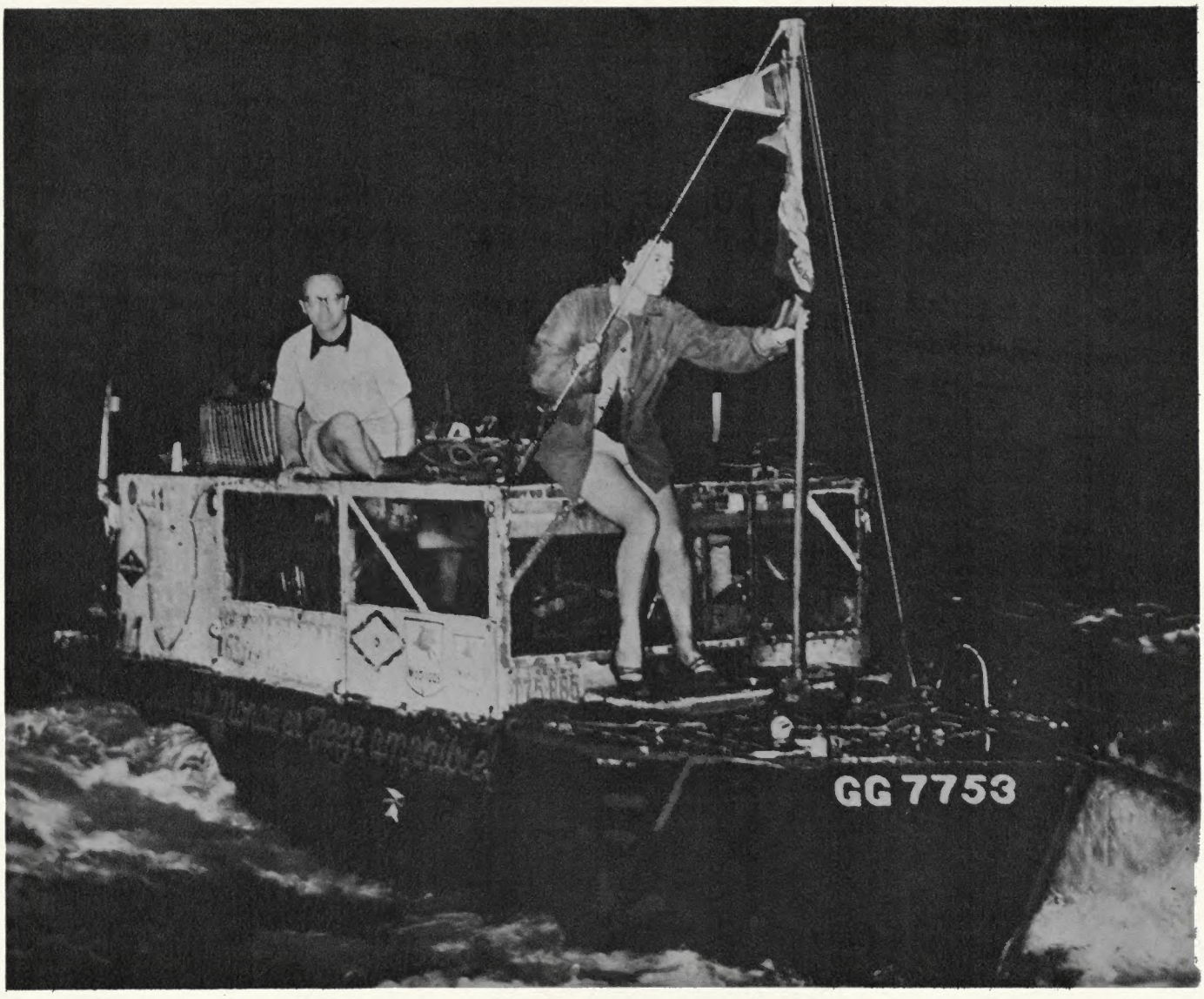


Elinore Carlin on jeep's deck with friend after vessel completed Atlantic crossing. The single sail was lost in storm.

I Sailed a Jeep Across the Atlantic

There was never a trip like this—two people alone in a screwball craft facing the worst that wind and storm could throw at them, yet determined to cross the sea

By Benjamin F. Carlin

Benjamin Carlin, ex-Aussie.

Towards the end of the war life in the Army of India was dull, the sun was hot and the gin was bad. After V-J day life became duller, the sun stayed hot and the gin got no better. Almost the only thing that interested us was to get back in civvies as soon as possible. It was in these circumstances that I came face to face with a U.S. Army amphibious jeep for the first time.

An RAF friend of mine—a distinguished, intelligent officer named Mac—and I were inspecting an abandoned U.S. airfield near Calcutta. The sea and automotive engineering had long been hobbies of mine, and the jeep, which was parked inside a rotting hanger, fascinated me. An impractical kind of vehicle, it was bigger than an ordinary jeep and equipped with a propeller but had the same wheelbase and engine.

After looking it over I said, more to myself than to Mac, "Do you know, with a little modification you could sail one of these things around the world."

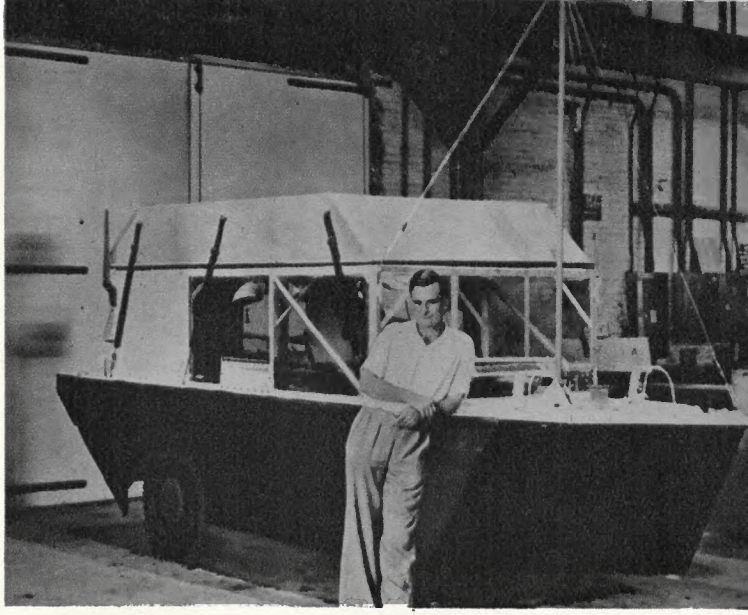
"Nuts," Mac said, "come in out of the sun."

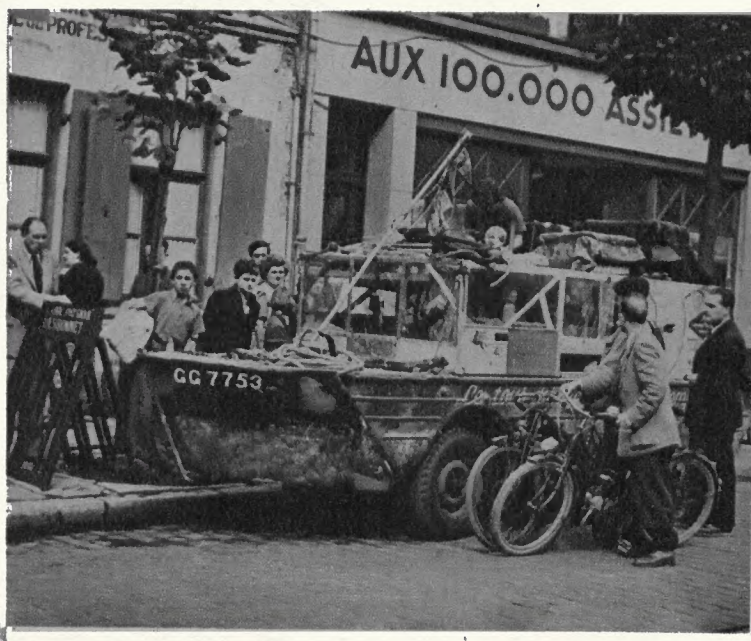
But the idea stuck, and after some deep calculations, using the fingers of both hands, I said stubbornly, "Mac, it IS possible. You'd only have to weatherproof the jeep, provide it with a bigger fuel supply and. . . ."

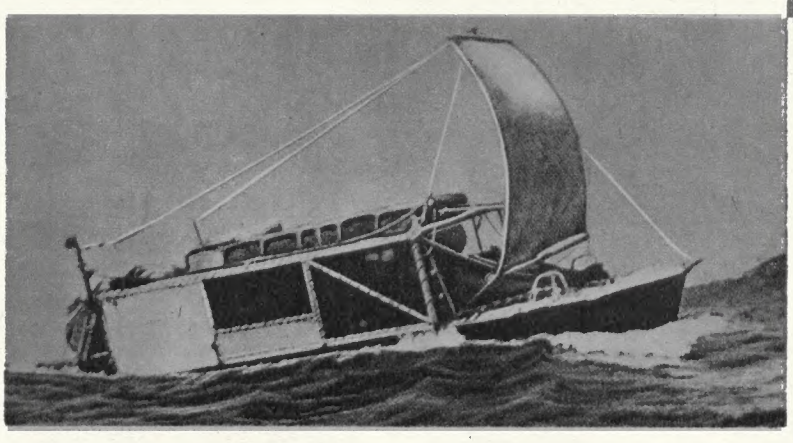
"Better come back to the mess, boy. A cold shower is what you need," he said.

Nevertheless, that was the beginning. The more I thought about it, and in the next few days I thought about little else, the more I liked the idea. After all, why *couldn't* an amphibious jeep be sailed around the world, or at least across the Atlantic. Only a week or two later I cancelled my application for repatriation to Australia and asked for passage to the United States instead. The game was on.

My intention was to interest an American automobile manufacturer in [*Continued on page* 93]



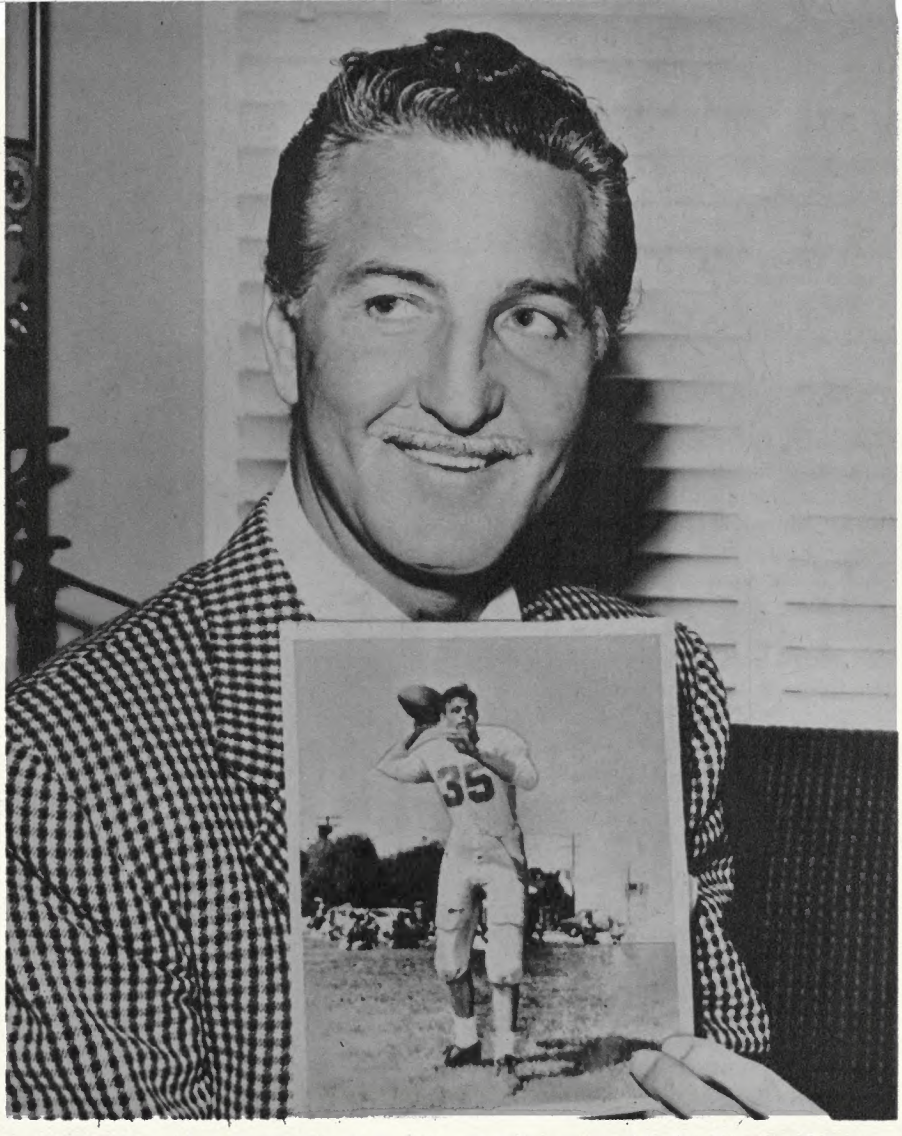




■ Carlin stands proudly by completed jeep at Annapolis garage before starting trip (top). Below, he arrives triumphantly in Paris, gets French cheers.

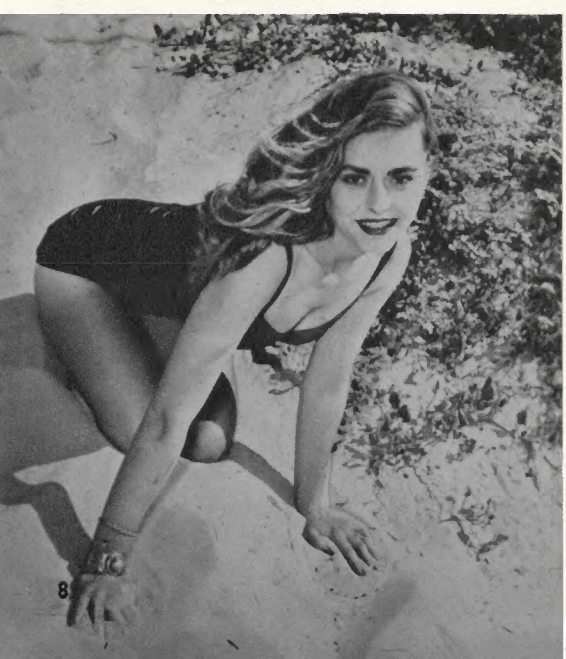
■ Jeep leaves Halifax bound for the Azores, North Africa, Europe. Note how simple box-frame mounted on body converts open jeep into closed cabin vessel.

■ Cabin had just enough room to turn around. Bunk could be lowered behind seats. Supplies were stored on one side of cabin, batteries on the other.



Promoting his son, Ronnie, is a full-time, all-the-time job for Harvey Knox.

He Gives Football Coaches Nightmares



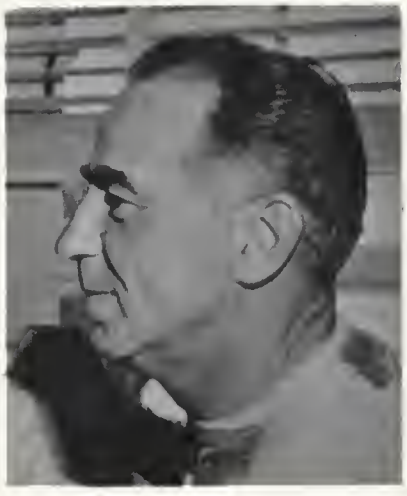
Any football coach who comes into contact with Harvey Knox finds his life is never the same thereafter. Here the promoter's friends and foes tell why he is football's most controversial character

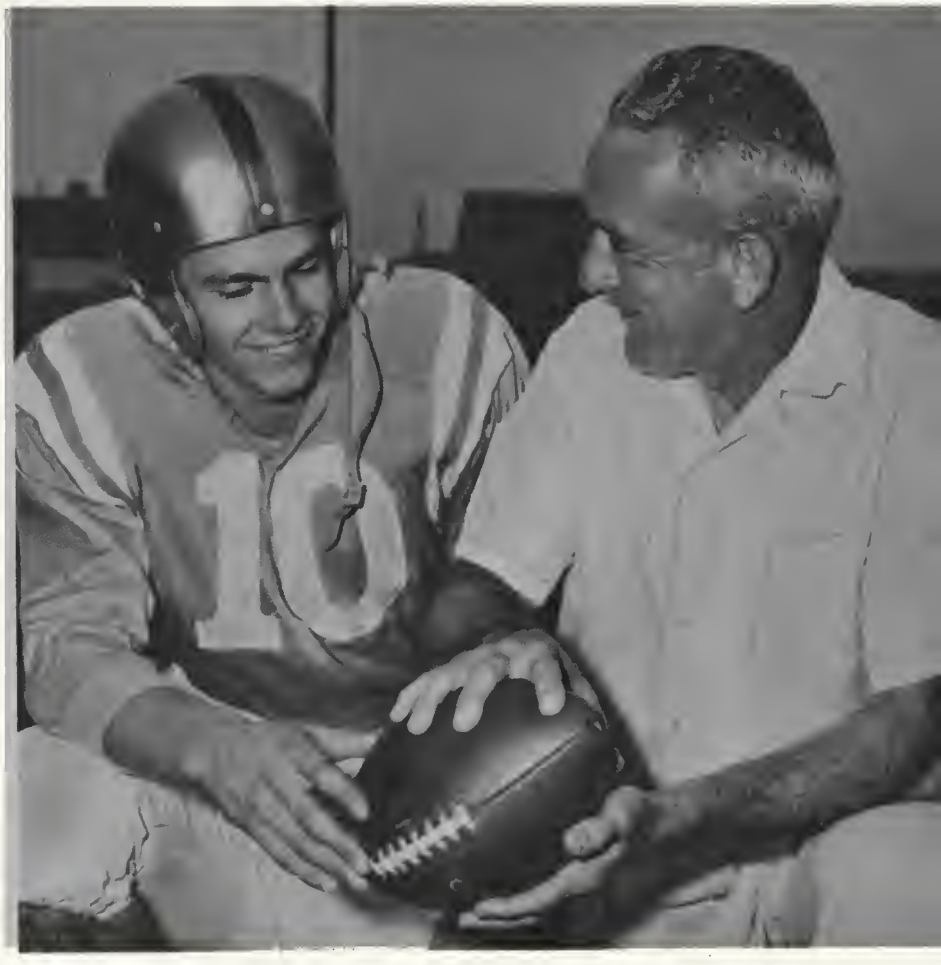
By Jim Scott

Patsy Knox hit Hollywood the easy way, thanks to the promotional talents of her interested stepfather.

COACH NO. 1. Jim Sutherland followed Knoxes to U. of California.

COACH NO. 2. Wes Fry, Cal's backfield coach couldn't handle Mr. Knox.





COACH NO. 3. Red Sanders of U.C.L.A. now has dubious blessing of coaching Ronnie.

Although he had never been connected with a varsity football squad before this year Ronnie Knox, a 19-year-old quarterback, at U.C.L.A., is already one of college football's most controversial players. A quiet, pleasant boy, Ronnie is rich with talent, but in an area used to hot-shot football players, this talent is neither so unusual nor so pronounced that every fan, coach and player in the Pacific Coast Conference should be watching and keeping tabs on his progress as a player this fall. Yet this is exactly the situation he faced when he put on his uniform for the first time this year. The credit, or blame, for the attention Ronnie Knox has got, is getting and will get belongs to Ronnie's father—a 47-year-old free-lance promoter named Harvey Knox.

While son Ronnie is presently college football's most controversial sophomore, father Harvey, is without a doubt, college football's most controversial character—and also its most mysterious. To date he has been accused of everything but trying to hire the Rose Bowl so that he can force the winning Coast team to use his son as part of the renting price. The records do show that he will go to extremes to see that his son gets the right showcase for his talents. Twice Harvey has pulled his son out of high school and moved him to another town because of an offending coach who either didn't appreciate or couldn't properly use the boy's abilities. He has already done this with one college squad and as Ronnie is still a sophomore, there seems to be a good chance that his traveling days are not over.

A father who thinks his son is a great athlete is not exactly a collector's item. Every football coach, no matter how small his team, has had to do battle with the irate parents who was sure that the coach was playing favorites because he wasn't using his son. But until Harvey Knox appeared, no one had ever heard of and faced a father who went to such extremes. Getting Ronnie into an All-America berth is a full-time, all-the-time job for Harvey Knox. An ex-private eye, night-club owner, haberdasher and dress designer, Harvey has done practically no "outside" work since he started to supervise Ronnie's career. Each time Ronnie changed high schools, the Knoxes had to change residences, but Harvey made the moves as quickly as a man who lives in a trailer. For the present, personal profit and comfort aren't to be considered.

And this leads to the question that bothers the people interested in the Knox phenomenom. What is Harvey Knox looking for in the future? Why is he going to such extremes? What's in it for him—and Ronnie? Some say Harvey is just an over-zealous father, that he is overly anxious to give his step-children the help and care he missed as a boy, that in helping them, he cannot do it in half-way fashion any more than he can do anything half-way.

The anti-Knox factions reply [*Continued on page* 58]

RIOT LEADER Ben Riley, armed with ice-pick, scissors, shows inmate's welts to editor (below).

EDITOR Whitehead prepares to enter Ward 7 to deliver "extra" containing rioters' demands. PSYCHIATRIST Castner (dark suit) and Ranger Crowder are interviewed just after they broke riot.

Outside the hospital for insane criminals, police and soldiers stood guard. Inside, a lone psychiatrist pitted his wits against the fury of the vengeance-bent rioters.

"All They Can Do Is Kill Me"

by Stuart Long

Saturday, April 16, started out like most days in the spring at Rusk State Hospital in the red clay hills of East Texas, warm and sunny and bright, with the red brick buildings of the maximum security unit which houses criminally insane patients making a pleasing and peaceful picture against the tall pines and hardwoods.

Big, strong-as-an-ox Robert Williams, 47, one of the "bouncers" in Ward 7, went to the water fountain on the second floor ward to get a drink. As he bent over the fountain, all hell broke loose. Five other of the Negro patients in the segregated ward had been waiting in the rest room for Robert to get off to one side. They jumped him, starting a fight to bring the two attendants within reaching distance. W. C. Curtis and Joe Taylor, the only two attendants in the ward with seventy one insane criminals, dashed to the water fountain to stop the fight.

Ben Riley, the 19-year-old boss of the ward, gave the signal, and his "reserve force" of eight men stormed out of the locker room where they had been waiting quietly. They quickly overpowered Curtis and Taylor, tore the rings of keys from their pockets, and stood back, sweating and triumphant, in command of Ward 7. Riley took the keys and opened another locker room, where recreation equipment, including baseball bats, and long, heavy hickory mop handles were kept. From secret hiding places an unbelievable collection of weapons emerged. Riley had an ice pick and a pair of shears stashed away. Someone else had gotten hold of a rusty butcher knife, probably hidden in a wall crevice years before when the maximum security building was just a plain mental hospital ward. Others kicked tables and chairs apart to make clubs. Riley's 20-man team was ready to go.. [*Continued on page* 40]

When Castner agreed to stay as hostage, the rioters let wounded go free. Injured inmate is rushed to hospital.

The two toughest critters of the West—a grizzly and a big range bull—clobbered each other claw and horn. My life rode on the outcome of the

WILDEST FIGHT I EVER SAW

By Johnny Trego
as told to Eric Thane
Illustrated by Brendan Lynch

Bulls on the western range land and grizzly bears are natural enemies. When they meet there's a fight, providing the adversaries are pretty closely matched. Small bulls will run from a big grizzly and vice versa. But when they're fairly matched, it's even money on the winner, and victory depends on the youth and strength of one of the contestants, plus a lot of luck.

I was riding for the IH spread in Montana a couple of summers back when the big grizzly we called "Silver" showed up. Silver tip and grizzly are the same kind of bear. I guess it was me who first ran across signs of the bear. A lot of fence needed fixing on the high place above the home

Blood spurted as Silver's claws dug into Old Baldy's shoulder. But I prayed that the grizzly was hurt.

ranch, and I was working there one morning when I saw a thing that made my insides flip: A bear track so big it had splashed all the water out of a small rain pool maybe a foot-and-a-half across.

Toward noon my cayuse started spooking, and I figured to pull out and report the Silver. There were cattle on this range, and he could easily go wild and kill a bunch of them. It took me most of the afternoon to ride back to the home ranch, and when I told the Old Man, the ranch boss, about the Silver he cussed enough to bust a vein.

"Ain't had any griz' around for maybe five, six years," he said, when he calmed. "They always mean trouble. What's the critter doin' down here anyway—he ought to be up on the Divide."

I knew what he meant. Ordinarily grizzly bears live high up on the barren slopes of the Continental Divide—the main range of the Rocky mountains—where a particular kind of pine tree grows. The little nuts in the cones make good eating for the Silvers.

Nobody knows what brings them down to the lower country when they do take it into their head to leave their range. It's kind of like other animals—one year on the home ranch it'll be overrun with chipmunks from the Divide, another year by wildcats. Looked like this might be a grizzly year, if any more showed up.

"Where's Old Baldy these days?" the boss wanted to know, and I told him Baldy was somewhere up on the high place, as we called the country between the home ranch and the first upthrusts of the Divide. Old Baldy was the boss's favorite bull, a huge chunk of slow-moving critter that could drift suddenly and unexpectedly into lightning speed if the need arose.

Old Baldy was an "old" bull—maybe six, seven years, at the age at which a bull's virility begins to cease. The old man had paid $5,000 for him in his youth, and Old Baldy had bred a lot of healthy stock. He was worn out now—a "bologna" bull—but the Old Man had a certain affection for him which prevented the slaughterhouse fate.

"Tomorrow I'll rustle up a couple of the boys and we'll all go up on the high place and try to round up the Silver," the boss said before we bunked that night.

Next morning Lars and Ed and the boss and I drew rifles from the store-room and drove up to the high place in the pick-up. There was a little lake at one point, with thickets of quakin'asp' around and we figured the Silver might be hanging out there. I'd never shot a griz' and the idea made me kind of light inside my stomach.

The only thing we stirred in the thickets were a couple of cow-critters and calves. And Old Baldy. Maybe his ability to sire calves had gone haywire with the advancing years, but those years hadn't affected his build any. He was a hunk of pure murder if he ever got roiled up. I shied away when I saw him, but the Old Man went right up to him and rubbed his ears and Old Baldy seemed to like it. Try to do that to most range bulls and you the same as commit suicide.

"Good ol' Baldy!" the boss yelped, "I reckon you could hold your own with that Silver, hey?"

Ordinarily, lead weights are screwed on the horns of young bulls, to pull the horns down over the animal's forehead as they grow longer. Old Baldy had shed his weights some years back, of course; his horns were full-grown and curved down and solid as a bulldozer blade. They weren't much good as a weapon for thrusting, but if Old Baldy ever lowered his head and charged, whatever was in his way might as well quit.

The Old Man knew a Silver can be slinky as a cat, so about sundown we gave up and went back to the home ranch. The Old Man was worried, I could see that. He'd lost a lot of cattle from poison weed and a Silver on the loose could account for a lot more.

"If any more Silvers show up," he remarked, "I'll get the ranchers in this country organized. We'll round 'em up."

One day I saw him for the first time. Man, was he big! I was fixing fence when my horse snorted where I'd tied him: I looked up and there maybe a quarter of a mile away was Silver. He moved away from us, which sure made me mighty glad. I had the sheepherder's 30-30 on my saddle, but I didn't aim to tangle with any critter that big with a gun I wasn't even sure would shoot when I needed it bad.

I'd have liked to come back to the home ranch to work, but the Old Man put me more or less permanent on fence riding along the high place. The government hunter give up after a couple of weeks. It was then Old Baldy disappeared.

I hadn't seen him for a spell. Ordinarily you could hear him for five miles, bellering, especially around sundown. He'd let out a roar, and then all the younger bulls on the range would roar, and the cows would start talking among themselves. For a half hour or so you'd figure that lonely range was overrun with beef critters, from the sound that boomed up.

The Old Man was worried when I told him I hadn't seen or heard Old Baldy. He said, "I figure Old Baldy up there is what's holdin' the griz' in line. Silver's leary of him. Maybe that's why the Silver hasn't killed any beef. What do you figure happened to Old Baldy? They tangle, mebby, and Silver kill 'im?"

I didn't know, but I said that if that's what happened, it must have been a real battle. A couple of days later I was riding along a slope outcropped with granite where years back prospectors had worked. I heard a sound from one of the old mine shafts, and when I looked down, there was Old Baldy, mighty hungry but otherwise apparently all right. He'd slipped into the shallow shaft and couldn't get out.

I looked around. There were marks in the sage and shale as if Baldy had been mighty active before he fell in. I figured he'd tangled briefly with the Silver here, and the bear had deliberately forced him into the shaft. There were marks along his shoulders which I saw, when I looked close-like, sure resembled bear scratches, although maybe Baldy got them when he tumbled into the shaft.

The Old Man and a couple of boys came up in the pick-up and between the truck and my cayuse, we got Old Baldy out. He muttered deep in his throat and walked away, shaking-like. The Old Man let out a string of curses.

"Them marks on 'im—they're grizzly sign, all right," he said. "Them two critters have tangled. They'll tangle again. You wait and see. And I wouldn't bet on either of 'em."

Must have been a week later I was riding in timber above the lake. I see Old Baldy up the slope. He bellered at me and I waved at him. Then my horse spooked quick-like and I dragged leather to hang on.

Now, I've been a rider ever since the second world war, and I can fork almost any horse except maybe the big-time buckers. But this was one of those accidents that clutter up the graveyards. My cayuse bumped into a tree and I thought I heard something snap in my left leg; the horse veered off and stood shivering, and when I dropped out of the saddle to assay the damage, he blew through his nose and stampeded off down the slope. He burnt my hands where he dragged the reins through them.

I could hardly put my weight on my leg. I wasn't too much worried; the Old Man was due to show up in another day or so with supplies, and besides, I figured the leg wasn't hurt bad. But it slowed me like all get-out, and I looked around for a stick I could use as a crutch. I sighted one and started to pick it up. And then my old pumper come right up in my throat, so it almost choked me.

Silver stood there, only a few yards away. His frame was as big as a house, but his eyes weren't much bigger than a pig's. He bulked so close to me that I could see they were kind of reddish. He was the reason my horse had stampeded.

Silvers are tricky. They may [*Continued on page* 64]

Elton Thayer, resting. He had a rendezvous with destiny.

WE MET DEATH ON MT. McKINLEY

In one second the victorious climb became a nightmare. One man was dead and another would join him unless the survivors could reach help

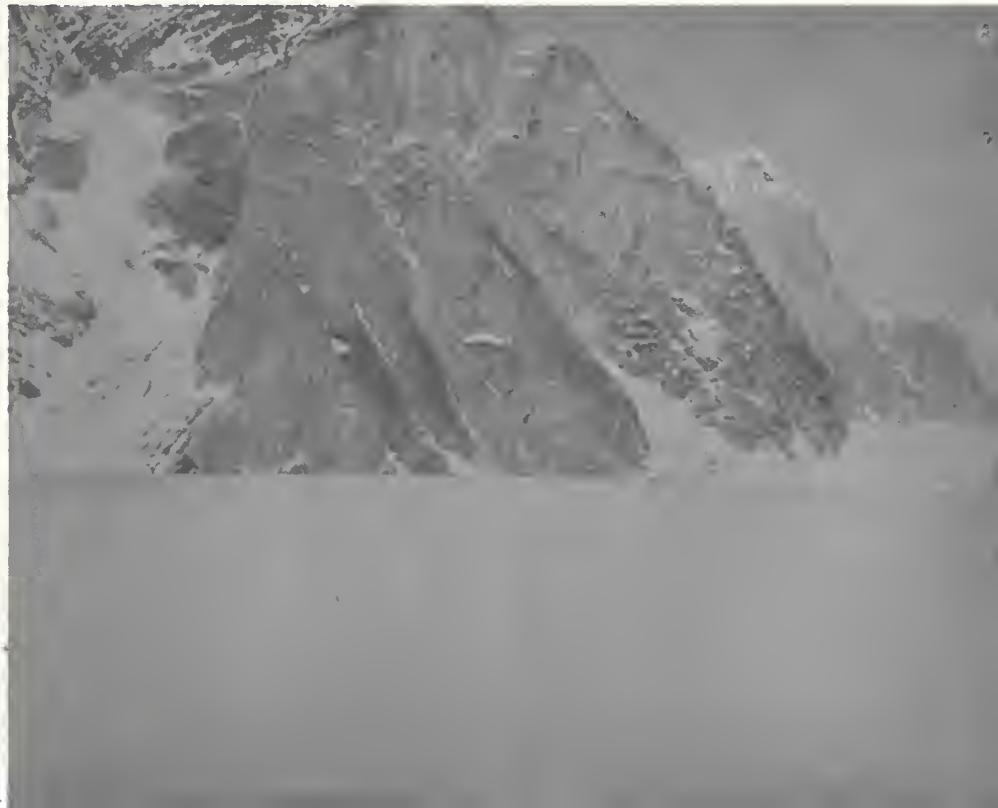
By George W. Argus and Michael Duball

From the beginning it was what you might call, and many did call, a foolhardy venture. Four men, armed with home-made equipment, were going to try the longest climb in the world, the south slope of Mt. McKinley. Ten parties had reached McKinley's summit, but they had all approached from the north. No one had ever made it from the South. One party tried, back in 1906. They fought their way through almost impassable country until they got their first close look at the monstrous jagged ridge that protects McKinley, the South Buttress, a mountain bulging out of a mountain. "Unclimbable" they had called it. Then

Our roundabout route took us up the glacier, then along the top of the Buttress, Camps 4-6, toward summit.

As we stood below the mountain, we realized that the best way to get to the summit was to go by the most dangerous way of all—right across the very top of the terrible South Buttress

Many times the rarified air made us come to a dead halt, exhausted.



they had beaten a quick retreat. Until we began our climb, no one else had tried it, and information about the terrain was scarce. We had some aerial photographs provided by Bradford Washburn of the Boston Museum of Science but while they had been put together with great care, you couldn't very well judge climbing conditions from aerial photos. Snow that looked loose from the air could be hard as marble. And 23,000 feet of this treacherous and almost-virginal ground stood between us and our goal. It was indeed, as so many people had told us, the longest climb in the world. (Mountains in the Himalayan and Andes chains are higher than McKinley, but the climbs on these other giants—Everest, K-2, Aconcagua—started on plateaus 12,000 to 14,000 feet high. McKinley began on sea level and rocketed skyward for three and a half miles of unrelieved precipice and avalanche slope.)

When the four of us assembled to start the climb that April morning in 1954, we made up a motley-looking group. From the skin out above the waist I was wearing a pair of long woolies, a wool shirt, an Army issue made of fiber glass, an Eskimo parka with two layers, the inner one millium, the outer nylon. Below the waist I was sporting two pairs of long drawers, wool and cotton and Army sealskin pants.

The other climbers—lean, ascetic driving Elton Thayer, chunky, self-sufficient Morton Wood and lanky, happy-go-lucky Les Viereck—were dressed even more strangely. In selecting our clothing we had thought only of economy and personal preference. El's wife, Ruth, had made his parka and pants—and she had also sewn the two balloon-cloth tents we would be using. We were each carrying sixty pounds of equipment in our packs. Another

We started up the Buttress, hacking our way, foot by foot. At one time it took us ten hours to advance a mere twenty-eight yards.

The rest period on ten-mile long Ruth Glacier brought up the burning question. Should we go on or quit while we could?

The wind on the saddle of the Buttress halted us in our tracks. We had to wait it out.

400 pounds of equipment was to be dropped from a plane by Woody's wife 7,000 feet up, beyond the glacial areas. Most of the food we were taking came from Ruth's kitchen.

Compared to a major expedition, ours was a nickel-and-dime affair. My share of expenses including transportation from Big Delta where I was an instructor at the Army Arctic Indoctrination School was $245.

We officially started the climb from McKinley Park on April 17, with our destination our first camp below the ridge west of Curry. McKinley showed up that night, a white colossus poised over lesser peaks like a great bear over its cubs.

During the next several days we moved along the ten-mile Ruth Glacier toward the air-drop point at the Great Gorge. Once we were stopped by an enormous ice fall in the vitreous glacier belly like a jagged hole left by a plunging meteorite. We had to backtrack for the larger part of a day to find another trail ahead. And the exposed and partially-hidden crevasses, man-traps into which we could be swallowed up at a false move, had us testing each step with ice axes.

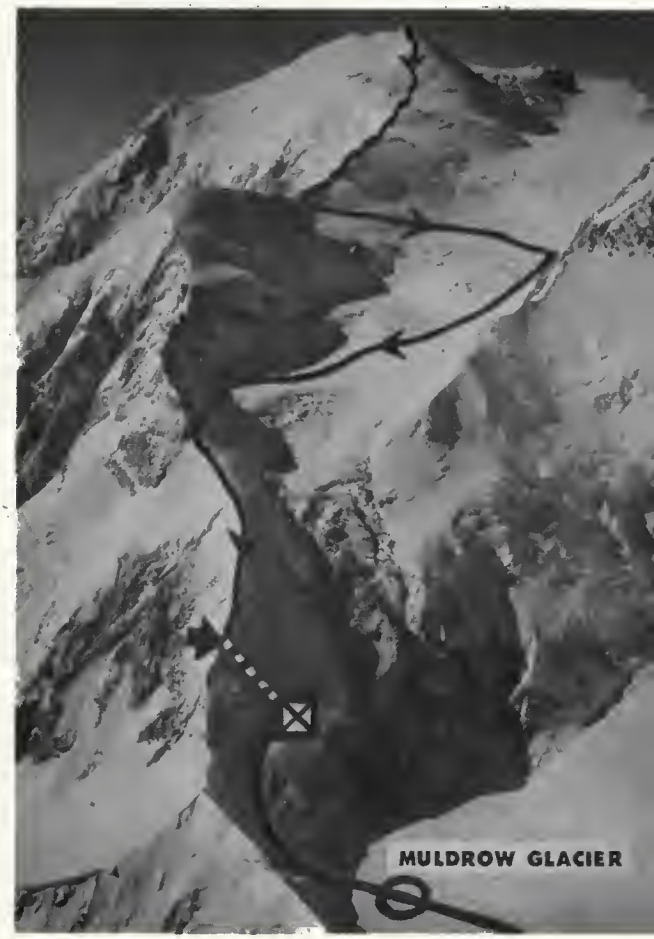
As we had expected, the aerial maps were of no help with on-the-ground impasses. They had to be tested by direct contact. It was an arduously slow drag that wore us down, not any great spasmodic thrust over particular obstacles, such as we were later to encounter higher on the mountain. Throughout the ordeal our makeshift clothing, hung wetly on us. We spent the better part of a day drying out the garments. After that we set up a routine. We'd start out in the morning in full dress when the temperature ranged from 4° to 12° and then as the heat of the sun became more penetrating, we'd peel off outer layers of clothing. We also had a climbing schedule worked out. We tried to climb until 4:30 p.m. with a thirty-minute break for our midday meal and two other fifteen-minute breaks, one in the morning, one in the afternoon. After our evening meal, we'd turn in, Woody and Les in one tent, Elton and I in the other.

To test the [*Continued on page* 44]

I stood at the top, numbed with exhaustion, eager only to start back down the mountain.

This is the last picture we took———as we left the summit for what we thought was a victorious return.

Cross marks spot where disaster struck. The circle marks the small camp where I waited for help.



The Women

"Over the years most females become less inhibited and develop an interest in sexual relations which they may then maintain until they are in their fifties and sixties. But by then the responses of the average male may have sharply declined."

—Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey

". . . the teen age boys are potentially more capable, and often more active, than their 35-year-old fathers."

—Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey

"He's more of a man at sixteen than a lot of men at thirty-five. I love him more than I do my own husband. . . . I knew how old he was but it didn't make any difference."

—married woman tried for contributing to the delinquency of a minor

"He's old for fourteen. We like the same foods, the same music, and everything. We just click, that's all."

—older woman arrested for child stealing

Who Rape Men

One of man's most frequent daydreams involves the aggressive female.

They do exist. But consider yourself lucky if you never meet one

By Bernard Wolfe

How much sexual personality does the teen-age American boy have?

None whatever, say the novelists. Almost invariably, they picture the male sprout as cute, cheeky, gawky—but with no sex experience worth mentioning. He prefers whittling to wooing; when trapped with a girl, he shows her his slingshot, not his etchings. At 15, he is a larger and pimplier version of what he was at five.

But some women take issue with this sugar-and-spice portrait. As against the novelists, they insist that the most fiery male ardors come wrapped in baby fat; that the downy cheek is the surest index of virility. These women have little time to read the novels about adolescent boys. They are too busy running after the adolescent boys, with a boarding-house reach.

Who are these ladies? For one thing, they are generally in their twenties or early thirties. For another, they tend to be women whose sex lives started early and continued active; they are almost always married or recently divorced, and often are mothers. And, one and all, they are dead sure that, when it comes to erotic blessings, a little child, or at least one who has not yet begun to shave, shall lead them.

Consider the case of Mrs. Roselle F. Gifford, the Grand Haven, Michigan, school teacher who made exclamatory headlines a few months ago. Mrs. Gifford, 29, mother of four children, was arrested for seducing a 15-year-old pupil of hers during a late night automobile ride. After studying the evidence, the shaky county prosecutor decided to charge the adventurous schoolmarm with "gross indecency," but he emphasized that "the charge would have been rape if their sexes had been reversed."

What made the lady pursue her teen-ager with such energy? Likely, Roselle Gifford held to the offbeat pedagogical view that, in matters of dalliance, the pupil had something rather special to teach his teacher.

That, of course, is speculation; Mrs. Gifford's amatory theories have not been placed in the record. But there is no need to speculate in the case of the zestful San Francisco housewife named Mrs. Edith Rooney.

Early in 1955, Mrs. Rooney, 21, ran away with Robert Dalto, a 15-year-old whose chief claim to distinction appears to be the fact that he is, or was, a dedicated weightlifter. When the pair were arrested in Los Angeles two weeks later, Mrs. Rooney was eloquent about Robert's qualifications as a demon lover. "We hope to get married when this is all cleared up," she said. "Robert appears to be a boy of nineteen, and for a kid his age knows more about life than a man, say like my husband, who is thirty-two."

However, Mrs. Gifford's ninth-grader and Mrs. Rooney's weightlifter are small potatoes in the annals of romantic conquest. Among the kneepants Lotharios, it is Ellsworth "Sonny Boy" Wisecarver's name that is spoken in hushed reverence. This young man's record has never been challenged. Before he was old enough to get a work permit, he had consorted with *two* young mothers, both of whom gave him signed testimonials.

In 1944, Ellsworth was a typical clean-limbed youth of 14, attending Willow Brook High School in Compton, California. Slim and almond-eyed, hair dark and slicked back, lean of jaw and regular of feature, he was thought by some to be an incipient Robert Taylor. His manner was quiet and his smile was shy—until he met Mrs. Elaine Monfredi, 21, who lived a few doors from the high school.

There was some confusion about Elaine's marital status at the time. The mother of two infant daughters, she indicated that she was the common-law wife of one James Monfredi. But Monfredi was much more concrete about their legal ties, or lack of them. "Some time in 1941," he later testified, "we went to Nevada with another couple to get married. We did a lot of drinking and I passed out. When I came to, Elaine said we were married but that she'd show me the wedding license some other time. But whenever I wanted to see it, she'd stall."

Elaine's marriage may have been in doubt, but her availability was not. Young Ellsworth's grin, described by newspapermen as "cretin-like," struck the young mother as a beacon of erotic sunshine; she began to cultivate him, and one thing led to several others. "He told me he had been attracted to me the first time he saw me," she subsequently said. "It was mutual. I felt that way about him, too." Soon after their meeting, Elaine nicknamed her admirer "Sonny Boy." Soon after that, she took off in Monfredi's car with Sonny. They showed a Yuma preacher a note supposed to be from Sonny's mother, stating that he was of age, and the preacher married them.

The honeymoon was first cousin to a safari. Elaine borrowed $50 on Monfredi's car, and the couple started for Denver. But the car broke down, and they had to travel by bus and finally hitchhiked. When they arrived in Denver they had forty cents between [*Continued on page* 95]

FISH STORY OR FACT?

HEY, SUCKER, WANT TO CATCH A MONSTER?

Somewhere in their lake lurks a fish far bigger than the seven-foot sturgeon that Griffith caught. Or so say the folks in Polson, the town the Monster made

HE CAME to Flathead, plain Les Griffith, in a trailer, determined to take the Monster with a deep-sea glass rod, 160-lb.-test nylon line.

by James E. Hanson

The lair of the legendary Flathead Monster doesn't look like a battleground. Flathead Lake is a lovely hunk of Rocky Mountain water where the Flathead River gets maybe ten miles wide for fifty miles, not far south of Glacier Park in northwest Montana. Its shores skirted by the Rockies' main north-south highway, U. S. 93, are populated by wealthy folks. All in all, it's just too peaceful for Monster-baiting. In no way does it resemble the great Mission Mountains with their vicious grizzly, cougar and moose a few miles to the east, nor is it like the Bitter Roots to the west, where Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox tore up turf

HE CAUGHT this 7½ ft. 181-lb. monster here held lovingly by Promoter McAlear. Though not *the* monster, it made money for both men.

HE SAW a giant sturgeon in the lake, marked the spot, retested his gear, then got into the 16-ft. boat, ready for the epic struggle.

And Monster Headquarters, the little town of Polson, is even less impressive. A few years ago you could walk for hours down the quiet, shady streets of Polson and see nothing more startling than a housewife on her way to a cracker-barrel sort of store.

If you stepped into a store, you'd wait quite awhile for an elderly clerk whose sleeves were propped up by galluses, and patiently hear him chat wheezily about the weather as he slowly filled your order. Down the sleepy street you'd find a few bars with skimpy crowds of dozing old-timers, bleary-eyed Flathead Indians and an indifferent bartender. You drank beer or straight whiskey.

Today the Polson stores are quite modern and the young clerks you meet there are as up-to-date as their surroundings. If you should meet the oldtimer, he'll ignore the weather and, with a finger in a buttonhole—probably yours—speak with authority for or against the Monster. For not quite four years ago, the Monster legend was born almost full-grown and the town began to stir reluctantly. For a short time the legend gasped tiredly, then puffed awhile and ended up bellowing like a buffalo. It's been getting louder and louder.

And it's all J. F. McAlear's fault. McAlear, a portly middle-aged Polson real estate man, was fishing in a small boat with three friends on Skidoo Bay, six miles northeast of Polson, when he spotted a gigantic shadowy shape heaving itself through the water fast as a PT boat. Through a lacy curtain of spray three feet high and twenty long, the fishermen could make out the long knobby back of some terrifying creature.

Their tale spread like a forest fire in a high wind. And for every two people who heard and snorted at this gigantic you-should-have-seen-the-one-that-got-away story, there was one who believed it. Polson's population of some 2,000 had the normal small-town quota of skeptics and suckers, quick-wits and half-wits, so it made a good argument.

The lake shore was a different proposition. Here part of the cream of the country—doctors, lawyers, industrialists, editors and educators—has gathered in fine homes. They were highly amused by the talk or they were, until some of their own people began seeing Monsters. That lent the cause a certain respectability and the infidel ranks thinned a bit.

McAlear and Polson saw the light—the flash of the silver dollars that Montanans, and tourists, still use in place of paper bills. So McAlear, the dilettante promoter, organized Big Fish, Unlimited, and had this promotional outfit put up a $1,000-cash prize for any creature over fourteen feet long hauled out of the lake. He set up fishing derbies, with lesser prizes for lesser fish. He called a "grand jury" which heard twenty-five eye-witnesses to monstrous antics, and his "jury" decided there were several Monsters in the lake, the biggest probably twenty-five feet long.

In the light of the "jurors'" other conclusions, the twenty-five-foot guess seems somewhat optimistic. They decided the Monsters must be sturgeon which swam up the Columbia and Flathead Rivers to spawn and got trapped in the lake when Montana Power Co. choked off their exit by building Kerr hydroelectric damn at the mouth of the lake twenty years ago. But the biggest sturgeon on Western U. S. record is twelve-and-a-half feet long. There is a rumor of a twenty-footer caught near Astoria, Oregon, in 1892, but it's a highly-suspect rumor.

McAlear and big, friendly Lou Campbell, manager of the Chamber of Commerce, handled the publicity expertly, and with each day the list of Monster eye-witnesses grew. When a couple of fishermen from Big Arm, up the lake a few miles, reported sighting a creature "big as a rowboat" jump from the water, the story caused a mild rumble in Northwest daily papers. When a Monster cavorting near a country school broke up classes for a day, the rumble grew louder.

Inspired by these new Monster stories, Big Fish, Unlimited, imported a stuffed sturgeon and displayed it. The organization upped its big prize to $1,500 and imported a professional West Coast fisherman to nab a Monster.

He tried hard, using set lines in the form of one-eighth-inch airplane control cable with big hooks at one end and an empty oil drum on the other. After ten weeks he reported back to Big Fish that he'd hooked three that got away, the last one with his gear. He was out of business.

Meanwhile, as the fish stories got bigger and bigger, the town was being jolted out of its somnolence by a prodigious invasion of tourists. They came, they saw and were conquered by the casual charm of this village sprawled casually in the southern elbow of the lake where it funnels over Kerr Dam to become the Flathead River again.

At first the tourists couldn't find enough places to sleep or eat or shop. So motels and restaurants and stores sprang up every where. When the automobile traffic swelled to a brawling river and whirled up brown clouds of dust, Polson paved the streets so the tourists wouldn't be offended. The main street looked frumpy, so a face-lifting drive got under way. Boat-builders, caught in the crazy crush, grew into small shipyards taking care of Monster-hunters. Local planes flew frantically all day with passengers peering for a glimpse of the behemoth under the propellor-rippled surface. A brand new industry, a plywood plant, moved in to stay.

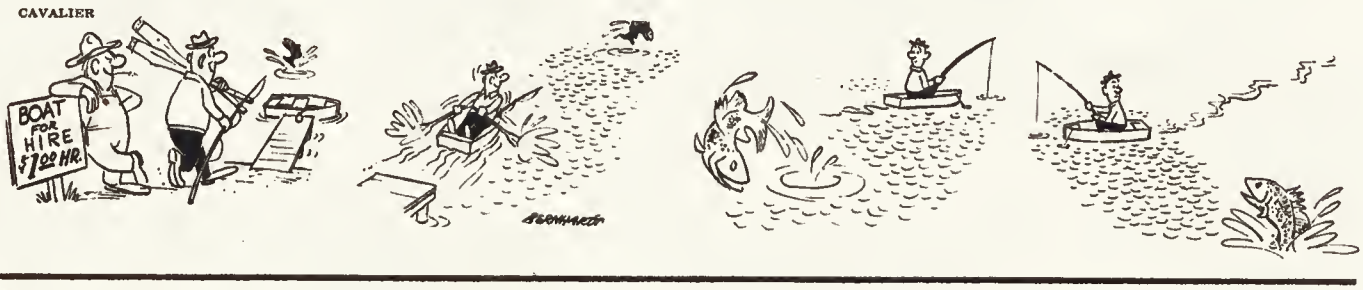
The permanent population of Polson is now up to about five hundred. One of the best indicators of both population trends and economic gains is usually electric power usage; in Polson and vicinity, the number of electric outlets has doubled.

The change in Polson is more than an economic one, though money is no more inconsequential in Polson than in any tourist town. Local people no longer curse their "quiet little burg," and even the kids away in college (and Polson has more than its share of these, what with all that silver sloshing around) aren't embarrassed by their geographic origin. They're all contented and even enthusiastic. There's pride in Polson now. After all, it's the only town in the world that was built by a Monster.

Last fall, when the tourist flood had trickled off and the town was beginning to catch its breath, a car towing a battered little trailer-house coasted down out of the rolling hills to the south and stopped on the main drag. Out stepped a silver-haired, weather beaten man who was built like a tree stump. He stretched, shook the wrinkles out of his shirt sleeves and asked for McAlear.

His name was Leslie Griffith, he said, and he had a yen for sturgeon. He'd caught them before in Idaho's Snake River and he figured to get the Flathead Monster. A sixty-three years old, gypsy-minded construction stiff and lumber sawyer, he had a tough air that impressed McAlear. The Monster man welcomed Griffith to town, then sent him to a friend who let him park the trailer-house on the beach of Dayton Bay, twenty miles north.

CAVALIER



All fall and winter and spring Griffith limbered up his numerous expensive fishing outfits on bull trout, some of them sixteen-pounders. All the while he was testing and perfecting a gimmick he had made out of stovepipe, through which he inspected the bottom of the lake. His new neighbors thought he was crazy and felt sorry for his tiny, patient wife.

He was nowhere but frustrated. Then one day this spring he nearly flipped himself out of his boat; his eyes, masked by the darkness in the stovepipe, roved long and longingly over three feeding sturgeon. The biggest was about three-and-a-half feet.

He was out again at dawn, trailing his stovepipe all over the bay. And the next day, and the next.

On the tenth day, moodier than ever, he looked up suddenly from the fishing gear he was checking. His wife, watching him, asked quietly, "Are you ready now, Les?"

He grinned like a tiger and stood up with savage energy. "Yep. I'm leavin'. I'll get me one of those buggers if I have to stay out three days." She turned away and fixed enough food for three days and nights.

Les forced himself to go slow as he checked his gear: Twelve-foot deep sea glass rod; 160-pound-test nylon line; the big reel with its twelve-inch star drag; gentle-looking steel hooks which could take hundreds of pounds of pull. And the bait—horrid half-rotted eel meat from Oregon. He stowed it all and shoved off.

His outboard motor kicked the boat swiftly to the spot he'd picked a couple of hundred yards off a pine-draped peninsula that points like a green finger at Wild Horse Island to the south. Then he bound his putrid bait to the hook with a rubber band and let it settle to the bottom. He settled back and didn't move for five hours.

At about 9 o'clock Griffith tensed as he felt subtle movement along the pole. Two weak tugs telegraphed up the silvery line and he automatically swept the rod upward to set the hook. His mouth twisted wryly; it felt like another bull trout.

The reel whined loud in the dusk as the fish took off. Griffith's left thumb, with the sureness of long habit, spun the rowel on the reel, tightening the brake to stop the flow of line down the pole.

The rod's tip bent toward the water as the fish began to send its weight back up the line to fight the steely toughness of the fisherman's brawny arms. He gouged at the spur again and the rod lashed down. He leaned back on the seat, enjoying himself despite his disappointment. It was getting fairly dark.

Suddenly he felt his heart do a fast roll like a fighting trout. The brake was screwed down to full drag and still the fish was strong! "Good God," he breathed. "No trout ever lived—"

He cocked his head. Now that the reel had stopped howling, he could hear the hiss of water slipping along the boat.

The fish was towing him.

It took him several minutes to get settled on the bottom with the butt of rod straight up and the rest arching far out over the bow out of sight. Holding the rod with one big hand, he felt around in the damp dark until he found an old jacket to put on the bow to pad the pole.

The hand which held the pole alone was numb from the strain, even in those short minutes. He switched hands, rubbing the stiffening arm against the side of the boat. Then he grabbed the rod with both hands and heaved back. Nothing happened, except a momentary quickening in the swish of water past the hull.

His fishing arm was tired again, so he changed hands. The moon slid back under a cloud, leaving him once more alone with his Monster. The breeze of their passage smarted in his straining eyes and he felt water well up. He shook his head angrily, trying to snap away the annoying, healing tears.

He changed hands again.

The faint moon came out again for an instant and over the silver ripples of the lake he could make out Wild Horse Island.

A faint thudding feel came down the pole and he thanked his lucky stars he'd put a short cotton leader from line to hook. The fish was rolling, and the stiffer nylon line would twist and possibly break if it were tied to the hook.

Giving in at last to impatience, he hauled back on the pole. He cursed as the line slackened an instant—he should have picked up a couple of feet of it there. He threw his chunky strength back on the pole and felt the line slacken as he leaned ahead. He spun the reel crank, winding up a couple of yards.

Suddenly he had his hands full of whipping rod; he poured all his power into a terrible effort to turn the boat by his feet in the bow as the Monster tore around in a swift circle to the right. Griffith felt the boat dip dangerously over on its right side and he leaned far to the left, vaguely hearing his hard-won line whirl back down the pole off the hard-braking reel.

Agonizing minutes later he felt the boat steady under him and heard water hiss under the bow.

He sensed they were heading toward the hamlet of Big Arm, straight across Big Arm Bay from Wild Horse Island. As the moon blinked blearily for a second, he checked and knew he was right. It was a long way to shore, a couple of miles in any direction.

He jerked his eyes back up to the fuzzy shimmer of the rod as he felt it whip over to the left. He braced and shoved hard with his right foot and the stern eased over to line up with the rod. Then he cursed as the pole went into a slow swerve over to the right. The damn fish was zigzagging, for some reason.

He strained his eyes for Big Arm when the moon, high now in the black sky, showed its scrawny face. He figured he must have come close to two miles behind his Monster.

Suddenly the fish had stopped zigzagging and the boat slowed down. Griffith reared back on the rod and chanked up the slack. The fish was weakening!

He hauled and cranked, hauled and cranked, hurling himself backward and forward and drawing the boat up on the fish. The chill leaked up through his pants from the bottom of the boat while sweat flowed down his face and back and chest.

He leaned over the water, letting the pole dangle, as the moon broke from the clouds. He stared down his line, jaw slack, eyes wide. An immense white form lay just under the surface. Griffith's breath trembled on the air as his brain tipped. The damn thing looks forty feet long, he thonght dizzily.

Then it was alongside, looking in its pale motionlessness like a freshly peeled log. Griffith reached for the big, vicious sea gaff with its cruel curved tines like an eagle's talons. He eased himself carefully to the [*Continued on page* 63]

FLYING, Kretz takes bike on routine bump, and gets ready, wheels straight, for the brain-scrambling impact of landing.

LAYING DOWN is dangerous technique of stopping. Kretz did it at 105 mph.

He Was Born To Be Battered

A full list of top motorcyclist Ed Kretz's smashups, spills and assorted injuries reads like the accident report at a Los Angeles hospital on Saturday night. And yet he calls racing fun

By Eugene Jaderquist

Ed Kretz has been called "Iron Man," "Superman," even "the Bobby Jones of Motorcycling," by the sports writers who have watched him in competition. Other experts not so adept at fancy phrases simply concede that the 43-year-old Californian of German-Swiss extraction is the greatest rider ever seen in modern competition.

The Kretz reputation isn't based on a great won-lost record—other men have won more races and gone faster during the past 20 years. In motorcycle racing, as in automobile racing, no amount of individual riding genius can overcome the faults of a slow mount or rectify the mistakes of a clumsy pit crew. The late Tazio Nuvolari, for example, never lost to a better driver—there wasn't one—but all his heart and skill couldn't transform his Alfa-Romeo into a Mercedes or an Auto Union. Against the great German cars he lost more races than he won. Kretz has been beaten by mechanics and machines, but in any race where ruggedness, courage and sheer technical ability have been the deciding factors he has gone out in front and stayed there.

There was the race at the Los [*Continued on page* 50]

SLIDING round turns at impossible speeds is a Kretz specialty. He wears reinforced boot to protect his left foot.

DOUBLE TROUBLE. Kretz's son, Eddie Jr., is now a top amateur racer, has same gutsy riding style as his dad.

WHY MEN

Sob-sisters and sentimentalists in general have long been telling us that a dog is man's best friend. But now a new psychological survey gives some different reasons on why some mixed-up sad sacks own dogs

Owner wants to show his masterfulness; dog lets him.

Owner feels people don't like him, wants dog to.

He's searching for a parent-child relationship.

LIKE DOGS

By Steve Duquette

Owner doesn't like interruptions; dog shuts up.

Owner wants somebody to stick around, watch the house.

Owner uses pedigree dog to improve his social status.

A few dog owners, old-fashioned, just plain like dogs.

GRAB ME! I'M

By Frank Heebner
as told to Seymour Shubin

On the morning of June 1, 1955, Alex Johnson and I climbed out the sixth floor window of a Philadelphia office building and onto a "swinging stage—the kind of scaffold that hangs by rope and hooks from a roof. The day had started out in a pretty routine way for both of us. But the morning hadn't remained routine for too long. It had changed all at once with a blood-freezing crunching sound that seemed to come from many places at once, with the shuddering of the platform beneath our feet and then with the awful feeling of its dropping away.

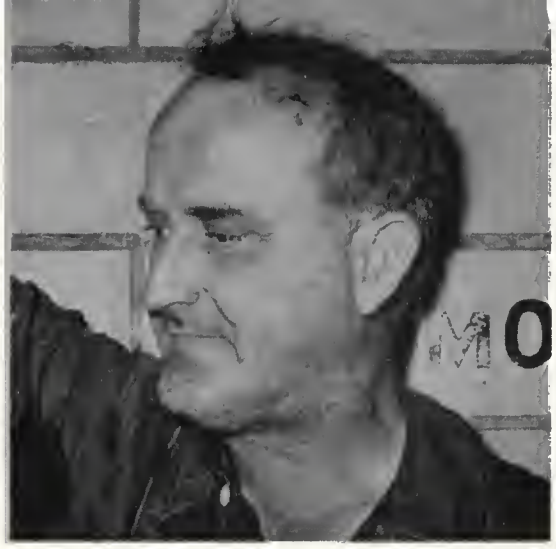
First off, though, let me explain how the swinging stage works. The stage itself consists of a wood platform laid across two wrought-iron hangers, one on each side. A guard rail goes through a loop or "eye" in the hangers, in back of the stage and at waist level. Through another eye on the hangers are hooked the "block and fours"—the ropes and pulleys which in turn are attached to two hooks secured to the roof. There are a double set of pulleys directly under each roof hook which are connected by three ropes to a single pulley over each hanger hook. The stage rides these ropes. A fourth rope on each side is the important guide rope, the one that's used to hoist the stage up and down and which must be tied fast at the desired height or else the whole thing comes crashing down like a spool unwinding.

Everyone I know uses a half-hitch to lash the guide ropes to each side hanger. By twisting the guide rope in a certain way around each hanger where it's hooked to the block and four, the half-hitch grows tighter with your weight on the scaffold, while the rest of the rope dangles to the ground. When you want to go up or down, you grab the rope with one hand while you loosen the half-hitch with the other, then you draw the stage to the desired level and make the half-hitch again. Two men should always be on a scaffold when raising or lowering it from the air, and preferably two on the ground to hold the guide ropes should something go wrong up there. Sometimes both sides of a stage are manipulated at the same time—both half-hitches released at the exact moment. Other times one side is done before the other, and you sort of sway your way up or down carefully, halting every few inches. In either case, each man is guardian of his partner's life during those moments the half-hitch is released.

One of the obvious dangers, of course, is in the placing of the roof hooks. These hooks, if of wrought iron or steel, are of themselves no worry to the men on the scaffold below. The problem, though, is to be sure they've been secured to some sturdy object on the roof. Some men are satisfied just hanging the hooks over a cornice or coping, and more than a few have paid for this with a crumbled roof—and their lives. While I look for a good cornice or coping, too, I also nail a couple pieces of wood onto the roof and slam the pointy ends of the hooks into them.

Though scaffold is tilted, seconds after rescue, hooks are still fast. Weight of men on safety line collapsed cornice.

FALLING!



Frank Heebner—he lent a helping hand.

Then I lash each hook onto a chimney or something equally strong. But even these precautions, I have to add, are no guarantee your stage won't drop—for when mine went down that morning, the hooks were still up there.

Actually, when I climbed on that stage that morning, everything seemed as perfectly safe as possible. This, you see, was our third day on the job and the scaffold was on the sixth floor level where we'd left it the evening before. The hooks, ropes and half-hitches were as they'd last been and had last held us safely. Nothing had been changed since yesterday. What's more the weather was good and I was with a fine crew—Alexander Johnson, Charlie Reed and John Brooks. I've been their foreman for years.

We were working on an eight-story office building near Juniper and Cherry Streets. My company had gotten a contract to do metal repair work on a six-story high bay window section.

The stage was hooked to the bay window roof and we'd been working our way up the past couple days, replacing tin windowsills.

And that's the way it was that morning—the stage out there, next to the window, waiting for Johnson and me to put our weight on it. Only two men should go on a stage at a time, and Brooks and Reed would be doing other work. I climbed out of a window and I lowered myself to my hands and knees on the stage.

Instead of rising right away, I crawled very carefully to one of the side irons and examined the half-hitch there. I yanked the rope even tighter and slammed its coils firmer around the hook. It took me a few more moments before I got to my feet and nodded to Johnson.

Two lucky things happened then. First of all, it was lucky I stood on the left side of the stage, facing the building, and Johnson the right. And then it was lucky too about the safety line.

A safety line is something you always keep handy. It's a length of rope you tie onto something secure on the roof or in the building and which you loop around the guard rail near the center of the stage, near both of you, while the rest hangs down. Our safety line was tied to a radiator in a seventh floor office, came over the bay window roof and onto the stage. But this time, for no known reason at all, I didn't keep it in the middle of the stage. I brought it a little closer to me.

I'm not quite sure exactly how long we were up there when I felt the faint quivering of the platform and looked to see that Johnson was walking toward me.

Ordinarily there's nothing wrong with this. You do plenty of moving about on a stage. But this time something just about waved a red flag in my brain. I waved Johnson back, saying, "Don't come any closer!"

And that's when the thing gave.

It went on my side, like a trap door opening, and I dropped, throwing my arms up instinctively like a drowning person thrashing about in water, and somehow there was the feel of rope in one palm and I clutched at it frantically. And in that blurred instant Johnson bulleted past me.

I flung out my left arm to him in another automatic gesture and my hand miraculously closed on his wrist. There was a tremendous jolt then, as our combined weight of three hundred and thirty-eight pounds hit empty space and stopped, but my right hand on the safety line didn't give. And now we were turning with the safety line and swaying back and forth and I could hear my voice calling down to Johnson, "Hold on!" and then to anyone . . . anyone at all, "Throw us a rope! Call the firemen!"

I remember thinking I'm going to die, but all this time I didn't look down, not wanting to, delaying it yet knowing I must, and now slowly lowering my eyes and seeing where my fingers were locked on Johnson's left wrist, seeing the top of his head and the length of his dangling body, then below, eighty feet below, the spot of sidewalk just beneath us.

How long can I hold on? How long?

And now an ominous sound, a creaking as of nails being raised, then louder and shriller, and something fell—a board—and I glanced up and saw it was the roof, that the roof was crumbling at the spot where the safety line came over it. A few more pieces dropped and the rope, biting into the roof, convulsed a little but didn't yield any more.

I glanced down again. Johnson's wrist felt slippery.

More than three minutes had gone by and a numbness was creeping up my wrists. My shoulders felt like they were being torn apart.

And it was just then that Johnson worked his wrist free and dropped.

I must have closed my eyes in horror a second, for I didn't know he hadn't tumbled to the sidewalk until I felt the pull of his arms around my legs and looked to see him holding on there. He was sliding down, though, and I watched dazedly until his hands were only around one ankle.

He clutched my ankle tightly, swinging.

Then—which I learned later was actually why he'd gambled on freeing his wrist—he managed to touch a windowsill down there with one foot and steady both of us.

Just then several firemen pulled him in.

At almost that same minute, too, I saw a looped rope lowering before my face. Seconds later they began to raise me from above.

Actually, physically, I wasn't too badly hurt at all—aside from bruises, just a broken blood vessel in my left arm. Johnson with two broken ribs was less fortunate.

Somehow all I can think of now is what I told my wife, who died years ago, when she asked me why I was a swinging-stage man. I just shrugged and said something about its being the only work I really wanted to do. That seemed to answer everything.

And strangely enough it still does right now. •

The Wanton Look

Sophia Loren: 20, 5 ft. 8, 38-24-38.

Generous Italy, in her fertile and tumultuous history, has produced countless blessings for man's enjoyment—ravioli, Chianti, great works of art.

But perhaps nothing it ever exported will have such an effect on males the world around as its beautiful, haunting girls with their newly developed trademark, the Wanton Look.

Women have always tried to look as sexy as custom would allow. Hollywood glamor girls have devoted hours of effort and thousands of dollars trying to look seductive. Many of them were quite successful, in their way. In fact, most American men thought Marilyn Monroe and Rita Hayworth, and Lana Turner were just about all there was until they got a look at the charmers on these pages. By comparison, most American movie stars now look like mass-produced robots wrapped in cellophane and clearly marked in red DO NOT TOUCH.

Touchability, on the other hand, is the basic appeal of the Italian school of sex. The way these girls stand, the clothes they wear, the look in their eyes, all suggest strongly that you're the man they've been waiting for and they don't want to wait much longer.

No one is sure whose face launched the Look, or where it came from. Some students trace it to the war, arguing that most of these girls were kids of nine or ten at the time, and that the *(Continued)*

Silvana Pampanini, 26, 5 ft. 8½, 37-24-36.

No. 1 in Italy, Gina Lollobrigida, 27, 5 ft. 4, 36-22-35.

Gina says Sophia (above), her top challenger is "limited." ??????

Sophia smiles and says, "I have no trouble."

Marina Vlady in a typical Italian movie still.

Now only 17, Marina has spiced the wanton look with her own "innocent look."

hardship, the loneliness have made them hungrier for the basic things in life—bread, wine and love. Perhaps so, but while its past may be murky, its future is clear: the Wanton Look is here to stay.

To Silvano Mangano, who is known as "the Italian Rita Hayworth," goes much of the credit for spreading the popularity of the Wanton Look in America, where it has affected not only some of the homegrown beauties but such visiting entertainers as Turkey's Nejla Ates. When the scene still shot (below) of Silvano in *Bitter Rice* was circulated around the country as a come-on for the movie, it honed to a razor-sharp edge an interest among American movie-goers that guaranteed a good reception for Loren, Lollobrigida, Pampanini, Vlady and the other Wanton-Lookers.

Silvano Mangano used it in the rice fields.

At 22, Nejla Ates. She brought it to Broadway.

At 23, Maria Frau. Bedrooms are used to it.

Barb's torpedoes knifed towards the giant carrier's heart.

The Terrible Trek Of The Submarine BARB

Submariners still speak in hushed tones about that incredible jaunt of the *Barb*. 1,500 miles, surfaced, to pick up shipwrecked men deep in a typhoon, with time enough for a few big kills along the way

By Capt. Eugene B. Fluckey, USN

Illustrated by Fred Freeman

In her first nine war patrols, the last three under my command, the submarine *Barb* had been a lone operator, ranging in and out of Japanese-controlled waters. She'd had lover's luck. Sometimes she'd sunk nothing. Once, on her eighth patrol, she'd sunk five ships.

But on her tenth patrol *Barb* was not assigned a regular "area." Instead, she was ordered to operate as a member of a wolf pack—one of several cruising in Jap waters. Working with a pack was something entirely new to me, and I read my orders without much enthusiasm. As it turned out, the assignment began one of the *Barb's* most successful patrols. Certainly it was her most unusual.

Our pack consisted of *Barb, Queenfish,* and *Tunny,* commanded by

It would be a quick, slashing attack and a fast getaway. All hands at battle stations, the *Barb* sneaked into the convoy. Seconds more and we'd fire.

Commodore Edwin Swinburne, a shrewd and able submariner, who elected to keep his "flag" on board the *Barb*. Our assigned area was a good one: the South China Sea, with special emphasis on the Luzon Straits, through which Imperial merchant ships, supporting the large Jap Army garrison in the Philippines, had to pass. We got off to a fine start. In 30 days of patrolling, we sank three ships, and crippled another. But our team also suffered: *Tunny*, caught on the surface by a Japanese plane, was damaged so badly that she had to be sent back to base.

On the day after *Tunny* departed, Commodore Swinburne and I were sitting in the wardroom going over a chart of the area. The *Barb* loafed leisurely along on the surface, radar alert to detect enemy planes. We were trying to second-guess the route of a Japanese convoy which had been reported steaming south from Formosa. While we were talking, a radioman brought in a "priority" dispatch from COMSUBPAC—Submarine Force Headquarters in Pearl Harbor. The message, paraphrased here to protect codes, was approximately as follows:

SUBMARINES PAMPANITO AND SEA LION PATROLLING OFF THE CHINA COAST HAVE ENCOUNTERED LARGE NUMBERS OF AUSTRALIAN AND BRITISH POW'S, AFLOAT ON RAFTS, OR CLINGING TO WRECKAGE AND DEBRIS, APPARENTLY THE SURVIVORS OF A JAPANESE TRANSPORT WHICH WAS SUNK. PAMPANITO AND SEA LION HAVE TAKEN ABOARD AS MANY POW'S AS THEY CAN CARRY. MANY OTHER POW'S STILL IN AREA. THEY ARE IN VERY POOR PHYSICAL CONDITION, AND NOT LIKELY TO SURVIVE LONG AT SEA. IF POSSIBLE, SUGGEST YOU LEND ALL POSSIBLE ASSISTANCE. COMSUBPAC SENDS.

The Commandore and I quickly got out our new charts covering the area where the survivors were reported. A glance told us that reaching them would be no easy job. We would have to steam nearly 1,500 miles, equivalent to half way across the United States. Even traveling continually on the surface—a risky procedure in Japanese waters—at maximum speed, we could not hope to reach them in less than five days and we wondered how many of the POW's would last that long. Yet even if only one was still alive we would try to find him. That is the law of the sea.

A few minutes later, Commodore Swinburne snapped to the radioman, "Order the *Queenfish* to set course West. Make full speed," and via the intercom, I gave the same order to my Officer-of-the-Deck. I felt *Barb* heel outboard as she turned and heard the extra throb as all four diesel engines were put "on the line."

When we had gotten underway, I turned to the problems we would face—*if* we found any survivors. A submarine on war patrol is not an ideal rescue ship. For one thing, we did not carry a doctor or a large supply of medical equipment. Our medical needs were taken care of by an enlisted pharmacist's mate who worked out of medicine cabinet no bigger than a shoe box. There was also the matter of accommodations. We already had ninety men living in a space designed to hold sixty—with minimum comfort. Somehow, we would have to squeeze the survivors in with us, hoping that none of them had contagious diseases. Isolation was simply out of the question.

While the Commodore and I were talking we had our first taste of trouble. "Dive! Dive!" The cry came over the public announcing system. The diving alarm squawked twice and I dashed from the wardroom to control room. Lookouts tumbled down from the conning tower. Main ballast tank vents popped open, clapped closed, and the boat nosed downwards, as the crew, tensely alert, went through the intricate maneuver of moving *Barb*—1,500 tons of her—from a completely surfaced position to a completely submerged position in less than forty seconds. A rush of air vented into the control room.

Above the hissing noise, I yelled up to the Officer-of-the-Deck who was in the conning tower. "Hey, Jack, what have you got?"

Jack Sheffield, the Officer-of-the-Deck, shouted, "Plane, Captain."

My blood ran cold. An airplane is a submariner's worst enemy. Now one had caught us in a very vulnerable position, running on the surface. Yet it was the gamble we had decided to take. The Executive Officer, Bob McNitt, had his eye glued to the periscope.

"I've got him," he cried, then smacked his hands and added, "He didn't see us."

Everyone smiled, relieved. Watching through the scope, McNitt kept us informed of the plane's position until it disappeared. Fortunately, the plane's crew had not been alert.

After a quick glimpse through the periscope, I stepped to the public announcing system, and passed the word: "Surface! Surface! Surface!" Simultaneously the Quartermaster sounded the klaxon alarm which resounded throughout the boat. High pressure air forced salt water out of the ballast tanks and the 300-foot long submersible emerged into the sunlight.

"Open the hatch."

The O.O.D. and I scrambled up to the bridge, making a quick scan of the skies with our binoculars, then the *Barb* resumed her course eastward. I stayed on the bridge an hour, searching the seas, horizon and sky. The atmosphere was hot and oppressive, and for some reason I felt jumpy. I watched as *Barb* carved through the oily waves that rolled toward her knife-like bow. Then a long, low swell pushed in from the Southwest. It seemed out of place. It rolled us slightly. A little later, the breeze from ahead died down. The air and sea had an eerie feeling about it, the kind that gets into the bones of any sailor. Then I thought I knew.

"Quartermaster," I said into the intercom, "what's the barometer doing?"

The Quartermaster said, "A little higher than usual, sir."

That did it. I turned to Jack. I knew what was the matter—a typhoon was building up. This would mean real trouble to those men floating in the sea, clinging to rafts, hatch covers, and pieces of spar. I said into the intercom: "Ask Maneuvering if they can squeeze a few more turns out of the engines." Then I went below to tell the Commodore, and to get off a radio message to the *Queenfish*. *Barb* sped on through the water, racing against time.

At supper, the navigator said, "There's not much point in arriving before daylight. Do you want to slow down and save the engines?"

"No," I said. "We might find some use for those extra two hours."

"Radar contact!" The conversation stopped abruptly. I raced to the conning tower. The radar operator had dropped his cigarette and was bent intently over his scope.

"It's something big, Captain," he said.

Seconds later, from the bridge came the confirming cry: "Convoy. Convoy on the horizon. Bearing three zero zero." Once radar had made contact, the Lookouts had searched the appropriate bearing with their binoculars. They had spotted the Japanese ships almost immediately.

Tuck Weaver, the battle watch officer on the bridge, exclaimed, "She's beautiful, Captain. A bunch of tankers bulging with gas and oil. Looks like there may be five of them with six or seven escorts riding herd. The course we're on is okay for the lead starboard tanker."

The picture gradually unfolded as my eyes adjusted to the darkness. For a submariner, it was indeed a beautiful sight. I said, "Tuck, we'll take on the large tanker and the big one just beyond. We'll slow the ship down to keep our wake from being sighted."

I gave the orders that put the battle plan in motion. *Barb's* speed dropped off as the convoy came steaming toward us, unaware of the welcoming arrangements we had planned. The outer wing escort vessel passed by us. In the dark, with our

[*Continued on page* 54]

Cavalier of the month

: BILLY GRAHAM

A Gospel preacher, in the experience of many men, is a somber figure with funereal clothes, a mellow voice and a pious air. These are the men who find it hard to believe that behind the ad-man's clothes and pitchman's voice of Billy Graham is a sincere evangelist. While men of the cloth like the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Sheen, and such prominent laymen as Churchill and President Eisenhower have risen to defend the 36-year-old North Carolinian, no one has done it better than Billy himself. "I am selling the greatest product in the world," he roars. "Why shouldn't it be promoted like soap?" And promote it like soap he has to over 13,000,000 people in the last six years. Operating out of his headquarters in Minneapolis where a staff of 100 people handles some 65,000 pieces of mail a week, Billy has preached in such diverse and incongruous places as the steps of the White House and Hitler's old stadium, in the shadow of the iron curtain and on the battlefields of Korea. He has spoken in countries where he could utter only a few short sentences at a time before he had to stop and let an interpreter translate for the crowds.

A poor student with not much of a goal in college, Billy Graham is one of the outstanding figures in world religion today. And he is because he had the courage to approach religion from a different angle. He believed that the results were what counted—and got the results despite the hostility he faced from the beginning. A leader of a more traditional church once told a man who had been criticising Billy, "He is bringing people back to religion." We say that what Cavalier Billy Graham has done is more of a case of bringing religion back to the people. •

Billy Graham delivers a sermon in the "hard-sell" manner that marks his unusual, tremendously fruitful approach to religion.

President Eisenhower, long a Graham admirer, keeps one of Billy's red-leather Bibles at his bedside in the White House.

"ALL THEY CAN DO IS KILL ME"

Continued from page 10

Robert Williams was still not under control, so they went to work on him with the new weapons. As a "bouncer," or peace-maintainer, Robert was friendly with the doctors and attendants. The strongest patient in the hospital, he had been disarming patients with knives barehanded for years. As long as he was alive, he was a threat to Riley's Revolution.

"Let's lock up these two," someone shouted, and Joe Taylor and Curtis were dragged into a locker room. They had been thrown down and stomped before the maniacs were "armed," luckily. But when they turned on Robert Williams, it was a different story. Big Robert took it, and dished some out, but he was outnumbered. A baseball bat cracked against his skull with a deadening thud. The skull fractured, and so did the bat. Other bludgeons split open his lips. Ice picks dug into his arms and sides. Both sides of his jaws crunched sickeningly, and Robert slumped. Fired by the feel and smell of blood, the gang jumped on him, breaking ribs, kicking and beating until he quit stirring. Then he was dragged moaning and bleeding, into the locker room beside the other two prisoners.

Riley, a 212-pound giant of a boy, is just 19. He killed a man in Salina, Kansas, as a juvenile of 16. After a year in a boy's training school he was sent to Topeka State Hospital, then transferred to his home state of Texas. Laymen don't think he is insane—his I. Q. is 101—but the jury said he was, and at 18, he came to Ward 7 and became its boss by sheer brute strength and cunning. Now, the morning of April 16, he cocked a red baseball cap on his shaven skull, commandeered a cigar from another patient, and took command of his forces.

On the floor below, separated by a single locked steel door, was Ward 6, containing one attendant, Hub Taylor, and eighty-two more criminally insane Negro patients. Wards 6 and 7 occupied the complete building. Two other buildings of the same size inside the high double chain-link fence made up the "maximum security unit," which Riley hoped soon to command.

Quietly Riley and his band of ten or fifteen slipped down the stairs to Ward 6. They unlocked the door, and swarmed through for an attack on Hub Taylor, who like all the attendants, was unarmed, and alone. A penny-pinching Legislature had seen to that. Taylor was talking on the phone to someone outside the building, unaware of what was going on upstairs. But as the rioters eased into the ward, they felt sure he was phoning in the alarm.

The wave of dark-skinned, shaven-skulled men, bare to the waist, sweating and yelling, bore down on Hub Taylor and "took him" as he hung up the phone. Baseball bats, chair legs, broom handles, fists and that ever-present ice pick all left their marks on him as he went to the floor. Pharoah Tilley, a patient, tried his helpless best to help Hub Taylor, but the mob battered his head with a table leg until it was a pulp.

Not content with the bruising beating they had given Hub Taylor, two huge patients took hold of him, one by his arms and one by his feet, and slammed him repeatedly against the concrete floor until they were exhausted. Finally he got a reprieve when someone ordered that he be put in the "jail." He had been punished enough for the "alarm" he hadn't given.

As the latest two victims, Hub Taylor and Tilley, were being dragged up the stairs to the locker room, the floor of which was already sticky with the blood of Robert Williams, Riley got word that "Dr. Hancock and Mr. White are coming. . ."

Dr. L. D. Hancock, a slight, balding psychiatrist, was on his morning round of the maximum security unit with Clyde White, supervisor of Ward 7. Riley dashed to the front door of Ward 6, and told Dr. Hancock:

"Hurry, Doctor, there's been a fight and somebody's been hurt."

The two men didn't get a hint of what was going on until the door was shut. As White turned, he saw a baseball bat coming at him.

Dr. Hancock didn't get the ice pick stabs or scratches. But fists worked him over in the face while the mop handle was giving him a concussion. But unlike White, Dr. Hancock was not taken to the comparative safety of the locker room. Riley had other plans for him.

A quarter mile away, Dr. Charles W. Castner, superintendent of the huge hospital, was having a cup of coffee with Cecil Parrish, the hospital's business manager, talking over some hospital problems, when the phone rang. It was Dr. Hancock.

"Come over to Ward 6," Dr. Hancock said. "There's an emergency."

Dr. Castner didn't know that Ben Riley was holding that ice pick against Dr. Hancock to make him lure the head man to Ward 6.

"I've got an emergency in Ward 6," he told Parrish. "I'll run up there and be right back."

As Dr. Castner was hurrying to the building, Dr. Hancock's life was being saved by the complications of a scientific machine. He had often ordered electric shock therapy for patients in disturbed states. The therapy machine is strapped onto the patient and the juice is turned on, with the power gradually increasing until he is knocked out. When he wakes up three or four hours later, he is calm, and his disturbed period has ended. But in untrained hands, an electric shock treatment could easily kill a person. Luckily, the patient who wanted to pay Dr. Hancock in kind for a shock therapy just couldn't make the machine's eight-pronged plug fit and Hancock was dragged off to "jail."

Castner Arrives, 9:45

When Dr. Castner walked up the concrete steps to the Ward 6-7 building, Ben Riley swung open the door, which should have been locked. Riley had a ring of keys in his hand.

"What are you doing with those keys, Ben?" Dr. Castner asked.

"Some of the boys got to fighting," Ben replied cooly. "Dr. Hancock is hurt and Hub Taylor is dead, and I just kinda had to take over."

Dr. Castner stepped inside the door. Ben slammed it behind him and stuck the ice pick up against the doctor's ribs.

"Get that thing away from me, Ben," the doctor said, calmly pushing the hand and ice pick away. "Where are these hurt people?"

Riley yielded to the bold voice of authority and led Castner to the "jail." The doctor examined the hurt men briefly, then told Riley they had to be sent to the hospital. At first Riley refused, but Dr. Castner kept insisting, and finally Riley agreed.

"But you'll have to stay. We've got to hold some high official as a hostage."

"Okay, as long as you don't beat me up," Dr. Castner agreed.

At 67, a veteran of thirty-nine years' service in the Texas mental hospital system, Dr. Castner was probably the best equipped man in the world to end the riot in Ward 7. In addition to his thorough knowledge of the disordered mind in general, Dr. Castner had spent three months making the daily rounds in Wards 6 and 7. He knew every patient by his first name, knew his medical and psychiatric history, knew how he responded to what.

As one of the cons said later, Dr. Castner's attitude as he entered the prison, seemed to be: "All they can do is kill me. . . ."

Outside the Maximum Security Unit

Cherokee County was coming alive. Delmar Mayes, assistant supervisor of the maximum security unit, spotted a mental patient Riley had posted as a lookout on the top of Ward 7. There was no way for him to get up there from inside the building, so Mayes knew they were in control of the whole building and had the keys. This was confirmed when Ben Riley answered Ward 7's phone.

Fear struck at the men outside the maximum security unit when they saw Dr. Hancock's car parked in front of Ward 7. He had driven in, rather than walking. That meant that the inmates had his car keys, and any time they wanted to drive out, carrying some of their hostages, a carload of them could escape. Mayes knew he would have to open the big electric gate if he was ordered to by an insane man holding a knife against the throat of Dr. Castner or Dr. Hancock. All through the hours that followed, men outside the fence

watched the car with fear in their hearts.

Parrish took over the job of spreading the news. The Rusk police were told to bring riot equipment. The Rusk and Jacksonville National Guard units volunteered and were invited in. The next call went to the central office of the Board for State Hospitals and Special Schools at Austin, and they in turn notified the Department of Public Safety. Assistant Chief Joe Fletcher put a message on the teletype, ordering Texas Rangers from Houston and Dallas and Texas Highway Patrolmen from Tyler to move into Rusk. That teletype message found Captain R. A. (Bob) Crowder at Ranger Headquarters on the State Fair grounds at Dallas, where he commands Company B of the Rangers. Chief Fletcher's orders were:

"Do whatever is necessary."

Capt. Crowder radioed Ranger Dick Oldham at Palestine to go on over from there, and sent Rangers E. J. Banks and Ernest Daniel from Dallas, loaded with tear gas, nauseating gas and all other riot equipment. Then he phoned the hospital in Rusk. When he learned that Dr. Castner and others were held as hostages, he climbed into his car and sped south from Dallas toward Rusk.

Just as Dr. Castner was probably the best equipped man in Texas to work on the rioters from the inside, Captain Crowder was the ideal man to move into the situation from the outside. A State lawman since 1930, when he joined the Texas Highway Patrol, he has moved up through the ranks to patrol sergeant, Ranger and finally Ranger captain. A big man, a 6-foot-4-incher, deeply tanned, broad shouldered, he is quiet and has a good sense of humor. No one can remember Bob Crowder ever having to use his gun to shoot anybody.

Back With the Rioters

Dr. Castner had begun to play Riley like a harp. He knew that mental patients have periods of violence which subside in three or four hours, and he knew his job was to keep Riley and his men busy and not too upset until they had begun to subside.

First, Dr. Castner got Riley to phone the guard tower to send stretchers to take out the injured men. Then he had Riley direct his men to take the hurt men out to the front, so the attendants would get them and take them to the hospital for the medical care they needed. Castner couldn't convince the rioters that Clyde White and W. C. Curtis were in need of medical care, but he did get them to release Dr. Hancock, the two Taylors, Robert Williams, Pharoah Tilley and other injured patients, leaving White and Curtis still in the blood and vomit-soaked "jail."

It was Joe Taylor who took it the hardest in the "jail." He went into shock.

"He had a blank, glazed stare," White said, "and I knew he was in bad shape. Then he started vomiting, and when Dr. Castner came up to look at us, I told him he'd better get Taylor out of there."

It was Taylor who later said, when he was released from the hospital after treatment:

"I promised the Lord there in that locker room that if he would let me out of there alive, I'd never set foot in this hospital again."

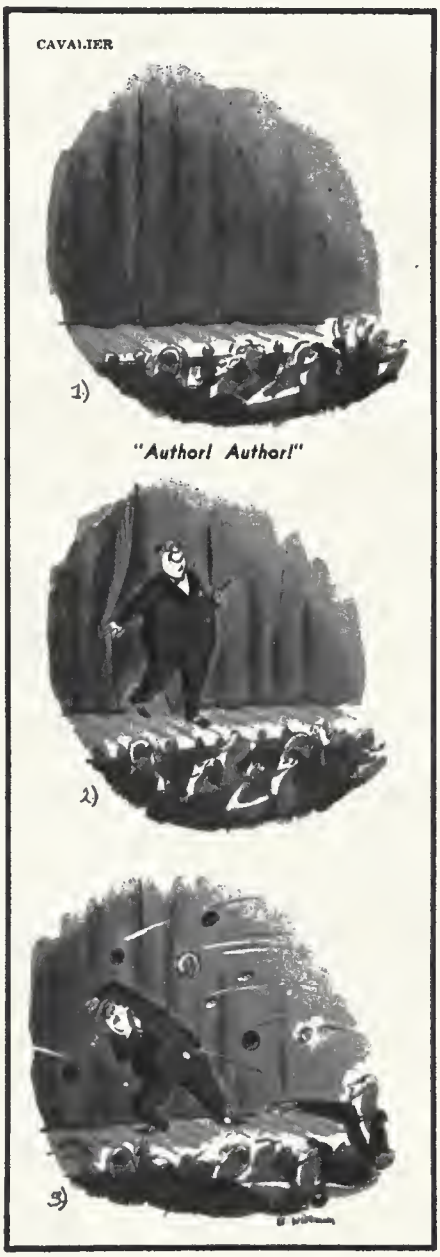
And he didn't. When he left the hospital, he marched straight to the front office, told them to mail him his paycheck, and hasn't been back to this day. Few will disagree with his conclusions, especially when the pay of a charge attendant, before deducts and withholding, is $200 a month. On the other hand, Clyde White, who sweated it out in that locker room all those long seven hours, says he isn't about to quit.

"I've put in sixteen years in this hospital, and I aim to stay with it until I retire on thirty years," he says. "I like the work, helping these people."

At the Switchboard

Cecil Parrish kept phoning out the alarm, and doing everything he could think of. By now, Dr. Castner was giving Riley all sorts of things to do, a lot of them by phone.

Riley had said that the reason for the demonstration was to let the people know of the mistreatment of patients in Ward 7. So it wasn't long until Riley picked up the phone in Ward 7. Parrish answered the call at the switchboard.



"This is Riley," he said. "I want to talk to a newspaperman."

"We'll get you one," Parrish replied.

Parrish thought immediately of Emmett Whitehead, editor and publisher of the Rusk *Cherokeean*, the local county weekly. He phoned Whitehead and in minutes, the editor was at the hospital. Parrish explained that Riley probably wanted to get a story out about their complaints, and he warned Whitehead of the danger of going up to talk to a building full of insane criminals full of power and loaded for bear. Parrish emphasized that Whitehead didn't have to go unless he wanted to, but he was wasting his time. Whitehead went, walking alone up the driveway from the guarded gate, past the first building where white criminally insane men were becoming aware of the situation in the Negro building, and shouting out the windows to Riley's Kingdom:

"Bring those s.o.b.s over here and we'll kill 'em."

Whitehead went up to the front of the building, and Riley came out to talk to him. He rattled off their complaints. They were treated brutally by the attendants. He himself had been ordered to beat up other patients by the guards.

"I've been in Topeka State Hospital," Riley said, "and I know how one is supposed to be run. This is not a State hospital. It is a hell-hole."

Riley said attendants used rubber hoses, sticks and clubs to beat patients, that the Negro patients wanted outside recreation like the white patients in the other buildings got.

Riley named the attendants they wanted fired. He complained that whites get better food than Negroes. He wanted Whitehead to get this word to the State Hospital Board. To prove his statement about beatings, he produced a patient with huge welts on his back, and asked Whitehead to take a picture of the patient's back. Whitehead sent for Wiley Shattuck, who made the picture Riley wanted, and after about thirty minutes of interview, Whitehead promised Riley that he would publish his story. He went back to Rusk, warmed up his linotype machine, and turned out an extra, probably the only newspaper ever printed exclusively for a gang of criminally insane men on a riot.

"You're In Bad Trouble, Boys"

While Whitehead was printing the paper, Dr. Castner was keeping Riley and Murphy busy.

"You're in bad trouble, boys," he told them. "You haven't got any plans. Let's see now. Hadn't you better call the Governor?"

Riley picked up the phone, and Parrish, playing by ear, told him he would try to reach the Governor. He got Maurice Acers, the former FBI man who is Gov. Shivers' executive secretary, and they discussed having Acers impersonate the governor, who was out of town.

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Finally, they gave up the idea. Acers tried to locate Gov. Shivers by phone, but couldn't. When Parrish reported this to Riley, he said:

"Well, I'll wait. I've got plenty of time."

The next call was for some cigarettes. Parrish sent Patrick Walsh up with ten cartons of cigarettes. Riley came out with a hostage to get them.

The next time the light on the line from Ward 7 flashed, it was Riley, saying: "By God, I want food for two hundred men, and good food."

The hospital kitchen had regular lunch about ready, so they loaded it up on push carts and trundled it up to the front of Ward 7. Riley sent some of his men out to bring it in. In a few minutes, the switchboard light flashed again:

"By God, I want some good food."

Parrish asked if ham and gravy would suit. It would, so the entire kitchen staff was set to frying ham and making biscuits. As long as Dr. Castner was in Ward 7, Ben Riley was the head man, sure enough. The ham arrived and it was satisfactory. The tables were set, and Dr. Castner took the place at the head of the table, as the guest of honor. A murderer ate on each side of him, but Dr. Castner wasn't bothered. He was keeping them occupied, and that was good. Ham and gravy, with hot biscuits, is a right soothing meal for a mentally disturbed man.

Talk went on constantly. What should they do? What would be best? Dr. Castner kept making suggestions, telling them they were in a bad fix, and they had better figure out the right thing to do. When the extra editions of the Rusk *Cherokeean* listing all the patients' grievances arrived, it worked miracles. Dr. Castner put it in writing afterwards, in a letter to Whitehead, saying:

"Your willingness to meet with and discuss with the leaders of the rioting maximum security patients, without question, was one of the major factors in settling the riot. . ."

Crowder Comes, 2:30

When Crowder arrived from Dallas, the riot had been under way for six hours. He checked the situation with his men, and learned that the three hostages were still being held. There had been no sounds of further violence. He then got the message that Riley wanted to talk with a Ranger. He went to the phone in the guard tower, and Parrish connected him with Ward 7. Riley answered.

"Riley was cocky," Crowder explains. "He said he would meet me down in front of the building, but that he didn't want any tricks . . . that if anything happened to him, his people would kill Dr. Castner and the two attendants. I told him my purpose in coming over was because he had wanted to talk to a Ranger, and that I didn't want any tricks from him either, because I didn't intend to lose if they started anything with me."

Crowder walked slowly up the curving drive in the warm afternoon sun. He was wearing a coat, unbuttoned, if Riley was watching he would have seen the glint of a nickeled .45 Colt stuck in Crowder's waistband on his left side, in easy reach.

Riley came out the front door, the red baseball cap cocked at a jaunty angle, an ice pick in his belt and a cigar in the corner of his mouth. He stood on the porch. Crowder stood on the ground, four feet below him. Crowder started the conversation, feeling his man out, by asking what their demands were. Riley reeled off his list of complaints . . . food, outside recreation, better treatment.

"But most of all, they wanted out, to be declared sane and tried for the crimes they had committed," Crowder said.

In a mental hospital, you are there forever. There's no hope of pardon or parole. But if you can get declared sane, you can stand trial and get your sentence, and start seeing your way to getting out. Even on a life term, you're eligible for parole in seventeen years. Besides, Texas has a new and modern prison system. Its mental hospitals are antiquated and poorly financed.

As hundreds of officers, attendants and just plain spectators held their breath outside and waited, but couldn't hear, Crowder set out to talk Riley into giving up. Crowder, like most laymen who talked to Riley, doesn't think Riley is insane. As he became convinced of this, he figured he could reason with him, and he did just that, showing the iron only when he thought it necessary.

(Back inside the triangle made by the double set of power-controlled gates, a Highway Patrolman squatted down to watching the peace conference through binoculars. Across his knees was a Winchester rifle . . . just in case.)

Crowder kept talking, alternately soothing and worrying Riley, and all the time trying to figure a way of getting upstairs to Ward 7, "if we have to." Finally, Crowder suggested that Riley bring Dr. Castner down to talk with them.

"I don't know," Riley said, some of the cockiness wearing off as he became aware of the .45, and the fact that Crowder might not ever let him get back to his "troops" alive. "I'm not in this by myself. I'll have to talk to Joe Murphy."

He called Murphy down, and Murphy said he didn't see why they shouldn't bring Dr. Castner down. Dr. Castner came to the porch and stood there with Riley and Murphy. Crowder was still down below, off the porch. He had his approach figured, and he had decided that Dr. Castner wasn't ever going back in that building. He had one hostage out. The next thing was to talk Riley into letting him go check up, for the Governor and the Board, on how the other two hostages were making out.

But Dr. Castner's work, plus Captain Crowder's talk about "how deep you are in this" was beginning to show up in Riley's attitude. He was getting unsure of himself, and wanted a way out. Crowder provided the opening.

"Is it your policy to make investigations of complaints?" he asked.

Riley was standing silent, listening.

"It sure is," Dr. Castner said. "I just finished making one in one of the white wards, and made some changes in the personnel there. If Ben had told me about it, I would have already straightened it out. You know that, don't you, Ben?"

"Yessir, I sure do," Ben replied.

Crowder and Castner both knew they had won when he said "sir."

"There's your answer, Ben," Crowder said. "That's what you want. I think you might as well let the others out, and then we'll get the Board here to talk to you."

Ben called Murphy to come out on the porch. He told him that Dr. Castner and the Ranger had promised an investigation, and asked Murphy what he thought about it.

"I'm letting God lead me," Murphy replied.

"Then you and I are on the same side there, Joe," the Ranger said.

"If it's the best thing to do, then I want to do it," Murphy said. He and Riley talked together quietly, and finally Murphy said:

"I'm ready."

Riley agreed. "If we're gonna do it, we better do it now if we expect to get any help. Let's do it."

Ben pulled the ice pick from his belt and tossed it over the railing on the ground in front of the Ranger. Murphy followed suit with his ball-peen hammer. Their cohorts, watching from the windows, joined the game. A veritable shower of broken baseball bats, scissors, knives, chair rockers, weed cutters and other makeshift weapons littered the ground.

Captain Crowder then told Ben that he would personally see that they got a meeting with the Board, and told him to get the other hostages down. Ben started to go up and get them, and Crowder stepped back, letting his coat fall open:

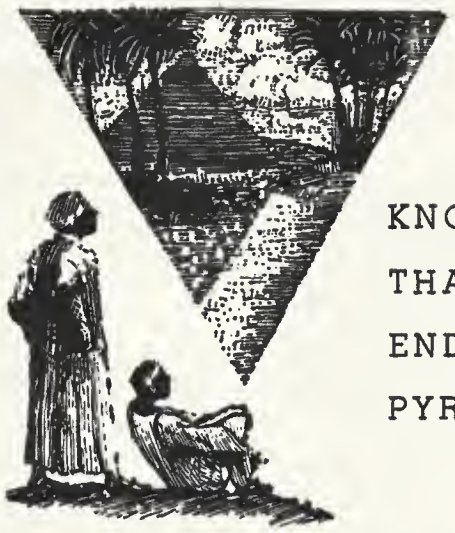
"Ben, you're not going up there any more. Tell somebody to bring them down."

Ben shouted an order. One of his men went to the locker room, unlocked the door, and told White and Curtis to come out. They left the bloody, stinking room that had been their prison for seven hours, and walked down the stairs and into the clean fresh air of freedom. The nightmare was over.

A half hour later the officials had the hearing with the patients, getting a different story from each they talked with, a squad of attendants shook the place down, gathered up the keys, weapons, billfolds and watches from the doctors and attendants, and making sure that the wards were secure.

By 5 o'clock, Ward 7 was quiet again. Ben Riley and Joe Murphy were in solitary confinement, getting drug treatments to quiet them down after a busy day. The institution's hospital was busy, treating the twenty who had been hurt.

Dr. Castner is back in Ward 7 every day, making the rounds because there isn't another psychiatrist to spare, and because, as superintendent, his job is there. Also back on the job is Clyde White, his left jaw swollen. There's really just one change. At first, the attendants agreed among themselves to work on their days off, so the criminally insane wards will always have three men on duty, instead of just one. Then the Board scraped up some extra cash to hire and train some more attendants, and the Legislature, shocked clear down to Austin at what they learned about a single unarmed man in charge of a ward of



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eighty criminally insane persons, dug down and found $100,000 a year for some pay raises and some more people to have at least three men in each ward on all shifts.

Dr. Bethea's investigation, put in a report to the Board, revealed that it was Riley, and not the attendants, who pushed the patients around. It also showed that some attendants had irritated and aroused the patients by calling them "niggers." The truth of this finding is illustrated by the fact that White, who is racially very tolerant, wasn't beaten seriously, while others who follow the East Texas pattern of language, were beaten unmercifully. The patients were given the outdoor recreation they had sought and Dr. Castner continued his new program of improved treatment which sends eighty five out of every 100 new sends eighty-five out of every 100 new have been there ninety days. As for those welts on the patient's back, medical records proved they were caused by burns and were there when the patient was transferred to Rusk hospital.

Peace has come back to the maximum security unit as Rusk State Hospital, and the broken bones are mending. Only Pharaoh Tilley is still unconscious, and he may never recover from the terrible beating which crushed his skull and dazed what mind he had left. Peace has come back, but no one can know for how long. For back in the cell where Ben Riley sits in solitary confinement, the young killer occasionally shouts to his army, up in the front part of Ward 7:

"I'll be busting out of here before long. Are you with me?"

And across the drive, in the other two two-ward buildings, cunning killers and sex-maniacs, declared insane but smart enough to know that even three men can't handle eighty, watch and wait for their chance to be king for a day, like Ben Riley was. •

WE MET DEATH ON MT. McKINLEY

Continued from page 18

midday temperature, we set up an air mattress with one side in the sun and the opposite in the shade. The mercury registered 36° in the shade—but on the sun side, with the hot glare from the white ice faces, the temperature soared to a scorching 106°! We kept our goggles on at all times, let our beards grow and smeared the exposed skin areas thickly with sunburn ointment. The salve always smeared off the lips and left them chapped and deeply split.

Ginny, Woody's wife, came over in the Stinson on the 23rd. She caught our message trampled in the snow, setting the time for the air drop of the rest of our supplies and two days later, at the designated point in mid-Great Gorge, we received the drop right on schedule. She dropped it in two loads, one at 7 a.m. and one at 9 a.m. There were 400 pounds of equipment in all, and we planned to carry it up in relays, moving half of it at one time, then backtracking for the rest.

Base camp was set up at 10,000 feet on the West Fork Glacier, on April 27th, and it was this point that marked the real beginning of our climb. The ascent on the following morning toward Camp 2 was an indication of what lay ahead. My Brunton compass, a geological instrument, measured the steepness of the slope at 45 degrees. It was 2,000 feet almost straight up and the exposure was frightening. The winds raw, gusty, whipping up an incessant shower of tiny, stinging pellets. We kept on going for seven solid hours. The muscles in my calves, thighs and lower back suffered increasingly from the effort. A quick, sharp pain settled more deeply into the tissues until the tendons swelled and burned in hard knots of pain. This gradually subsided into a dull, pulsating ache.

Then 500 feet off the slope's summit, the elevation shot up. The sight of the ice wall that now loomed in front, and the threat posed by the slate-gray snow clouds that were sweeping in from the southeast, forced us into a quick decision. We dropped our packs and beat a hasty retreat to the base camp.

We burrowed in our tents with a great sense of relief. During the night, a heavy snowfall brought a great pile up of fresh drifts that pinned us down. Thunderous avalanches bounded down the slopes, toppling huge ice blocks that collided explosively like glass boulders. The ominous reverberations continued all through the next day. As night set in, we knew that we would have to move our camp for sanitary purposes whether the snow stopped or not.

The snow did let up and we returned to our previous high point. Woody was in the lead, and at the impasse, he unslung his ice axe and began hacking out ice steps, bucket-like holes just large enough to take a man's boot. He kept on hacking away and roped up behind him, we advanced slowly, step by step, after intervals of five, ten minutes. The wind was so fierce we had to keep our heads down. Woody hammered in five ice pitons, a type of steel eyelet, and snapped metal rings known as karabiners through them. Through this we strung 200 feet of quarter-inch manila rope and hauled our way up the fixed line.

Our faces were taking a terrific beating, but there was no way of avoiding it. Masking them would mean we would have a greater condensation of warm breath against the flesh, which would ice up instantly. As it was, icy beads formed over our beards and around our nostrils and mouths. My lips had begun to bleed and throb painfully—a result of having

to suck snow frequently to combat the dehydration of body fluids at higher altitudes, and the parched soreness of mouth and throat tissues.

It was several hours before Woody found a passage through to the top of that slope and once we were in the clear, we dropped into the soft drifts and lay there without any movement.

But it wasn't until the following day after we had made it down and up the series of ice steps twice more to relay our supplies and equipment, that we were through with that slope. On the way up, El, the last man, retrieved the pitons and the fixed rope.

Here we set up Camp 2, on a ridge, as narrow at some points as the width of a snowshoe trail. And on one side was a slope of 2,000 feet, mostly rock cliffs and spires and on the other, 1,000 feet of shimmering white precipice.

And all of this was nothing but a lead to the "unclimbable" Southern Buttress!

It was the first of May. We had been climbing fourteen days, and we had progressed to 12,000 feet.

From the aerial photos we had of the 1,000 foot slope above us leading to the ridge where we'd make camp 3, the snow appeared soft enough to be able to kick steps into it—but once we started the ascent, we realized that it was sheathed in granite-hard ice.

Ten hours later, we had laid out 200 feet of fixed rope and chopped no less than 500 ice steps. And this grand effort advanced us a total of 400 feet!

And the next day was tougher—advancing us only 100 feet and turning us into rigid ice men in the process. That's what we appeared like, after several hours of exposure, caked with ice and frost, over our faces and beards, covering the lenses of our goggles, so that we had continually to wipe them to see.

Then as though this was not bad enough, when we doubled back to relay our loads, we found that fresh snow had filled in the steps of the previous day. Before we could make it down, we had to scoop them out all over again.

What kept us going more than anything else at that time, was a gag that Elton started and the rest of us picked up. The others could appreciate it more than I could because several weeks before we left, they had seen the movie of the successful climb of Mt. Everest. And at one point in the film—the narrator, Sir John Hunt, contemplates a section of the great mountain and says—"Our problem today is to get four tons of equipment up Lhotse slope."

Affecting a broad British accent El would say—"*our* problem today is to get these bloody packs up Lotsa Face," which is what he christened this killing slope. For us, there was something ludicrous in the contrast between the Everest expedition, their many carriers and Sherpa porters and our pitiful group.

Our clothes, soaked with freezing perspiration had begun to harden to the stiffness of cardboard and Les remained in Camp 2 the next day to dry them out and build a snowwall against the buffeting wind force.

Les didn't complete the windbreak any too soon, because during that same

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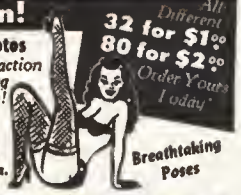

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night, the sixth of May, a snow storm hurtled down the mountain. Great driving clouds of snow blasted into a blinding mist by the onslaught of the wind, blocked out visibility to the zero point, less than five feet outside our tents.

We bundled up in all our clothes, every last article we had and crept into our sleeping bags. But the larger part of our supplies were lying hundreds of feet ahead of us, at the relay point, up on Lotsa Face! The cold seeped through the bag and lining and through the clothes, layer by layer, deep and bone-chilling. What little fuel we had was necessary for eating purposes. We prepared the last of our food and waited to sweat it out.

The storm continued through the night and by morning we realized we had a full-blown blizzard on our hands—and we had no idea how long it might go on or how bad it might get. The drifts were piling up on the slopes and we were separated from our food cache.

There was only one thing to do, we had to start up Lotsa Face in the teeth of the blizzard and retrieve that food before we were snowed in.

We started out at noon, leaning forward, almost doubled over against the blistering snow whorls swept into us in spinning, cyclonic gusts. I was in the lead and it was my job to kick the drifts out of any steps I could find or kick new ones in. The unsettled snow exploded into my face, plastering my goggles and blinding me. I had to wipe them continually, almost everytime I kicked!

When I reached the halfway point, I couldn't move upward any further. I strained but my body would not respond. My chest and lungs burned from the exhausting effort. Les holding up the rear, was at least as bad off as I was and after a quick confab, it was decided that we would return to the camp and El and Woody would go on for the food.

About an hour after we got back, El and Woody stumbled into the tents. I got El's boots off. His feet were chalk white and we huddled together and I placed his feet under my parka against my bare chest.

Gradually, he came around and we prepared some dinner—soup, potted eggs, potatoes, jello, tea and Logan biscuits.

My hands had still not thawed out after the meal and when I attempted to urinate, I couldn't open my zipper. Elton was huddled up asleep and I had to crawl into my sack and wait until I was warm enough to maneuver the zipper.

It wasn't until the seventh day that the blizzard abated. And in looking back, I realized that was the decisive point of our climb. Now that the sky had cleared it was simply accepted among us, that we would continue at least to the rest of the way up Lotsa Face.

The others went up the slope to finish the step cutting and it was my turn to remain in camp to dry out our sleeping bags, and move the tents from the filth and drifted-in snow.

When the others returned that night, we figured out the number of steps we had cut into Lotsa Face. It had come to 1,038 ice steps.

We were on top of the slope by 4:30 the following afternoon. Here we made Camp 3. The die was cast. We had allowed the decision to make itself. With the whole of the treacherous Lotsa Face beneath us, its radical slope piled high with massive drifts from the blizzard, the peril of avalanche would be alive with every step. Huge masses sledged down even as we watched from above. We could not hope to retrack. The only way back for us was over the South Buttress—something no one had ever done before—and down the north side of the mountain.

The South Buttress now lay before us like an immense, craggy, giant simian face, its massive convulvular contortions of rock assuming every shape and dimension. Great cornices as high as three and four stories, golgothan ice blocks and zigzagging ridges, ribbons of ice-sheathed rock ornamenting the vast falls and rises like irregular latticework.

Each day of the ascent up the buttress was a hard plodding struggle, a day separate problems each of which seemed to be at the time, the toughest of the climb. On the 11th, we had to cross the first peak but it was topped by a gigantic ice cornice that hung over a good thirty degrees and we were forced to make a traverse beneath it to the left, preferring to chance the hazard of going through the ice blocks. There was no other thought in my mind that I can recall, except to get one foot in front of the other. To do my part in moving along with the rest and to insure my own safety and that of my companions.

We were now on top of the Buttress. We established Camp 4, made our relays and moved along the Buttress to Camp 5 at 15,500 feet. Because of the slowness of our progress and the prolonged period of time in the rarer atmosphere, my digestion began to be affected and a throbbing, headachy pressure clamped down across my skull. It became too great an ordeal to continue backtracking to relay our loads and we decided to consolidate our packs, which meant we had to carry at least 85 lbs. per man. Les was carrying considerably more than that.

It was in this state that we came to a ridge exposed on our right side to a sheer 5,000 foot drop and our left to at least 2,000—and hanging tenuously above, massive cornices and ice blocks. We started across sections an experienced mountaineer would not risk in his right mind but we went forward simply because it was more dangerous to go back.

In moving across a thin-lipped cornice that appeared as though it might snap off at any moment, we had to belay one man at a time. When my turn came, as with the others, the ice axe was rammed down into the snow, the rope secured to the shaft and around my body and the rope was cautiously played out as I proceeded. In this way if I slipped off into space, the rope would cinch up on the axe shaft and break my fall.

Progress was torturously slow and the exposure, brutal. My breath caked up in a white mask over my nose and mouth and because both hands were occupied every second, I couldn't wipe it away. This move took the entire day. It was 5:15 p.m., before we were able to camp.

Except for the uttered cautions during

the actual climbing, there was scant conversational exchange. Such were the physical demands that complete mental absorption was imperative every step of the way. Washburn's aerial photographs of the cirque, or steep-walled recess, at the head of Traeleika Glacier, showed plenty of snow. But now there was ice, great sheaths, mounds, pendulous masses of it.

Explosive cracks, resounding against the hollow walls kept up a constant barrage like artillery fire as we eased, pushed, wormed our way up, losing two steps for every four, tenuous hour after hour, to the junction at Karstans Ridge. This was on the fourteenth, a notable day. We had attained 17,350 feet and set up Camp 7 at Traeleika Pass.

We had beaten the South Buttress. And by so doing, we had reached the dividing line between the north and south routes on McKinley. From here on in, we could go down the northern approach. We were no longer at a point of no return.

All that lay before us now, was the stretch to the peak.

From 17,350 to 20,000 we went—20,100—200 and we were crawling, taking each step as though we were reaching out for an invisible rope and dragging ourselves. There was a buzz in my ears, filling the inside of my head. I tried to shake it off but I couldn't. And then, almost before I could grasp the significance, we stepped out on the summit, the high peak of McKinley!

If there should have been some elation—some hitherto inexperienced exultation, it was not for us. Not even Elton. It was anti-climactic after all we had come through and I believe that is a fairly common reaction among climbers. Les remarked, "Well—this is it," and that just about spoke for us all.

The wind was a hollow, bitter, sweeping force and we could hold up there no more than twenty minutes before we started the long trek back.

We roped up and moved down the Harper Glacier to Karstans Ridge. This is a notoriously bad ridge, forming a narrow shelf broken off at some places and flush with the perpendicular cliff face. We found a fixed rope that was very helpful on the spine of the ridge and followed it until it ran out at a very steep section. The ridge made a short right angle turn and to avoid the steep break in the slope, we attempted to traverse beneath it.

There was about a foot of new powdery snow and we couldn't use ice pitrons or a shaft belay because the snow wasn't sufficiently hard. We started off the ridge, one man at a time, roped together. I was about twenty feet down, on the left side, kicking steps into the nose-diving slope.

Woody cautiously crept to within three or four feet of me and we kicked out a small platform to rest on. I sunk the pick part of the ice axe and gripped the shaft. Les was about ten feet behind us and off to the left of Woody. Elton was just starting down. He took one or two steps and his crampons, the metal-toothed boot clamps used for snow climbing, failed to grip. The ridge crumpled in a powdery mist and I saw El's feet skid! I leaned on the axe driven hard into the ice.

I was jerked outwards, axe and all—kicking out two or three steps like walking on air! And then we were all skidding, smashing into ice boulders at a furious rate. I knew by the way we fell that El was going first, with Les and Woody in between. I was last—tumbling in an explosive spray. I strained, twisted over, shedding my pack to prevent my arms from snapping when I hit, I just about tugged one arm clear of it when I struck, an oscillating ribbon of light flashing up before my eyes.

Slowly and with the pain spreading out all over my body, I began to regain consciousness. There was blood dribbling from my mouth into my throat and the grit of shattered teeth. Most of my front teeth were gone and part of my jaw was broken. My right hip was broken and my right leg was twisted on the side. The left was turned the same way—the ligaments and tendons torn. I could hear others talking and Woody's voice came out of the unintelligible blur. He pressed codeine between my lips to ease my pain.

"Where's El?" I asked him.

"He's dead," Woody said.

"Elton's dead—" I repeated the thought to myself but somehow it didn't penetrate. El and I had lived in the same tent, beside each other, day and night for thirty days.

When my head cleared, I saw Elton slumped over where Woody had dragged him. He lay slumped forward in a gro-

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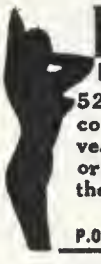

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tesque angle, the upper part of his body half-twisted around. His back was broken. Les was moving around, helping to set up the tent but Woody had to tell him what to do. He was in a daze and coughing sickly, with blood coming up. We were lucky that Woody wasn't hurt since he was able to manage things. He gave me several more codeine tablets and I went to sleep. While I slept, Woody and Les buried Elton.

The days of that week from the 17th to the 21st passed in a daze of pain drugged sleep. My glimpses of consciousness were of Les and Woody straining under an improvised litter as they carried me down toward Muldrow Glacier at 11,000 feet—down for 16 continuous back-breaking hours—out of the danger of avalanche.

My vision and senses were sharper on the next morning and I had the frightening sensation that the only thing left intact was my mind. I stared down at my body with a strange sense of detachment, as though it were a badly mangled and no longer useful thing. Les and Woody were haggard and hollow-eyed from their ordeal and I knew what they were thinking—and what they hesitated to say. They could not wait around, hoping for the chance miracle of a rescue, allowing themselves to weaken. Our food supply was dwindling fast. They would have to go down to get help. It was suicidal for a single climber to go over a route strewn with crevasses. I would have to be left behind.

They gave me all the food, except for one bag of Logan biscuits. Empty quart cans as urinals and a half gallon can with the sides cut down and taped with adhesive for a bedpan, were set in the snow alongside the mattress so I could slide off and use them. Everything else was in reach, the food, water and the small primus stove with fuel and matches. Everything they could do for me was done and Woodie and Les prepared to leave.

MAY 22

Les and Woody drifted off this morning. I listened to the diminishing scuffle of their steps and I had a sinking feeling—like leaving home for the first time. Almost immediately I became aware of the vast stillness. And the wind—how bleak and pounding! I had the weird sensation of being on some distant planet. It's hard getting used to the idea of being alone. I called out to Woody several times today before I realized that he was gone—and each time I half-expected him to step through the tent flap!

May 23

The pain—if only it would let up some, I feel I could manage for myself. But it has been getting more acute since Woody and Les left. Last night my hip felt as though a crude bolt had been hammered into the bone. I have the codeine—and it's a terrible temptation to take it and blot out everything. But in a drugged stupor I won't get enough nourishment. I have no desire for food. I gag at the smell of it. But I must keep myself from growing weaker. It takes me a good two and a half hours to prepare a meal. Every movement is an effort—moving my arms, lifting my head, shifting my body. Slow, jerky robot-like motions. My legs are badly twisted up. I pray that I won't be left a cripple.

May 24

Last night was the longest night of my life. I applied every ounce of resistance to fighting against the pain—so I wouldn't have to take the pills. But it seemed to make me more aware of it. My body feels like a dart board with steel tips stuck into the nerve fibers. Somehow pain is degrading. The contortions I go through—wincing to stifle my outcries (as though anyone could hear me), and the clenching and unclenching of my fists. It's a reflex action I have no control of. I'm going to try a different tack now—to think away the pain, distract myself. I believe the Hindu yogas do something similar. It's snowing again. I wonder how Woody and Les are? I keep hearing avalanches. I should be hearing planes. Could the codeine have made me too groggy to hear any? I won't take any more! More snow flurries.

MAY 25

The smell is nauseating. I wish I could empty the bedpan. I made an effort to drag my way to the tent flap—and I turned over the powdered eggs! And so little food left. I would rather have spilled blood! Had to dip into the codeine. I didn't think I was going to have to. I tried reading from the book of Mark Twain's short stories I brought along—but the words kept exploding in red bursts all over the page!

MAY 26

Something's happened to Les and Woody. The thought came to me last night and I couldn't shake it. I keep seeing their faces, the way they looked when they carried me down. How did they ever do it? Are they strong enough to make it the rest of the way? I don't know. The snow was heavy and continuous last night. It socked down all over the tent and now the sun is high and soaking the whole foot of the tent, including my sleeping bag. My stomach is acting up. It's forcing myself to eat that does it, I suppose. I took codeine again but I vomited it up. There isn't much food left. Maybe two days more, if I stretch it. But help will have to be here by then. I feel so sleepy all the time. It's like having metal weights tied to my eyelids. I keep thinking of El and how everything happened. It's more like years than days. I find it hard to follow any one trend of thought.

MAY 27

Bad night. Very bad. Yesterday's wet soaked right through my boots to my socks. And the temperature dropped to at least 28° below. I think that extreme cold is the worst agony of all. If only I could move—get my blood circulating. The cold gnaws through my bones. And my feet started freezing. I spent all night trying to wriggle my toes—but to move them was worse agony. Toward daylight I couldn't take it any longer and I knew I'd have to change my socks. I had two dry pairs—but I couldn't sit up to put them on! My muscles wouldn't hold my body up. I had to bend my knees with my hands. I'd start, bend them just a little and then hold up and bend them again. It took me most of the day, right through to late afternoon to get my boots

off and make the change to other socks and seal-skin mukluks. How will they ever set the bones in my legs? They're worse than I feared. How much longer can I go on like this? Not too much. The cold—the infernal, withering cold! I keep dropping off.

Planes! I heard the hum of engines. A plane went by and then it came over again! It's searching for me, I'm sure. Woody and Les have gotten through after all!

MAY 28

I'm chilled and feverish at the same time. My throat is parched and sore. I'm afraid of lobar pneumonia which can easily be contracted at this altitude. Planes flew over this morning—two or three, I couldn't be sure. Why didn't they buzz me? Didn't they see men after all that flying? There's food enough for one more meal. Wonder how much weight I've lost? Twenty pounds? The tent is stiff with hoar frost. I feel like a slab of beef hung up in the storage locker. God, I'm sick.

MAY 29

Slept through the night and half the day. My head feels logy with pressure in the ears. No food. I heard a lot of flying, over the glacier. What are they doing there? What are they trying to do—torture me? I know I'm not making any sense but I can't help myself. They're so close. So close.

MAY 30

No planes. The wind seemed to have died down. I never heard it so quiet. It was like that all morning, and most of the afternoon. I thought maybe they had abandoned the search. I tried not to think. I made a distinct effort to leave my mind blank so I would not tense up or panic. It wasn't hard.

And then, toward the late afternoon—voices! A shout! "Hello!" I yelled out of the tent but I wasn't sure I heard voices at all. There was a long interval and I thought I *was* hearing things. The voices shouted again and somehow, in a rush of desperation I found the strength to drag myself off the mattress and get my head through the tent flap. I saw two men approaching—and the dark figures seemed to hover leglessly above the ice.

"Are you all right?" someone said.

"Sure I am," I said, but I was angry with the inanity of the question. But when they were close enough I found out they were Dr. John McCall and Fred Milan, both of them good friends of mine at college. It was like a meeting of long lost brothers.

When the rest of the rescue group arrived from Big Delta, in command of Lt. Colonel Edmund L. Mueller, they brought along a sled for me to be strapped onto. And on the following morning, I was pulled down to McGonaggal Pass where I was evacuated by helicopter. Several air transfers followed and a flight to the 5005th Air Force Hospital in Elmendorf. Here my hip and broken legs were set in casts, my broken tooth edges extracted and I was sent to St. Albans Hospital in Long Island on July 7, 1954.

I was a long time in the mending—both my legs requiring braces. But with self-discipline, exercise and particular care, I was assured that within five years I would be climbing mountains again. It was the incentive I needed. And in June of 1955, one brace removed and my body tremendously strengthened, I arranged to assist a climbing party in setting up their base camp at the foot of McKinley. But one day I mean to go up to the top again—and stop at Elton's resting place. •

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HE WAS BORN TO BE BATTERED

Continued from page 27

Angeles Ascot track in 1935 when the pit crew decided the logical way to wire the magneto to the spark plugs was through the seat springs. On the first lap of the main event the inevitable happened—the motorcycle hit a chuck hole at speed, the seat springs compressed under the impact and shorted out the high-voltage circuit. The engine quit instantly, then cut in again when the spring coils separated. This on-again, off-again performance held Kretz down to a slow lap speed. He pulled into the pits.

His crew cleverly diagonsed the trouble as a fouled spark plug and installed a new one. Kretz went out again, came back in when the trouble continued. The pit crew changed plugs again.

It takes a long time for the Teutonic temperament to smolder into a fury. Kretz reached his burning temperature on the sixth pit stop. While the mechanics searched frantically for the real source of the trouble, he watched the entire field of healthy machines gain another lap on him and disappear around the far corner. Then one of the crew spotted the troublesome wire, jerked it out, and re-wired the magneto.

The Kretz that spun dirt into the faces of the pit crew on his way back to the course was a compact mass of violence. He was hopelessly behind—the only thing that could have won for him would have been a mass disaster to the rest of the field. The average rider would have settled into the pace set by the leaders and consoled himself with the thought that the pit crew was to blame. But Cretz wasn't an average man—he was a champion.

After the first few moments the sleepiest grandstand resident knew something had happened. There was a wild man on the course. There would be this strung-out series of bikes angling into a corner and then suddenly from out of the straight behind them a stocky, broad-shouldered rider on the outside of the turn, laying over at a suicidal angle, broadsliding, passing, accelerating into the next straight . . . Kretz. The crowd began to mutter, then when the wild man didn't let up, to roar. Those people who enjoy such things waited for blood. Instead they got Kretz. He rode the rest of the race, face set in hard determination, in a style that is still legend in Los Angeles. He clipped off lap after lap without a fault, averaging two seconds better per lap than the fastest time trials of the previous day. In the forty-three laps that remained he worked his way from nineteenth place to sixth. Nothing in that stadium could have kept him from first place except the clock, which mercifully intervened to save the front-running riders.

The degree of courage and skill required to stage this kind of performance is not easy to explain. A motorcycle is the most terrifying machine a man can ride. Handling this deceptively simple machine requires unusual talent. Everything you're used to on a car is there—clutch, gear shift, throttle, brakes—but you've got to use them at the same time you're balancing yourself and steering. To make things a bit more difficult, each brake is operated by a separate control—the front brake by a hand lever, the rear brake by a foot lever. Just learning to coordinate yourself for a satisfactory trial run is an accomplishment. Using all these controls with the speed and finesse required in fast competition is something entirely different.

The men who think hard of these things do not ride motorcycles at all. Those motorcycle riders who think of them occasionally know better than to enter professional competition. There remain only the reckless and the brave. The reckless do not last very long.

Kretz has been around a long time. He was born September 24, 1911, in San Diego, California. By his own account, nothing of importance happened to him till he was 16, when he took on his first full-time job. He and an assistant drove a hay truck from California's Imperial Valley to Los Angeles and back every twenty-four hours. Part of the job was loading and unloading the truck, a task that consisted of throwing and carrying some 400 hay bales weighing 140 pounds each. During the work week Kretz never went home. He got what sleep he could curled up in the swaying, jolting truck.

This is the kind of physical conditioning that either exhausts a man early in life or builds a giant. Ed never quite grew up—he's 5'8"—but he grew out. He's built like a fireplug, with a massive chest, huge biceps and forearms, powerful legs. Underneath this iron exterior are the heart and lungs of a draft horse.

Until that Ascot race of 1935, Kretz had never thought of racing as more than a hobby. If it hadn't been for Floyd Clymer—now an automotive writer and publisher, then an Indian motorcycle dealer—it is more than possible that Kretz might never have had a chance to reach the big time. But Clymer knew talent when he saw it. He wangled Kretz a brand new racing Indian for the big national championship race in Savannah, Georgia in January, 1936.

Kretz won the 200-mile Savannah race in a fast, steady ride. This was the evidence Indian was waiting for, the proof that the Ascot showing was more than just a fitful burst of energy. In 1937 Kretz consolidated his gains by winning the 200-mile national championship in Daytona Beach (it had been moved to the Florida city from Savannah), then going on to cop the 100-mile championship at Langhorne, Pennsylvania. He barnstormed through smaller Eastern circuit

races that same year, came home to Los Angeles and Ascot and began to write local history. By the time he went into the famous Laconia, New Hampshire, race in 1938 he had settled down in the slippery groove of a professional racer.

The major wrench was giving up the truck-driving job that had supported him through the bleak years of the depression. Even in this enlightened year of 1955, it is difficult for a motorcycle professional to make a living. In the prewar era it was impossible. With the single exception of Indianapolis' 500-mile auto race, the truly dangerous sports do not draw many spectators in America. Nor do we, as a nation, spend much money watching the lone-wolf sports unless, as is the case with horseracing, we can gamble on the outcome. Kretz was born a lone wolf and he was just as inextricably wed to danger. If he couldn't make a living at what he was doing, then by God he'd do it for fun. So he took a full-time job with Clymer as a motorcycle mechanic and risked his neck for stakes the average man wouldn't back an inside straight for.

When I talked with Kretz he told me about the Ascot races.

"Hell," he said, "I made more money coming in second than I did winning. The winning rider had to pay for the big party after the race. That took $50, and the first-place purse averaged $60. So when I won I finally took home about $10. If I made second I got to keep the whole $40."

This was Kretz' big era and he knew it. He rode stunt motorcycle for the movies, handling a three-wheeler in a Ginger Rogers picture and playing a motorcycle cop in a George Raft thriller, "She Couldn't Take It." When he couldn't make his $20 a day for the movies he spent time doing stunts at California county fairs and fruit festivals. He could—and can still—get on a motorcycle backwards, reach behind his back for the handlebar controls, and get in and out of deliberate gravel spins. He can also accomplish a feat known as "laying down at speed."

In its slow-motion form, this particular stunt can be performed by the very good professional racing jockeys. You bear straight ahead on your motorcycle on gravel until you reach a speed of about 40 mph. Then you pull the handlebars to the left, hit your rear brake with your foot. This brings the rear wheel around in a slide. When it is about one-fourth of the way off its original straight-ahead course, you pull your left foot out from under the left side of the machine and cross it over to the right, at the same time pushing the entire machine down on its left side. Now you're sliding flat, sitting on the upper side of the bike. If you don't let your rear wheel come around too far, you'll grind to a stop—if you do, you're due for a flip and probable injury as the bike comes down on top of you.

It is generally agreed by those who have done this trick that: (1) it shouldn't be done on pavement; (2) it is impossible to do unless you've got a rear brake to start the first controlled slide; and (3) the chances of getting into a flip increase with the square of the speed. Lucky men have walked away from laydowns when one of these difficult conditions existed; only two men have escaped serious injury when all three were present.

Kretz' turn came at Oakland in 1940, in a national championship 200-mile track race. Oakland's speedway is a one-mile, paved oval with highbanked corners, one of the fastest auto and motorcycle tracks in the nation. Mechanics gear the bikes way up for speed despite the fact that the American Motorcycle Association's track rules insist that brakes be removed. The theory behind this odd-seeming ruling is sound—without brakes one man can get himself into trouble; with brakes one man can pile up the entire field with a panic stop.

This is why Kretz found himself without brakes on pavement at 105 mph. He had just entered the turn when he saw a man and a motorcycle down in front of him. At this point he had the not very generous choice of trying to dodge or laying down. Suddenly the decision was made for him—by a streak of oil from the fallen machine. This began the slide he couldn't set up easily without brakes, and Ed took advantage of it by heaving himself to the right side of his Indian. It slid magnificently, metal screaming and sparking off the pavement. Kretz threw all the muscle he had into holding the rear wheel from snapping around, but in the process he lost his seat on the bike. He held hard to the seat and was dragged up the bank of the turn and slammed, shoulder first, into the retaining wall. The slide had burned through ⅛ inch of solid horsehide on the seat of his pants and ripped one glove. The wall tore the ligaments in his shoulder.

In less than a month Kretz was riding professionally again. This requires a type of durability and ruggedness the average man is never called upon to exhibit. There was the time that a party of four soldiers braced Kretz on the subject of the attentions he was paying to a female acquaintance. Kretz apologized and explained that he thought the girl was his wife (sounds far-fetched, but the truth is vouched for by an imperial witness). When the soldiers decided the night would not be complete without a brawl, Kretz obliged them. He knocked one completely over the hood of a nearby car with one punch, then slammed another senseless against the wall of the building. When he turned toward the other two he found they had suddenly vanished.

Through it all, Kretz remained a living refutation of the old motorcycle maxim that no rider is any good until he's had at least one near-fatal accident. Ed's cumulative total after twenty years of competition on more than 100 different tracks is two concussions, several cracked ribs, two severe shoulder injuries, uncountable bruises and burns. This doesn't equal even one bad spill. Part of the reason for this seeming immunity is, of course, his toughness. The rest lies in a quality given to very few men, an almost inhuman coolness under pressure.

In racing there is no time. The good rider has a strongly developed set of safe reflexes that can pull him out of familiar situations with minimum injury, but when something entirely unorthodox

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happens at 100 mph the only thing that can save him is the ability to think clearly and act instantly.

Never was Kretz' ability to do these things better demonstrated than in one of his last prewar races. It was Oakland, 1941, the day of the bloodiest motorcycle accident on modern records. The race was for 200 miles, a national championship one-mile track event.

Kretz had never gone better. By the end of the thirty-third mile he had lapped most of the field and was beginning to take the few front-runners he hadn't yet passed. Then one of them—Tommy Hayes—turned and saw him. Hayes was a top pro—he'd beaten Kretz a few months before—and he knew that he had to go faster to stay in any kind of reasonable contention for victory. So he turned on hard, whipped out around the rider in front of him, Ben Campanale, and went into the steeply-banked but extremely rutty turn.

He wasn't given long to regret his rashness. He went down, entirely out of control, at 100 mph. The bike took off one way, Hayes another. Campanale was too close to do anything about it. He went down just as hard, also out of control. Then Kretz was in the corner with two men and two motorcycles slewing in front of him. He had no brakes, very little hope, and about half a second to diagnose the situation.

His first response was to start to lay the machine down on its side and try to lose enough speed to hold his injuries to a minimum. At this instant he saw the opening. Hayes' motorcycle had hit the retaining wall and was still in the air on the rebound. Campanale's bike was sliding up to the wall. Kretz pointed between the two motorcycles, gave a little prayer, and started through. He dodged both men on the ground and squeezed past just as Hayes' machine crashed to the ground, closing the hole.

There were three men behind Kretz, each of whom had a split-second longer to choose a course of action. Of the three, Junie McCall was killed instantly, Jimmy Kelly was knocked unconscious and didn't regain his senses for eight days. The third man, Sam Arena, won the distinction of being the only other man to lay a cycle down at Oakland at 100 mph and come out without serious injury.

The score for the accident was two dead (Hayes also died instantly), two men in the hospital for almost a year (Campanale joined Kelly), one man, Arena, badly shaken but able to continue the race. Kretz continued to lead the race, gaining seven miles on the field at the end of the 167th lap. Then the impossible happened. A front chain (the one that connects the engine with the sprocket that drives the rear chain) never breaks, but Kretz' did. He went out on the 168th lap, 32 miles from the end.

Like a lot of athletes, Ed lost some of his prime years because of the war. Motorcycle racing was virtually cancelled for the duration. Ed went into the army as a motorcycle instructor.

At the end of the war Kretz, at 34, hit the professional trail again. In 1946 he won his first major postwar race—the 200-mile national TT championship at Laconia. And in 1948 he earned his title as the Bobby Jones of motorcycling by taking the 100-mile national TT championship at Riverside, California. The Bobby Jones comparison was made because the Riverside victory gave Kretz the first "Grand Slam" in the history of motorcycling—victories at Daytona, Langhorne, Laconia and Riverside.

If lives were lived according to dramatic structure, the story of Kretz should end at Riverside in 1948. Or if Kretz had been an ordinary man it would probably have come to a conclusion then—37 is quite old enough in a sport like motorcycling. But champions don't follow standard patterns or live by the rules that govern ordinary men. Kretz kept right on racing.

Now there was a new element. Eddie, Jr., had begun to ride competition instead of watching it. Pappy, as Ed, Sr., began to be called at this point, couldn't have been happier. He divided his time between his own work and coaching his son. Eddie inherited his father's competition number. Ed Sr., had always ridden under number 38. Eddie Jr., became 38R or, sometimes, 38JR.

In 1950, at Laconia, it seemed that the Kretz father-son team might have a major dual win. Eddie, Jr., won the 50-mile amateur race. It was up to Pappy to do his part by winning the expert event.

He started in 12th position and methodically chewed his way through the leaders to 1st by the end of the sixth mile. It looked almost too easy, until a perverse fate hauled out the old Ascot race script and crippled the ignition circuit. Kretz limped into the pits. The trouble repeated four times until the pit crew discovered the bad condenser. By this time Kretz was eight laps behind and out of contention for the lead.

At least everybody thought he was. But for the next twenty-six miles the 39-year-old veteran rode at a pace the youngsters with factory backing couldn't equal. His only hope was to rattle the other riders into blowing up their machines trying to equal his lap times.

On the 52nd lap Kretz making record time, slid around a corner and headed down the long paved slope to the treacherous downhill corner. He flew past cautious riders who had already shut their throttles off for the bend, then slammed full pressure on both his front and rear brakes simultaneously to lock his machine into a tight slide. The rear wheel obeyed instantly but Kretz had not chosen the proper spot for his front wheel. It was squarely in the middle of an oil slick. It lurched sickeningly out from under Kretz at an estimated 90 mph, then threw the bike into a frantic end-over-end flip. The nearby crowd watched the 500-pound motorcycle soar into the air over a tree branch, bounce on the pavement and rise again. Kretz went his own way, rolled into a tight ball, and made like a human wheel for 100 yards down the pavement. Three times he thought he was through rolling and stood up, only to have forward momentum slam him earthward again.

When he was through, his padded crash helmet had been crushed, his sweater literally burned from his back,

his face and arms stripped of skin. So he stood up, walked unaided to the pits, stood there and watched the rest of the race. Not till then would he let the ambulance take him into town.

Just to take Daytona alone, the mechanical tough luck record is fantastic. In 1938 a chain broke, in 1939 a gas line broke and the bike caught on fire, in 1940 it was magneto trouble, in 1941 a piston seized, in 1952 a clutch spring let go, in 1953 it was again a clutch spring, in 1954 more mechanical trouble. In every case, Kretz had led the race before the mechanical trouble had occurred.

When Eddie, Jr., went into the Army in 1953, Pappy went back to the tracks, to, in his own words, "keep the name alive." In 1954, at the age of 43, he took second place in a National Championship tourist trophy event at Willow Springs, California. Later, when he got his machine to running properly, he won the 100-mile Pacific Coast tourist trophy championship at Carrell Speedway in Los Angeles. Tracksiders looked at each other in astonishment when the track's public address system announced that the "old" man had clocked the last few laps one-half second *faster* than the first few laps. That same year he had led the Daytona race for the first 136 of the 200 miles before the family curse took over and retired him with engine trouble. And two years earlier, at the age of 41, he had calmly won the Riverside race for the State Championship of California. They're still talking about that one. He picked his spot—a deadly, narrow turn that no one else cared to take at speed—and passed the nine men ahead of him, one each lap. He went so close to outside that his head ticked the branch of a tree each time he passed.

Talk to Ed now and you see the same tough, rugged man who made the records you're reading about. He's living in Monterey Park, California, the owner of a Triumph-Ariel motorcycle agency. He can't sit normally when he talks to you. He crouches in riding position, tells you about the races by twisting his hands on imaginary throttle, brake, clutch controls. And he tells you he's retired.

In his terms, he is. In ordinary reference terms, he's still living by the grace of his extraordinary talents. He only rides motorcycle races occasionally now—he was in the 1955 Daytona race but a bad rod bearing put him out early—but he doesn't miss a chance to ride a sports car event. He is out to do two things—have fun, first, and second, prove that any good motorcycle rider can beat any good automobile driver. He has now had two seasons of sports car racing. He has won his class twice, riding a 2-liter Triumph TR2 prepared by a California Triumph dealer.

This isn't the end of the story of Ed Kretz. He's not going to be a motorcycle contender again, so he says, because he figures that at 44 he's too old to drive anything but cars. What chills the imagination is Kretz' own statement that "he'd like to find a good car." What he wants to handle is not a 114-mph TR2, but a 180-mph Ferrari or Jaguar D. There isn't a man who has seen him drive who doesn't believe that he can do it. •

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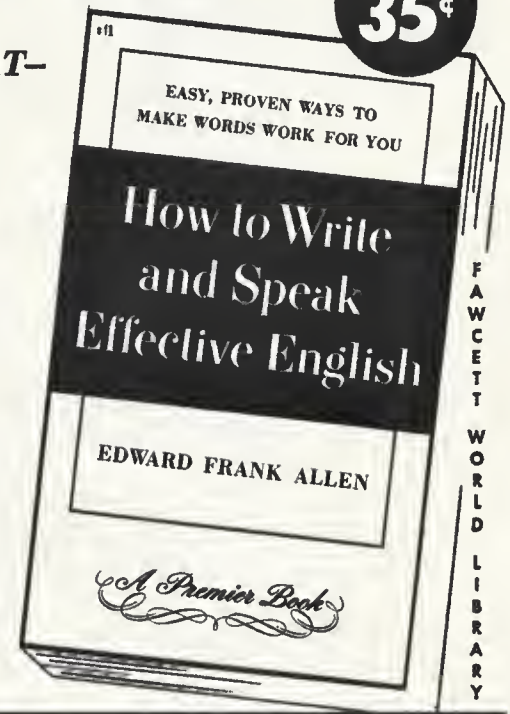

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Continued from page 38

low silhouette, we were very hard to see.

"Flares and gunfire on the port bow of the convoy." The lookout's report sent chills down my back. I barked at Tuck:

"They must have spotted the *Queenfish!*"

We were now well inside the convoy formation. We could see that there were two columns of tankers, and one very large, unidentified ship, between the two columns. I knew that if I could sneak across in front of the inner starboard beam escort, I would be in shooting position. The after tankers were holding course. The first two were probably turning from *Queenfish*. But by then the gunfire had stopped, so I figured they must have driven her off. We were almost ahead of the inner escort now. Two more minutes and we'd be firing.

Tuck had his binoculars glued on the convoy. Suddenly he screamed, "Good Lord! That big ship between the columns is an aircraft carrier!"

A submariner's dream, the chance of a lifetime, appeared before us. One of His Imperial Japanese Majesty's aircraft carriers was protecting this important convoy of tankers.

The quartermaster tugged at my jacket sleeve. "Captain, the escort has speeded up. I think she's spotted us."

There was only one thing to do. "All engines ahead full speed."

The *Barb* surged forward, crossing immediately ahead of the oncoming escort. It would only be a matter of seconds before she spotted us if she had not already. Tuck and I riveted our eyes on the flat top.

"Escort turning toward us," the quartermaster yelled. It was now or never. We had to shoot.

"Tuck," I cried, "on the carrier."

"Dead on, Captain, commence shooting."

"Fire!"

In keeping with the skipper's privilege to name one torpedo, I had previously printed the name "Annie B." on one of our torpedoes in honor of the wife of another submarine captain who was overdue and presumed lost. As I saw the phosphorescent bubbles of the first torpedo, I thought: "There goes Annie B. Get her, Annie."

But by then the quartermaster was tugging at me again. "Captain, range to the destroyer: six hundred yards. He's coming in to ram!"

But Tuck and I were now concentrating on one of the tankers.

"Torpedoes are set," Tuck said.

"Fire!" I shouted, and then, glancing at the oncoming destroyer, "Dive! Dive!"

All hands on the bridge made a dash for the hatch. We rode each other's shoulders down the ladder. Once we were all in the conning tower, Tuck grabbed the lanyard and slammed the big, bronze hatch shut. By then, *Barb*, with ballast tanks flooding, was well on her way down. I shouted:

"Two hundred feet. Rig for depth charge. Rig for silent running."

Before the periscope went under completely, I had time for a quick look to see what damage our torpedoes had done. I could see an enormous ball of fire swirling over the water, indicating our torpedoes had set off the gasoline storage on the carrier. I gave a running report to the men in the conning tower, until the scope was dunked.

Tuck took his hand off the hatch lanyard and said: "A large group of His Imperial Japanese Majesty's planes have taken off on their last flight." We laughed.

Out grins were cut short by the high-pitch scream of propellers passing close overhead. The destroyer escort!

The sonar operator jerked off his earphones to keep his eardrums from bursting, and yelled: "Hang on! Here they come!"

WHAM! WHAM! Tuck and I were thrown to the deck by the force of the depth charge explosions. Light bulbs burst. Cork insulation and dust filled the air. The *Barb* was thrust sideways and down. The bow and stern planesmen worked frantically to keep her under control.

Seconds later, the intercom squawked: "Forward torpedo room sonar reporting. Heard two torpedo explosions in the carrier, three in the tanker, sir."

The conning tower sonarman, his earphones back on, looked around, and shouted: "The destroyer's doppler has changed. Must be turning around."

We went deeper and deeper, waiting. Then we heard a sound dear to a submariner: very heavy distant underwater explosions, hissings, whistling, crackling, crunching—a sure sign that the carrier was on her way to the bottom. Our rejoicing was short-lived, for a second later the destroyer roared back over us like an express train. then:

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

The *Barb* jumped, groaned, and reeled under the impact of these dynamite-fists. Suddenly my mind was keenly alert, as I got set to match wits with the Japanese officer in command of the destroyer. I turned *Barb*, feinted, stopped, went deeper and deeper. All the time, I kept one eye on the clock: our precious two hours were running out. If the destroyer kept us pinned down until daylight, we might be delayed until the following evening—twelve more hours! . . .

At the same time, I had time to ponder the fate of the carrier, which, head high, had steamed proudly along only four minutes before. It made me feel good to know that now she was writhing

in her death agonies with her planes slithering over the side and perhaps even her Air Admiral dashing madly around in his skivvies.

At length, by carefully calculated evasion tactics, we shook the destroyer. We knew because we heard him depth-charging the wrong area, some distance away. We took advantage of the confusion, rung up full speed, and cut across the enemy formation astern of the tanker we had hit. The conning tower sonar man reported some more good news: "The tanker sounds like she's starting to break up too."

Paul, our crack diving officer, poked his head up through the lower conning tower hatch. He was soaked to the skin.

"Captain, damage control reports everything is now right. We had a cable pushed in down here, causing a water stream like a fire hose. But I've taken up on the gland and all water entry has been stopped. The control room bilges are flooded and we're a bit heavy. Regarding machinery, one air compressor foundation is cracked. All other machinery okay."

"Good work," I said, relieved to hear that damage to *Barb* had been relatively light. "Bring her up to periscope depth." It was time to get out of there.

The diving officer eased *Barb* to sixty-seven feet. When the scope was raised, I squashed my face against the eyepiece and took a careful look all around. The burning tanker provided plenty of light. We were in the clear. The destroyers were just milling around, picking up survivors.

Then the silhouettes of the three remaining tankers loomed in the crosshairs of my scope. We still had three torpedoes left, so, instinctively, I started mental calculations that would give me an attack solution. But then I remembered the typhoon, and the POW's. Without taking my eye from the scope, I asked the navigator:

"How much of the two hours left?"

"Thirty minutes, Captain," he replied.

Even under most favorable circumstances, we could not hope to get into position and fire at the tankers in half an hour. *Barb* would have to be satisfied with the damage she had managed to inflict in her one glancing attack. I said to the men in the conning tower:

"I guess we'll have to let it go with a carrier and a tanker." They laughed.

We churned forward again leaving the scene of battle. The wind was slowly backing around to north northeast. The seas were heavier, pushing in on the starboard quarter. After I was sure everything was in order, I went and rechecked for the hundredth time the estimated position of the life rafts.

To allow for the vagaries of wind, sea, tides, and currents which had been carrying the survivors around for five days, we had laid out a very large "estimated position" area on the chart. As *Barb* approached the eastern extremity of the area, I was suddenly filled with doubt and uncertainty. There was so little time, such a huge expanse of sea to search. . . .

A messenger entered. "O.O.D. reports first streaks of dawn, sir. We are in position on maximum drift line to commence search. Sea state four increasing. Barometer dropped six-hundredths in the last hour."

Dawn came, bringing a hot sun to beat down on the tired group of men huddled on *Barb's* bridge. Sweltering, tempers short, we kept binoculars sweeping across the broad expanse of gray-green water. As we rode up and down in the troughs of the large waves, I began to worry: our vision was cut off about half of the time. It was obvious that we had to be very watchful or we might steam by a raft, hidden from our view in the very next trough. The barometer continued to drop steadily.

"Wreckage, broad on the port bow." The high periscope saw it first, and yelled up from the conning tower. I glanced at the compass, then spoke into the intercom: "Come left to south."

In a moment we could see the wreckage from the bridge. There was no form to it, just a large area of flotsam, consisting of boards, bottles, hatches, deck roofs, the usual remnants of a sunken ship. I steered *Barb* into the middle of the junk and almost immediately we sighted several human bodies, bobbing among the mess. Most of the bodies—definitely Japanese—were bloated and blistered by the sun. Some were half-eaten by sharks. This sight, ghastly as it was, was encouraging. Because of it we knew we were at least in the vicinity of our POW survivors.

"More wreckage ahead, sir." Again the periscope watch made the first sighting. We, on the Bridge, strained our eyes ahead. But just at that instant, one of the lookouts cried out:

"Ship bearing three zero zero, on the horizon." My heart pounded, as I jerked my binoculars around automatically. This was a hell of a time for some Jap to come wandering in the area. We could not even spare time to dive, much less attack.

The high periscope watch reported, "Looks like the *Queenfish*."

But, of course! She would have picked up the same trail of wreckage and would be following it just as we were. I thought, "Get hold of yourself, Fluckey, you're beginning to go to sleep." I snapped, "Send her the recognition signal."

Minutes later, a messenger came to the Bridge: "Message from the Commodore, sir: Form a scouting line, course south, *Queenfish* bearing zero nine zero distant four miles."

"Aye."

The seas were too rough to permit a wider search. We steamed on, in company with the *Queenfish*, watching, waiting, looking for the needle in the haystack. By now, a dark, massive cloud lay across the horizon. The wind was howling. There was no doubt about it: we were heading directly into the bare teeth of a typhoon.

"Raft sighted! Three men aboard. Bearing zero two five. Range: one thousand yards."

I barked out, "Quick, notify *Queenfish*. Away rescue party."

I maneuvered *Barb* toward the raft as the rescue party came scrambling up from below. The three survivors on the

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raft seemed alive—they were clinging to the hatch grating. But to our dismay, they evinced no interest in our approach. As we pulled alongside, we could see their complexion was almost black. They did not look like British or Australian. was almost black. They did not look like British or Australian.

I said to the O.O.D., "They must be Japs. Warn the rescue party on deck that they may be armed."

One of the black-faced men on the raft stared at us fixedly. Then suddenly—and seemingly with his last ounce of strength—he straightened up on his knees and screeched, "Hey, Yank."

"Did you hear that, Jack?" I asked.

There was no mistaking that cry. Our rescue party went into action and heaved over lines to the survivors. looped at the end, so they could slip them around their bodies and be hauled aboard. The first to come aboard *Barb* collapsed like a bean bag.

"Sorry, matey. I can't seem to stand up," he mumbled.

Four of *Barb's* crewmen lifted him. "Take it easy, Mac, you'll be all right," one said. "You're like a greased pig," joshed another.

"Bunker oil," the survivor said. "Our second night on the raft we drifted through an oil slick from a sunken tanker. It may have saved our lives. Kept us from being fried by the sun."

I was worried about Jap planes so I megaphoned to the men on deck below: "Speed up your work and get those men below."

The seas were now pooping us from astern, and green water boiled up through the wooden deck gratings, making the rescue perilous. All men on deck were issued Mae Wests or life jackets. They worked speedily on their dangerously slippery platform. When the first man was carried past me on the bridge on his way below, I smiled at him. He looked at me with haunting, starving eyes, then reached out and plucked at my sleeve with a scrawny hand and said, "God bless you, Captain."

I turned away swallowing the lump in my throat. At least for this one man, *Barb* had won the race against time.

"Two rafts on the port bow, sir," cried a lookout.

"Head for them," I said to the O.O.D. Then to the lookout: "Are they dead?"

"Can't tell, sir," the lookout replied.

We drew alongside the first raft. There was no sign of life from the sun-baked bodies. Jim Lanier, my Torpedo Officer, dove over the side, swam to the raft and in spite of the high seas, managed to secure a line around one of the bodies. Other members of *Barb's* rescue party, fighting for footholds on the slippery wood-slat deck, hauled him aboard.

"Hey, Captain, he's alive. Just unconscious," yelled one of the deck hands. Then, smoothly, efficiently, the rescue team hustled him below. Jim Lanier, his arm bleeding where he had been thrown against *Barb* by the force of the waves, went below. Motor Machinist Mate Houston took his place and dove into the foamy water, swam to the raft and lassoed the other man. The rescue party hauled aboard both Houston and the POW, each scraped and bruised from pounding against *Barb's* side. Like the first, the POW was unconscious, but alive.

We moved to the next raft. The survivor was sitting upright and was obviously alive but too weak to hold onto the line. One of *Barb's* men took a header overboard, wrapped a line around the survivor, and helped push him aboard from the frothy sea.

"Raft on the starboard bow, two men aboard."

I eased *Barb* to the next raft. These men were also too weak to move, so we brought them aboard in the same fashion, Houston swimming out with the line. Just after they were carried below, small black scud clouds whipped by, low overhead. Then it began to rain very hard. We steamed on. *Barb* was beginning to roll violently as she fought up and down through the deep troughs.

I turned the Bridge Watch over to the O.O.D., then I went below to our "hospital" in the After Battery Compartment to see if I could be of assistance. I found the production line rolling. "Doc" Donnelley, had a dozen deputies zipping from one gaunt patient to another, injecting, bandaging, administering, checking. Then, one by one, the POWs were carried off to a bunk.

"Here's two more, Doc. Where'll we put 'em?" asked a Chief Petty Officer who had entered the compartment, lurching as the ship rolled.

"Put the first on that empty table, lay the other on deck till I have a vacant space." It was obvious "Doc" Donnelley was doing his job well, and did not need me, so I went back to the bridge, where I found *Barb* approaching other rafts.

I took command of *Barb* and eased her alongside a four-foot-square raft on which two men were sprawled. One of the men stared, shook his head, then roused his raft partner. Both of them looked blankly at us for several moments, then shook their heads and lapsed back into their dazed state, apparently deciding that the sight of the submarine had been a mirage or hallucination. Our divers brought them aboard.

Then suddenly the typhoon struck with all its pent-up fury. A violent wind beat against *Barb,* driving stinging spray against our faces and hands. Mountainous seas crashed over the bow and stern, bouncing us like a toy sailboat. Hanging on the fairwater, I turned to the O.O.D.:

"Jack, I'm too hoarse to give orders. Get the rescue party up here on the bridge before they are washed overboard."

Jack picked up the megaphone, then pointed, "There's another raft, Captain."

We worked our way over.

"Watch out on deck!" Jack bellowed.

The raft crashed against the side as the ship heeled. The rescue party fought their way forward on deck, waited for the next wave, grabbed the survivors, then hung on as it washed over them, knocking them down. *Barb's* bow surged skyward as the enormous wave fell away. Then the ship's propellers thrashed uselessly as her stem cleared the water completely.

"Clear the decks!" I shouted to the rescue party, then, "Helmsman, can you hold her?"

"I'm trying, sir."

The members of the rescue party crowded onto the small bridge, carrying the last two survivors. I said: "Half you men lay below with the survivors. Leave your lines here. We'll attempt remaining rescues from the bridge." It was now much too rough to have men down on the deck.

A few minutes later, the quartermaster poked his head up the hatch, and said: "Sunset, Captain. Request permission to darken ship."

The sky was now black with cloud. Dusk would be short.

"Granted," I said, "but get a searchlight up. Planes or no planes, we'll have to use it tonight. Have the lookouts relieved. Send up foul weather clothing."

In spite of the growing darkness, and the smashing fury of the typhoon swirling round her, *Barb* floundered on, searching for more survivors. The ship pitched and rolled so violently that we on the bridge could do little other than hang on. The wind shrieked and tore at the rain hoods which protected our heads. Every other wave broke over us, pounding tons of green sea water on our backs. In between waves, the rain, whipped by the 100-knot winds, blistered our faces.

Darkness fell. I couldn't see the bow.

"On searchlight."

The brilliant beam burst forth and came to a shuddering halt in a white wall of lashing rain at about twenty yards.

Dave Teeters, the Electronics Officer, came to the bridge and yelled in my ear: "I'm trying to pick them up by radar. But I don't think I can get them unless the survivors have some metal on them."

Just at that moment the ship reeled and we both landed on deck with a lookout on top of us. When we untangled I said, "Keep trying, Dave," and he went below to supervise the radar search. But for that I think I would have taken *Barb* under, far down, where the waters were smooth and unmolested.

That night was the most strenuous in *Barb's* history. Not even Japanese depth charges could match the unrelenting fury of the typhoon. It was no better below decks, than on the bridge. Men, machines, supplies, were tossed back and forth in the compartments, swirled into a jumble like clothes in a washing machine. All of the survivors were tightly strapped in bunks. But many of them, as well as a number of the oldest seagoing veterans, became violently seasick, adding to our difficulties.

For all of our trouble, we spotted no more rafts. When dawn came, I ordered the searchlight housed. We on the bridge, backed up by the radar and periscope watches kept on looking. Now and then, we passed an empty raft; now and then, bodies, bloated, and face down. All day long the wind and high seas bashed *Barb* from one side and then another. I was amazed that she held together.

Toward evening the seas abated and gradually the wind exhausted itself. Finally we gave up. It seemed clear that nature had eliminated any further chance of spotting more survivors.

"Set course zero seven six." Almost worn out from the beating, *Barb* turned her nose toward Luzon Straits and Saipan, the nearest forward Submarine Base. The course we laid out was the shortest we dared take.

Gradually, the crew brought order out of the chaos below decks. Machinery broken loose was re-secured. Sea water in the scuppers was pumped overboard. Supplies were re-stored in shipshape fashion. The decks were cleaned and scrubbed. Then, afterwards, *Barb's* crew —all save the watch and the "nurses"— collapsed in dead sleep amongst the rags piled on the torpedo skids. When all was squared away, I crawled into my own bunk and went out like a light.

Twelve hours later, "Doc" woke me for a report.

"Sir, I think they'll all live, but five or six are critical and need medical attention I just can't give. Can we speed up?"

I thought of breaking radio silence and asking COMSUBPAC for medical advice, but I knew that if I did that, the Japanese Anti-Submarine Forces were sure to track us down with radio direction finders. If they found us, it was possible they could delay us even further by forcing us to run submerged where we could not go as fast. As "Doc" Donnelley put it: "Speed's more important than advice."

The engineers wrung out a few more turns.

A week passed and by then most of our recently-acquired passengers, strengthened by food and medicine, were up and able to walk about to a limited extent. As they were carried or helped between the mess tables and their bunks, there was much good-natured kidding and laughing.

"I take back all I ever said about you Yanks," said one.

"Three bloody years without a drink of brandy. Please give me another," piped a second.

"As soon as I can I'm going to write my wife to kick the Yankee out. I'm coming home at last."

One day not long afterwards, *Barb* received another "priority" radio message. It was an alert, informing me that a Japanese convoy was steaming directly toward *Barb*. When I read the message, my heart leaped. We still had three torpedoes, enough to sink one, possibly two more ships. But there was one catch: *Barb* would have to slow down and run in circles for at least twelve hours; otherwise she would miss the convoy. I called "Doc" to my quarters.

"Can the critical patients stand the delay?" I asked.

"Captain, if I had more medical knowledge, I might be able to assure you they could. As it is, I must say that I have my doubts."

"Very well," I said, "we won't take the chance. We will push on as before."

For the first time in her history, *Barb* turned-tail to combat. Somehow it didn't seem to matter. •

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Continued from page 9

that this is a lot of hogwash, that Harvey Knox is a promoter and will die a promoter. They admit they're surprised that Harvey picked football for his son when professional baseball is so much more profitable, but they hold fast to the opinion that Harvey will some day use the boy's prominence to further his own ends. And, they add bitterly, right now he is hurting the boy—a contention that is as bitterly denied by the pro-Harvey people, especially Ronnie and Mrs. Knox.

We don't know. But the Knox battle stirred us so much we decided to conduct an open forum bull session and get together a good cross-section of the people with whom the Knoxes have come into contact since they started on the road to the All-America team. Here's what they said:

Hal Selley, former coach at Beverly Hills High: "I well remember when Ronnie started his high school career with us. He was only a freshman but he was a darn good little passer. Harv was pass crazy. At an early game he yelled, 'For God's sake, mix up your plays.' Harvey was sore because Ronnie wasn't getting to pass enough. As he left the field, he stopped and shouted to his boy to start throwing. Ronnie did. Soon he had made two touchdowns by passing. But Ronnie was injured early in the second half and was out five games. It was a good vacation from Harvey.

"While Ronnie was recovering, Harvey took him to a Notre Dame alumni banquet. There someone introduced Ronnie as a 'coming great Notre Dame quarterback.' Remember, the kid was only a freshman.

"Ronnie played on the basketball and baseball teams that year. He wanted to take part in track, too, but Harvey wouldn't permit it. He pointed out that there's no future in it. By that he meant you can't turn pro and be paid. Harvey kept coaching Ronnie on passing throughout the year. He took him to all pro games and made him study the quarterbacks."

Johnny Morrow, another former Beverly Hills High coach, chips in: "I can sympathize with Selley. I had Harvey the next year at Beverly Hills. I met him early. In order to get the boys in shape for an early game I had a line scrimmage the first week of practice. Ronnie suffered a brain concussion. Harvey was witness to the injury, and he was furious, of course. 'Is this football or a slaughterhouse?' he asked me. Ronnie missed the first four games but when he came back, he looked good with his passing and running.

"But Harvey wasn't happy. He thought Ronnie was being knocked down too much. To get him out of my hair, I let Harvey work with me on plans for our big final game with Santa Monica. Nobody ever beat them in those days. At Harvey's insistence, we installed a spread formation, in which Ronnie played fifteen yards behind the line of scrimmage. Early in the game he threw a touchdown pass, and we led at the first quarter, seven to nothing. Harvey was all over the sidelines. 'We've got 'em licked, fellows,' he kept yelling.

"But it didn't take Jim Sutherland, the Santa Monica coach, long to solve Harvey's spread. They won, fifty-two to seven. Harvey was crazy mad after the game. He went up to Sutherland and shook his fist in Jim's face. 'We'll get you yet before we're through,' he bellowed.

"Beating Sutherland then became an obsession with Harvey. He figured it could best be done through Inglewood—always a strong second to Santa Monica in our Bay League. So the day after Ronnie's last football game at Beverly Hills, Harvey packed up his family and moved to Inglewood, some fifteen miles away."

Marty Ernaga, football coach at Inglewood, picks up: "Things were rough for Ronnie when he arrived at Inglewood. The basketball coach told him, 'We don't want athletic tramps.' I handle the baseball team as well as football. When Ronnie reported for baseball, I thought it advisable to put him on the reserve squad because of the resentment of him in some quarters. And, after all, he had come to Inglewood to play football. Everything went fairly well that fall until a late game.

"It was against Santa Monica, the team that Harvey had vowed to beat. Ronnie passed us quickly into a twelve-to-nothing lead. But a heavy fog was coming in. It soon got so bad you couldn't see the players from the sidelines. The timekeeper had to stay just a few yards from the team with the ball. I had always called the signals myself—through substitutes—a practice that annoyed Harvey. He wanted Ronnie to call his own game. Since it now was impossible to see the ball more than four feet away, I sent in instructions to stop passing. Santa Monica had a strong ground game and went on to whip us twenty-six to twelve.

"Harvey was so broken up he didn't say anything to me then, but he was around the next day. He told me that I had blown his big chance to beat Santa Monica by refusing to let Ronnie pass. I said it would have been silly in that heavy fog, but Harvey wouldn't listen. I conceded him nothing, and finally he bounced out of my office in a huff.

"By the next game Ronnie was calling his own signals on Harvey's instructions. Practically every play against Bell High was a pass. But, since he was clicking, I let him go. He threw seven touchdown passes. Ronnie cut loose again for five touchdown passes in our last game

against San Pedro, and I thought perhaps Harvey was satisfied.

"But I was dead wrong. He had decided after the Santa Monica loss that Jim Sutherland was really a great coach and that he had better throw in with him. So, after our final game, Harvey again called in the moving vans and headed for Santa Monica."

Jim Sutherland, ex-Santa Monica coach, who's now an assistant at the University of Washington: "We had a victory tradition at Santa Monica in all sports. Everybody was happy to welcome Ronnie —and Harvey. Ronnie became a star at once in basketball and baseball but he hit his peak in football.

"I didn't humor him any. In the early practice I drove him relentlessly. He was a beaten and discouraged young man for a while, but he knew it was too late to enroll at another school. So he stuck it out and became a great football player. Ronnie learned to take his lumps. He learned defense and blocking, too. We easily won all our twelve games, and Ronnie was named as the Player of the Year. He completed one hundred and twenty-four passes for a total of one thousand, one hundred and sixty-three yards with twenty-seven touchdowns while leading us to the California Interscholastic Federation title.

"Ronnie got offers from some thirty schools. They included fat monthly payments and Cadillacs. Harvey ruled out Notre Dame as too far away. And U.C.L.A. and Southern California because they use the single wing formation. All professional clubs employ the T formation so, since pro ball is Ronnie's goal, Harvey thought he should attend a T-formation college. Cal was the natural selection because the Bears long had needed a good passer, with Stanford second choice.

"I later moved to Berkeley to join Pappy Waldorf's staff, and Ronnie followed me to Cal. In fact, when he first arrived, he stayed at my house. Naturally I continued to see quite a bit of Harvey. He was incensed because he thought I wasn't getting a chance to coach at Cal. I was working with the reserve squad at the time. In fact, I understand he even threatened to pull Ronnie out of Cal unless I had more to say about the varsity offense.

"Harvey isn't a bad guy at all. He's just impetuous. A heck of a fan. Actually, he is playing the game himself through Ronnie. His imagination is that strong! I wasn't too surprised when Harvey pulled Ronnie out of Cal, for that's just the way Harvey is—impatient. He is one terrific fan. I remember after that final season at Santa Monica Harvey just couldn't say enough for me. He told me, 'By Hollywood standards the job you did on Ronnie would be worth at least five thousand dollars. Patricia's training was expensive and worth it. But it was no better than you gave Ronnie—and it didn't cost us a damn cent!' "

A California alumnus who talked to the Knoxes when Ronnie was a high school senior: "Sure, Sutherland is high on the Knoxes. They got him into college ball. No matter what they say, I'll bet Waldorf had to take him to get Ronnie. Sutherland's been hot for years, but the Coast coaches wanted no part of him. He was too good."

An active Santa Monica fan: "Baloney —pure and simple. Sutherland's record at Santa Monica was so good they couldn't keep him out of the big time. And Waldorf needed a guy who could handle passers. It was just a good business deal. Nothing else."

A Beverly Hills young woman who knew both Patricia, Ronnie's sister, and Ronnie from their school days: "I think Mr. Knox gave Pat just as much attention as Ronnie. He used to call quite a bit at the El Rodeo Grammar School to talk to the teachers. He wanted his children to be leaders—and they were. Both were presidents of the student body at El Rodeo. Pat was on the quiet side, and Mr. Knox was always on her to 'loosen up.' Pat joined the Drama Club as soon as she entered Beverly Hills High. She won the lead in a student body play, 'Alice in Wonderland.' This pleased Mr. Knox a great deal. Then he made Pat take private lessons from Mrs. Florence Cunningham, a drama teacher, whom Myron Selznick had brought out from the East to help his young stars."

Another Beverly Hills classmate of Patricia: "In Pat's junior year she was awarded the lead in an original musical comedy, 'Hollywood Legend.' Some 100 girls tried out. Mr. Knox had been working on Pat's voice the previous summer and, after she won the role, he really took over. You would have thought he was the director. Luckily, he confined most of his suggestions to Pat. He rode her on her speech and carriage but most of all on her projection. He wanted her to 'sparkle.' "

A Hollywood agent: "Harvey Knox couldn't have hired a more adroit agent than himself when it came to promoting his daughter.

"Harvey knew that Hollywood wants what it can't get. So he went before the Beverly Hills superintendent of schools with a request that all agents and studio representatives be kept out of rehearsal.

" 'After all,' pleaded the old dog, 'the performers are only children. Professionals would make them ill at ease. This is an amateur production, isn't it? Okay, then, let's keep it that way. I say bar the pros.'

"Suckered in good, the superintendent put a guard on the door of the Beverly Hills High theater.

"Agents now were busy buzzing Harvey's private phone. Some sent flowers and other gifts. Billy Gordon, head of the 20th Century-Fox talent department, got through to Old Man Knox and insisted that he see Pat immediately. This was just what Harvey wanted. But now he had to circumvent his own obstacle. He had Gorden drive him around to the back door of the stage.

"The cast was going through a final rehearsal before the opening that night. Harvey barged in and pulled Pat out of a makeup room. She was wearing a red sarong, Gordon later told me. He herded Pat to the backdoor where Gordon waited. He looked her over and said to bring Pat to his office the next morning for the signing.

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"But Harvey—the ham—wasn't through. 'Mr. Gordon,' he said, 'it wouldn't be fair not to give the other studios a chance to see the performance. And, after they've seen it, maybe nobody'll want Patricia.'

" 'All right then,' said Gordon. 'But will you give me the first refusal?'

" 'Naturally,' Harvey agreed.

"Harvey had gone as far as he dared so the next morning he signed a seven-year contract with Twentieth Century, calling for a hundred and fifty bucks a week and graduating to seven hundred and fifty in the final year. The contract was for Pat, of course, though you wouldn't have known it the way Harvey carried on.

A 20th Century official: "Pat was a pretty little thing, well-built but without depth. We used her in a minor role and then mostly in tests for male newcomers. Harvey Knox was furious as he saw one newcomer after another rise from Pat's embrace to success while his daughter merely marked time. He demanded a release from her contract. We were happy to oblige."

A publicist at RKO-Radio Pictures, then owned by Howard Hughes, whose clothes Harvey long had designed: "Old Harv circulated sexy pictures of his stepdaughter to the papers and made sure Howard Hughes saw one. Hughes did. He was impressed. He and Harvey soon got together. Howard agreed to use Pat in a number of pictures. He didn't like the name of 'Patricia Knox' however. So Harvey changed it. He borrowed a name from each of his two old favorites, Thelma Todd and Eleanor Parker, and made it 'Eleanor Todd.'

"Pat was given good roles in 'The Lusty Men' with Robert Mitchum and 'She Couldn't Say No.' Harvey had sold or lost his men's shop by now and was giving full time to managing Pat. He had the right to refuse any part he didn't like. And I can tell you he exercised the prerogative. Harvey was a familiar figure around the studio lots. Often autograph seekers confused him for a movie star, and it seemed to please him quite a bit.

"But something happened to Pat at RKO. I'm not sure what. But I know Harvey's story. He says that Pat was dropped after he refused to permit his daughter to date Hughes."

An official of the Los Angeles Rams: "Harvey didn't spend all his time in the studios and at football practice. Even when Ronnie was in high school, Harvey talked to me about the kid's pro future. What, he wanted to know, was our opinion on Ronnie. Were we scouting him? I told Harvey we had enough to do to keep track of college stars. 'But Ronnie's playing pro type ball right now,' Harvey persisted. 'I've taught him to think. He can beat any defense. He's big and he can run a hundred yards in ten-five. So, if you rush us, we'll run around you!"

A Stanford football coach: "Harvey Knox made a stop at Stanford before definitely enrolling his boy at Cal. Naturally Chuck Taylor, our head coach, was quite interested in a quarterback of Ronnie's stature. At a conference in Palo Alto, Taylor made a big pitch for Stanford. After stressing the educational opportunities, Chuck added that Ronnie would get an athletic scholarship, which includes tuition, room and board.

"Suddenly Papa Knox interrupted. 'Oh come now, coach,' he said, 'let's not be naive. Give it to us cold. Just put your real offer on the line, and we'll tell you how it matches with the others!' That was too much for Chuck. He walked out of the room."

A small college coach who had put in a bid for Ronnie: "Well, what the hell did Taylor get so mad about? He's a big boy. He knows what they offer kids like Ronnie. Harvey Knox was being realistic, which is more than I can say for Taylor."

Harvey Knox himself: "That wasn't the way it was at all. I was interested in Stanford because of their prestige and their journalism courses. Then this Taylor showed me some of their football films. Right away I saw Bob Garrett, their quarterback, running around in the backfield like a chicken with its head off. He had no protection. That was enough for me. I didn't mince any words in telling Taylor that no coach with any sense would permit his passer to take such a beating and that I'd never permit my son to play under such a coach."

A Northern California sportswriter: "Papa Knox didn't like the way Cal used the forward pass even though through it, Paul Larson merely won the national total offense race last season. He buttonholed me in the Cal stadium once after the Bears had just lost to Southern California. 'Cal's attack,' he charged, 'doesn't take advantage of defensive formations. I don't see how Ronnie's going to help out much next year. That Wes Fry (Waldorf's chief assistant) is too damn set in his old-fashioned ways. He won't permit Ronnie to change play procedure at the last minute to beat the defense. We'll never play under him. Harvey always referred to Ronnie and himself or Pat and himself, as 'we.' "

Hal Grant, California's freshman coach: "Ronnie is a smart boy. He learns fast and he's willing. I think he could be great if the old man would let him alone.

"In our first game against the Stanford freshmen, Ronnie changed our pass patterns and it worked for a touchdown. This pleased Harvey. He wants the boy to think for himself and not follow instructions if he thinks it wrong. But Harvey also was upset. He knew when Ronnie got on the varsity he wouldn't be allowed to change plays at his discretion."

Bob McKeen, Cal basketball star. (As a freshman, Ronnie roomed in the Hotel Durant, near UC campus, with McKeen, and Paul Larson and Jim Carmichael, both football standouts): "We got along swell with Ronnie. But he didn't associate much with other students or seem to be interested in any activity but football. He was smart and could have been a good student if he only concentrated. But he tended to be irresponsible. He wasn't what you would call cocky—but he was proud. I don't think he ever cared too much for Cal because he kept talking about Los Angeles and his girl-friend there."

Les Richter, former Cal All-American

now with the Los Angeles Rams: "I did have a talk with Harvey—about his dominance of Ronnie—but it didn't do any good. I urged Harvey to let his son express himself more, do his own thinking. But Harvey wouldn't hear me out. He cut me off with: 'As long as I'm around, I'll take care of the boy's thinking.' "

Warren White, Los Angeles attorney, an active alumnus, who's a good friend of Southern California: "Harvey almost pulled Ronnie out of Cal before the boy's first semester there was over. Shortly before Christmas Harvey told me over the phone that Ronnie wasn't doing so well at Berkeley. 'I've got an idea,' he whispered. 'I've no right to speak for Jim Sutherland, but why don't you proposition Jess Hill (USC coach) on hiring Jim away from Cal? If he would, I'm sure it would be simple to get Ronnie and some other boys who played for or against him when Jim was at Santa Monica.'

"I asked Hill about it but he said it was ridiculous. 'I don't want to have anything to do with Harvey Knox,' he added. It was clear that Harvey was shopping again and, of course, U.C.L.A. was the natural choice."

Henry (Red) Sanders, U.C.L.A.'s great coach: "Ronnie showed enough at practice this spring to indicate he'll make us a tremendous passer. Frankly, I was surprised we got him. We tried everything to get Ronnie after he graduated from Santa Monica.

"Then came that phone call last year from Harvey. He asked me if he could see me on an important matter. I said, 'Come ahead.' When he told me of his plans to transfer Ronnie to U.C.L.A., he asked me if I was interested. I said it would be both stupid and insincere if I said I wasn't. But I warned Harvey about the impact of such a move—the loss of a year of eligibility and the possibility of some dirty things being said. I also made it plain that I would tolerate no 'coaching' on Harvey's part.

"My relationship with Mr. Knox is that of father and coach, just as it is with the parents of all my players. I take people as I find them, and I've found Mr. Knox to be a charming gentleman."

A Southern California sportscaster: "What the hell else would he say? Sure, they all get along fine with Harvey when Ronnie's playing for them. But they sing another song after the blow-up. And I look for a blow-up. The only way Harvey could be happy is as head coach. Lord, what a thought!"

Dink Templeton, San Francisco sports commentator: "Why did little Ronnie go to Cal? According to the clown transacting his business, it was for the purpose of preparing for the major leagues, the movies, radio and writing highly-paid fiction. There was none of this nonsense mentioned about an education. Cal and Waldorf are both very lucky they got rid of young Mr. Knox when they did. A couple of years of Harvey could have wrecked the whole athletic system. But what right has a university to make its coaches grovel before high school kids?"

Jim McCone, redhot Cal fan: "California missed the boat in not trying to persuade Harvey to change his mind. They had the whole summer of fifty-four to get Ronnie to return, but nobody did anything about it. Ronnie could have passed Cal to the Rose Bowl this year. And Harvey will be missed, too. People don't realize what a recruiter he is. I sat back of him at one spring practice game at Cal. He had about fifteen high school footballers from Los Angeles with him. And he was giving them quite a sales talk during the game. Harvey knows that Ronnie's chances are better with a big line in front of him, and he never stops trying to find those two-hundred-pound tackles."

Lynn (Pappy) Waldorf, head coach at California: "I have no animosity toward either the boy or his father. I never did have. I think Ronnie is a fine football player. I believe he made a mistake in leaving California but that is his business. Our school is pretty big, and you just can't change everything overnight to make it right for one person. If anything was ever given or promised Ronnie for coming to Cal, I'm not aware of it. Nor did the boy ever indicate to me that he was displeased with how things were going at Cal. Of course, Harvey wasn't happy. But I doubt that anyone could really please him. He's really a live one."

Ronnie Knox: "I have only my father to thank for what success I've had to date. He made me a football player. I had no interest in the sport until Harvey married my mother. He took me to Roxbury Park, near our home in Beverly Hills, every day, and we pitched a football back and forth till my arm was tired. We also played baseball, softball and basketball. I mean my Dad got in there and played with us kids.

"Dad also enrolled me in a Cub Scout pack, and he became our athletic director. Our softball team won the city championship. But Dad said there was more of a future in football, so he organized touch football teams all over our area. I did the passing for our team, and most of my throws went to Dad. He played end. I don't think many fathers take such an active part in their sons' lives.

"I don't see anything so strange about my high school transfers. Dad was only trying to get the right coaches for me. But I guess all that moving was pretty tough on Dad and Mother.

"I was interested in going to Cal by Frank Stormant, their principal Los Angeles recruiter. The Gray Fox (Lynn Waldorf) promised me a sports-writing job on the Berkeley *Gazette* (this was news to the newspaper) and some radio work. But when I got to California they said that writing for the papers would professionalize me. And there was no radio work, either. Dad was sure sore at Frank.

"Later things didn't go so well at practice. And my grades dropped. Dad told me, 'We came to Berkeley on top, and we are going to leave on top. We joined a failure. The failure didn't get up so we are leaving.' I agreed. Dad also asked: 'How can we earn a dollar from what we learned at Cal?' I confessed I didn't know.

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MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 45

"I want to be a writer. For the last several years I've been doing fiction. Haven't sold anything. Dad didn't want me to bother with it for he says there's no money in writing. But, since I've never lost interest, Dad helped me get started. When we decided to leave Cal, he got me a writing job at Allied Artists Studio. I had no opportunity at Cal to develop as a writer."

Harvey Knox: "Some folks think I'm a pusher. Actually, you could more properly call me a 'guiding light.' I mean to give my children all the opportunities I didn't have.

"I used to like to repeat to them a line from Thomas Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' You know. 'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air.' We don't intend to blush unseen.

"We have talent and it's going to come out. No university nor studio is going to push us around."

Mrs. Marjorie Knox, Harvey's wife: "Of course, Harvey is fit to be the father of Ronnie and Patricia. I should know. After all, they are MY children.

"I'm sure no blood father could be more interested in his children than Harvey has been in mine. I'd rather have a husband who is 'over-interested' than one who doesn't pay any attention to his children. That's not saying that Harvey is over-interested, though some people seem to think so. All his life he has been forced to fight for everything he got. He's determined that the world won't push his children around like it did him. As a husband he is most kind and devoted and a real help around the house.

"Harvey is easy to understand if you only know his background. When he was a seven-year-old boy in Greenwood, Arkansas, his father died, and two years later he lost his mother in the influenza epidemic of nineteen-eighteen. Harvey was left alone with two younger brothers and two older sisters.

"Some aunts and uncles talked about adopting the children but Harvey thought an orphanage would be better since it would enable them to stay together. They were admitted to Botton's Baptist Orphanage in Monticello, Arkansas. Since Harvey was older than most of the children, he became the leader. He was their hero. And there was good reason. When he was thirteen, Harvey was awakened early one winter morning by dense smoke in his room. He raced down the stairs and out across the snow to arouse the matron in the main building. She called the fire department.

"Later, while firemen were shooting water on the building, the matron found two youngsters were missing. Harvey immediately ran back into the dormitories and he found two little brothers in a back bedroom on the fourth floor. Harvey fastened a rope to the bedpost and then came down the side of the house on it with the children clinging to his neck. Later, Harvey was awarded a Carnegie Hero medal for that.

"He was a fine all-around athlete at Monticello High and he later won an athletic scholarship to Ouachita College in Arkadelphia. It was there Harvey first felt discrimination. To help support himself, he waited on tables. He sometimes heard himself referred to as 'the boy from the orphanage,' and he was shunned by his classmates from well-to-do homes. It was then that Harvey vowed that his children would have every opportunity denied him.

"I guess Harvey just couldn't get life's inequities off his mind for he admits he was belligerent and unreceptive to criticism. After a year at Ouachita, Harvey transferred to the University of Arkansas. In his junior year he was having trouble with his pass-catching at practice. After he had dropped a perfect pass, the coach, Francis Schmidt, called him a profane name. So Harvey punched Mr. Schmidt on the nose. That was the end of Harvey's college football career.

"Shortly after, Harvey set out for California, where he held a variety of jobs. For a time he had his own detective agency—the Knox Service System. But once he caught a clerk in a Glendale department store helping herself to the cash register receipts. The woman sobbed out a story of her attempt to keep a daughter in Pomona College. This was too much for Harvey. He had always been a champion of the underprivileged so now he wasn't going to start prosecuting them. So he sold his agency.

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 6, t. and b. WW; Page 7, t. WW, r.s., l.e. and b. *L'auto Journal*, Paris; Page 8, t. WW, t.r. INP; Page 10, b. UP; Page 18, t. Bradford Washburn; Page 19, b.r. Bradford Washburn; Page 32, t., 33, 34 and 35 b.l. Italian Films Export; Page 35, t.r. and b.r. Globe Photos; Page 39, t. INP, b. WW.

"Harvey worked around Las Vegas later, and, at one time, held a half interest in the Golden Nugget. It was there that he met his first wife, Jewell Montgomery. He was disappointed that, because of numerous ailments, she was unable to bear him a child. Not long after her death, Harvey moved to Los Angeles.

"When we first met, he seemed to be as interested in my children as he was in me. But I don't think Harvey will take such an active interest in Pat and Ronnie from now on. You see, he's too busy with Montgomery—his very own son, born early this year!"

The argument could go on forever, but the bull session above is enough to prove two things about Harvey Knox. First, though not a player, coach or even a graduate of the colleges involved, he has had a greater impact on West Coast football than the hottest All-American of the past five years. Second, though everyone above the age of twelve seems to have a firm opinion about Harvey Knox's motives, the $64,000 Question is still: What's he after? It may be that no one knows—not even Harvey Knox.

An even more fascinating mystery than Harvey Knox, of course, is the chess piece in all this maneuvering—son Ronnie. What will happen as Ronnie grows up, begins to claim his independence, starts to resent being the center of a graceless scramble for winning teams?

What is *your* opinion? •

HEY, SUCKER! WANT TO CATCH A MONSTER?

Continued from page 25

side of the boat, holding the rod away from his body, and hefted the gaff.

Teeth gritting hard together, he slashed down at the gills. He felt the solid blow of the gaff, saw the furious swirl of water before he hurtled bodily across the boat, smashing into the far gunwale. A splintering thunderbolt of sound tore at his ears as he flung himself on the rod and clamped down hard on the reel brake.

The Monster had hit the boat!

Chancing that the Monster was hurt badly enough to lie quietly for a few seconds, he groped down one side and up the other. There was no rupture in the planking. He sat quietly for a moment, gathering his strength for the final conflict. The big gaff was gone, of course; he'd missed the fatal spot just behind the gills. He settled back into the long grind. Haul in and crank, haul and crank.

Half an hour later the crippled sturgeon was alongside again. Griffith went back through the whole process, easing himself up and aiming carefully at the sticking-place with a small-hook gaff.

He lashed downward, curving the sharp daggers of the gaff into just the right spot, and leaned back tensely.

The giant shuddered once and lay still.

Griffith glanced at his watch in the wan light. Two o'clock, five hours after he's tied into the Monster. He was very tired.

The Monster—seven-and-a-half feet long, a hundred and eighty-one pounds, thirty-seven inches around—wasn't big enough to qualify for Big Fish prizes, which still stand, but Griffith made out. He and McAlear put it on display and seven thousand wide-eyed visitors saw it in three days—at two-bits a head. Griffith's share of the profit was $700. Later they sent the fish to a taxidermist.

What happens now? How about Polson now the Monster is ashore? Will it need a new legend or will it just forget it?

Polson won't do anything but make more money. The Monster mania is just beginning. If there was a controversy before, it's total war now. The story had hardly hit the papers—and McAlear saw to it that it hit them all—when the new hassle started loudly.

The sturgeon was caught elsewhere and shipped to Flathead in a deep freeze, say the infidels. "Hah!" snorts Polson.

Dr. Royal B. Brunson of Montana State University cut up the fish and took its innards to his laboratories at Missoula for extensive study. Dr. Brunson, who worked his way through school by working on fishing boats in the sturgeon-rich Great Lakes in his off-time and who has studied Flathead lake for a decade, found only a few fish bones, a piece of wood, a ring-like bone which he has identified as part of the larynx of a small animal or large fish in the intestines. He found it's a white sturgeon twenty-seven years old, give or take a year; he found its mouth, shaped like the business end of a vacuum cleaner attachment, was four and a half inches across the long way, and was extensible to about a foot from the head. But he has found nothing to either refute or substantiate its Flathead residence.

There are other questions. Is it indicative of something or other that the Monster just happened to get itself ashore at the start of a three-day holiday weekend? You catch fish when the fish are bitin', retort the followers.

Wasn't the press strangely well-covered by McAlear within a few hours after the catch? Sure, the papers have done McAlear a lot of good so he just returned the favor, say his backers.

How about the show? Wasn't that incredibly well-organized for a spur-of-the-moment thing? The answer is a grinning "Simply good management."

Actually, for Polson it doesn't matter whether there were or are Monsters in the lake or not, just so there's someone around who'll argue about it.

And how they do argue! In fact, it would be interesting to know how many of the skeptical, derogatory whispers and persistent questions were planted by McAlear—just to keep the issue hot and in the public eye.

Meanwhile, a prosperous and growing Polson just sits back and rakes in more tourist money. •

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THE WILDEST FIGHT I EVER SAW

Continued from page 14

charge a bull and run from a chipmunk. Depends on how they feel at the moment.

This Silver looked mighty mean. And he felt mean, I guess. He started for me, slow-like, stepping like a cat. I had about as much chance of seeing tomorrow as a snowball in the hot place.

And just then Old Baldy, up the slope, let out a beller and come running down with his tail stuck straight out. Silver shifted to meet him. There wasn't a thing I could do. I couldn't run. All I could do was hug a tree and get my money—and my life—on Old Baldy.

Blood spurted like you'd throw a cupfull of the red stuff into the wind. Old Baldy's blood. He flinched and halted a couple of yards away and turned to face the Silver, who had lifted onto his hind legs, looking like he loomed up in the sky. Old Baldy snorted and pawed the ground. Dust clouded up around him, so thick I could hardly seem him. Then he stepped forward, slowly, and bunched up for a charge.

The bear let out a howl and dropped on all fours. When Old Baldy rolled forward, he shifted to one side and struck the bull again on the shoulder. He aimed for the neck, I guess; but Baldy was a wise old bull and he watched for this. He came to a halt, front hoofs skidding, and moved almost as fast as the Silver. He veered right into the Silver and his battering-ram of a head took the Silver in the chest and tumbled him head over heels. The critter's breath let out in a roar.

You know how quick a cat, tumbled onto its back, rolls up again? Silver did just that way. He backed off. And then for maybe three minutes the animals eyed each other, waiting. Blood streamed down Old Baldy's shoulders and belly to make a pool under him. There wasn't any blood on the Silver, but by the way he moved I figured he'd been hurt.

I was sweating plenty by now and not because of the heat. Up this high in the mountains it's always cold. If the Silver got Baldy, he'd probably clean up things by taking me too. I couldn't run far enough to get away. I slanted a look at some of the trees around, figuring to climb one, but I wasn't much of a climber and none of them had limbs spaced so that I could hoist myself out of Silver's reach. So I just sweated and watched.

Then the Silver growled, not the howl like he'd made before, but deep. He struck at Old Baldy. His forepaw moved so fast you could hardly see it. Old Baldy shifted back a little. The Silver's claws must have grazed him or at least the wind from them stung him.

He bellowed suddenly and lunged forward. This time the Silver didn't side step. He met the charge with his chest and went down, wrapping himself around Baldy's head. Slaver flew through the dust and I could glimpse the Silver trying to get hold of Baldy's neck in his teeth.

But Baldy fought him off. They separated and tangled again. The bear rolled on his back a couple of times but Baldy never went down. In the cow country they say a critter has to stand on its feet if it is to live; the same thing applies to a fight, I guess. If the Silver ever got Old Baldy off his feet, he could kill him without trouble.

But he never did get Baldy down. A couple of times the big bull dropped onto his knees, but he got up before the bear could wrestle him to the ground. Maybe five minutes went by. Both critters had begun to make more noise—howlings and bellers, and their breath coming harder and harder. And then they seemed to tire, and they got quieter. They backed off more and watched each other more. Mostly, it was Old Baldy did the charging. The Silver seemed to fade a little.

By now Old Baldy was a mess of blood, and the Silver had a lot on him, too. The Silver moved slower, and it began to look like Baldy's battering-ram charges had hurt him inside. Then he turned, as if to run. But Old Baldy wouldn't let him go. He charged again and the Silver didn't sidestep too quick. He went down on his side. I could hear the thud of Baldy's horns striking him.

Then he let out a kind of wail, a hurt sound. Old Baldy backed off a little and then hit him hard again. The Silver just lay quiet, shaking but quiet. Old Baldy bumped him some more and tromped on him. Then the Silver lay plumb quiet, not even shaking, and I guessed he was dead or would soon be.

Baldy sniffed his enemy and then wandered off up the slope. He moved slow-like and I figured he was on his last trail. But I had other worries then. I found a stick for a crutch and after a couple of painful hours managed to get back to the cabin on Marsh creek.

My leg hurt bad, but I made the best of it. Next morning the Old Man showed up. He had the pick-up, and we went up to where the Silver was; he was stone dead, with coyotes at him already. And a couple of hundred yards up the slope lay Old Baldy. The coyotes and magpies were at him, too.

"I reckon if there's a heaven for beef critters, Old Baldy'll be stomping there," the Old Man said.

I rubbed my leg. It was still rough going, but I figured a week or so on the bunk at the home ranch would clear things up. It was thanks to Old Baldy I was here at all. •

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By John D. MacDonald

Bonny, the ex-prostitute. Rowell, the brutal cop. Rick, the blackmailed butcher. Vern, the schemer and the pusher. Teena, the junkie. These were some of the people who prowled the jungle

CAVALIER'S DECEMBER 1955 NOVEL

Reprint of the Gold Medal Novel, The Neon Jungle. Copyright 1953 by John D. MacDonald

CHAPTER ONE

A city bus hissed at the corner and was silent, then snorted off through the milky dusk. She saw the light pattern through the elm leaves and saw the bus was headed downtown. Down where all the lights were. When she had come here the elm branches had been naked raw. And it had been harder then to stay in the small third-floor room in the vast shabby frame house and think of lights and people and movement and forgetting.

She thought of them down there, working in the stark white fluorescence, handling the late rush, and she thought carefully of how it would be to go down there now. She imagined just how it would be and she decided she could do it now. Gus had seemed to know just how the little man with the clown face had torn her apart, had opened up the neatly mended places, finding the fracture lines of old wounds. She had not broken in front of the little man. Gus had stepped in, angrily, just in time.

"Lieutenant, you know you talk to my daughter. You don't talk that way."

"Daughter-in-law, Pop. Where the hell did Henry find *her*?"

"Lieutenant, you go chase thiefs. Don't bother good people. Bonny, you go upstairs. Rest. You work a long time."

She had left quickly, precariously, not looking at the grotesque clown face, stepping out from beind the cash register and crossing the store and going through the side door, through the narrow shed and up the steps into the big kitchen, managing even to smile and bob her head at the monolithic Anna standing by the stove, and through the rooms packed solidly with the massive furniture, and up the two flights of stairs, and down the hall, and into her own room, shutting the door behind her without a sound, and taking the three steps to the bed and lying there, moving over a bit so her forehead could be pressed against the wall, against the faded paper pattern of blue flowers.

It is meant, she thought, that I shall be always rescued by the Varaki family. But they started rescuing me too late. They came after all the other things had been stamped on my face and in my eyes, the things the lieutenant saw so quickly and so easily, and so contemptuously.

Deftly, miraculously, Henry Varaki had cushioned that last fall. She'd been in San Francisco then. The nights had been oddly merged, so that there seemed to be no days between them. She remembered being noisy in one place and being pushed out by someone whose face she tried to claw. Then, in the momentary sobriety of the drenching rain, the rain that caked her dress to her body, she thought they might phone the police, and that last thirty days had been a horror. She had run in the rain and fallen, and run some more. Then there was another place, and lights, and an alley fight between sailors, and more running. One high heel was gone and the running was a crooked, grotesque gallop. There was something hot and humming behind her eyes, something hot and roaring in her ears. She ran down a crooked street, a street that was tilted so that it would swing her over against the wall. . . .

Then there was a long time when everything was mixed up. Henry said later it was eleven days. It was like coming out of a long jumbled tunnel, full of noises and shoutings and crazy whistling lights, into a sudden calm place. She opened her eyes. A big-shouldered kid with a blond burr head in Army khaki with sergeant's stripes sat by the narrow window. He had his chair tilted back against the wall. It was very quiet.

He seemed to sense her stare. He put the book aside and came over to her and stood frighteningly huge beside the bed and laid the back of his hand against her forehead with a miraculous gentleness.

"What happened?" she asked weakly.

"You mean who shoved you, Bonny? A pneumonia bug. You didn't have any resistance."

"Who are you?" Her voice felt trembly.

"Henry Varaki. Don't try to ask questions. I'll see if I can cover it. I was just walking around with one of the guys. You were out like a light. A guy was holding you up against a wall and beating hell out of you. We took care of him quick and took you to a hospital. For some damn reason they wouldn't take you. You felt like you were burning up. My buddy had a friend who gave him the use of this place, so we brought you back here and rounded up a doctor. Malnutrition, alcoholism, pneumonia, anemia, and possible internal injuries from the beating you took. My, that doctor was real intrigued with you, Bonny. He said he could get you in a charity ward, but I couldn't swing any special nurses or anything, so I figured I could take care of you myself. My friend went on east. It's been . . . let me count, eleven days. You've had glucose and oxygen and all the antibiotics in the book, Bonny. The doc comes in every morning to check. You've been out of your head until day before yesterday. Since then you've been mostly sleeping. He said this morning you'd probably wake up clear as a bell today."

He sponged her face with gentleness. He held her head up and held a glass to her lips. She was far too weak to sit up alone, much less stand. He took care of her needs with a calm deftness that was so matter of fact that she felt neither shame nor shyness. In the morning, before the doctor was due, he gave her a sponge bath. She looked down and was shocked at her pale wasted body, at the shrunken breasts, the spindle legs, the hipbones that looked sharp enough to pierce the pallid skin.

The doctor came. He was a gruff, bustling man. He addressed most of his questions to Henry, a few to her. He wrote out two prescriptions and said, "You're a tough young woman. Keep this up and you'll come back fast. Henry, go out in the other room and close the door."

"Why, Doc?"

"Just do it, Henry."

Henry left the room and closed the door gently. The doctor looked at her. His expression changed, became harder. "You are not only tough. You are lucky. You owe your life to him. He is a rare young man. I don't know whether you can understand how rare. You people are always looking for angles. All you can do for him is get your strength back as fast as you can and get out of here. You'll be doing him a favor. When he was a kid I bet he kept birds with broken wings in boxes, with homemade splints. He didn't sleep for the first fifty hours you were here. He was on his way east. A thirty-day leave before shipping out. Don't try any of your sleek angles on him, young lady. You barely escaped burial, courtesy of the city of San Francisco. Don't try to say anything to me in explanation or apology. At this particular moment, I don't particularly want to hear the sound of your voice. I heard enough of what you said in delirium. So did Sergeant Varaki. It wasn't pretty. What made it particularly ugly was the very obvious fact that you started with education, background, decent breeding. Something was left out of you. Garden-variety guts, I'd imagine. Don't go back to your alley-catting until the sergeant is over the horizon."

She shut her eyes. She heard the doctor leave and heard him talking to Henry in the next room. The tears scalded out through her closed lids. After a time she wiped them away with a corner of the sheet.

Henry came in, grinning. "He says he doesn't have to come back, Bonny. Congratulations. You can go in for a checkup after you're on your feet."

"That's good."

"Hey, don't go gloomy on me. My God, I'm glad to have somebody to talk to. Somebody who makes sense, that is."

Slowly at first, and then more rapidly, she began to gain weight and strength. He bought her pajamas and a robe. She leaned weakly on him while she took the first tottering steps. One circuit of the room would exhaust her.

"How about my room?" she asked. "How about my clothes?"

He flushed. "I got the address out of you one day when you weren't too bad. I went over there. She'd moved your stuff out of your room. You owed six bucks. I paid it and brought the stuff back here. I went through it. Maybe I shouldn't have. Your clothes were pretty sad, Bonny. I gave the works to the Salvation Army. I got your personal stuff in a little box. Papers and letters and some photographs and stuff like that."

Everything in the world in one small box. She closed her eyes. "Will you do something for me, Henry?"

"Sure."

"That's a silly-sounding question, will you do something for me, after . . . everything. Go through the box, Henry. Take out my Social Security card. Take out my birth certificate. Take out the photostat of my college record. Throw everything else away."

"Everything?"

"Please."

The next day he shamefacedly gave her an envelope. "All the things you wanted saved are in there. And I stuck in a few pictures. Your mother and father. I figured you ought to hang onto those too."

"They were killed in—"

"You talked about that a lot. I know about that. You better save the pictures. You have kids someday, they'd like to know what your people looked like."

"Kids someday."

"Don't say it like that, Bonny. Don't ever say it like that."

That was the day she sat on a stool in front of the kitchen sink of the apartment with a big towel around her shoulders while he washed her hair. It took four soapings, scrubbings, rinses to bring it back to life. And then, when it was dry and she brushed it, he admired the color of it, and in the midst of his admiration she saw him suddenly get the first increment of awareness of her. It was something she was well practiced in seeing. She was still slat thin, weighing less than a hundred pounds, and she was without make-up, and he had seen her body at its ugliest, and heard all the ugly bits of her history, and yet he could still have that sudden glow of interest and appreciation in his eyes. It made her want to cry.

She began to take over a small part of the cooking and cleaning on the twenty-second day of his thirty-day leave. On the bathroom scales she weighed an even one hundred. She was five-seven and considered her proper weight to be about one-twenty-two or -three. She had not weighed that much in over a year.

"I've got to have clothes to get out of here, Henry."

"I've been thinking about that. I'll have to buy them. You'll have to tell me about sizes."

"I'll give you the sizes. Get something cheap. Have you written it down for me? All the money you've spent so far? You can't have much left."

"I've got some. Doc took it easy on me." He flushed brightly. "And I'm only telling you this so you won't worry. Pop sent me two hundred bucks. I got it day before yesterday."

"You've got to go home, Henry. You've *got* to see them."

"There'll be time."

"There won't be time. You keep saying that. They'll never understand why you didn't go home. Never."

"They know me pretty well, Bonny. They know if I didn't go home, there's a damn good reason."

"There's no reason good enough."

He had talked a lot about his family. The Varaki clan. "There's us three kids. Me and Walter and Teena. Teena's the baby. High-school gal. Walter's older than I am. Dark coloring, like the old lady was. His wife is Doris. She gives old Walter a pretty hard time. She's a pinwheeler, that gal. Then Jana is Pop's second wife. He married her last year. It was like this. You see, Mom died three years ago. Some of Jana's relatives, farm people, sent her to stay with us so she could go to business school. She's two years younger than Walter, and two years older than me. Big husky farm girl. With her in the house, Anna, that's Pop's older sister, came to sort of keep house for us. Then Pop ups and marries Jana. It made the whole family sore as hell. Especially Doris. Anna stayed on. Pop and Jana are happy. Well, hell, it's a happy house. Great big old ruin of a place. The market used to be in the downstairs. Pop built a new market right next door right after the war. It's run like a supermarket. Mostly the people that work there live in the house too. There's three floors. Ten bedrooms. Always something going on. Usually something crazier than hell. Pop and his old cronies play card games in the kitchen and yell at each other in old-country talk. Everybody pitches in."

He had talked about them enough so that she felt as though she knew them. Knew them better than some of the dim-faced people of the last few years.

She wrote down the sizes, and he left her alone. He was back in two hours, burdened with boxes. There was a shiny inexpensive suitcase hooked over one big finger. The boxes towered almost to his eyes.

"You got too much, Henry!"

"Come on, Bonny. Start opening. It's like Christmas, hey?"

"Too much."

He seemed to have an intuitive understanding of color, of what she could and couldn't wear with that dark copper hair. Yet he had bought the sort of clothes she hadn't worn in a long time. Nubby tweed skirts, soft pale sweaters.

"I hope you like this kind of stuff," he said nervously. "There was one picture of you in all that stuff. That stuff I threw out. You were in this kind of thing and I sort of liked it."

There were two skirts, three sweaters, two blouses, three sets of nylon panties and bras, two pairs of shoes, one with two-inch wedge heels and one pair of sandals with ankle straps. She went into the bedroom and put on one outfit. She looked at herself in the mirror, looking first at the fit and length and then suddenly noticing her own flushed face, eager eyes, half-smile. The smile faded away. She bit her lip. Her gray eyes looked enormous in the too thin face. She went back out to him.

"Bonny, you look swell! You look wonderful!"

"I don't know how . . . I don't know how to . . ."

He handed her a small box. "I picked up some junk jewelry. Dime-store stuff. A kind of a clip thing and a bracelet. I thought . . ."

She sat and heard him come over, felt his hand warm and steady on her shoulder. "Look. I didn't want for it to make you cry. Hell, Bonny. I didn't mean it to work like this. Please, honey."

He went out again in the late afternoon to buy groceries for their dinner. She packed her things in the bag. She wrote a note.

Thanks for everything, Henry. I've got your home address. I'll send the money there when I get it. You've been swell. Now you've got time to hurry home and see them and get back before your leave is over." She signed it and read it over. It would have to do. There weren't any right words to tell him. The doctor had told her what she had to do. And the doctor had been very, very right.

Her legs felt odd and stilty as she went down the two flights of stairs and out onto the street. The sunshine looked too bright. Her feet looked and felt far away. She walked down the block and the shiny new suitcase cut into her hand. It was light and there was very little in it. The blocks were very long. People and traffic moved too fast. She heard the hard slap of leather against the sidewalk and she turned and saw him and she tried to run. He caught her and held her with his big hands tight above her elbows, hurting her. There were odd patches of white on his face and his blue eyes were so narrow they were nearly closed.

"What are you doing?"

"Let me go. Let me go."

He took her back, one hand still folded tightly around her thin arm, the suitcase in his other hand. She walked with her head bowed. At the foot of the stairs he picked her up lightly in his arms and carried her up. She was crying then. Crying with her face turned against the side of his strong young throat.

He got the door open and kicked it shut behind them. He dropped the suitcase, paused with her still in his arms and read the note, and then walked to the big chair in the living room and sat down with her, holding her there and just letting her cry out the tears of weakness and frustration.

It was a long time before she was able to stop.

"Where would you have gone?"

"It doesn't matter."

"It does matter."

"No."

"It has to matter to you or you'd have been better off if that drunk had killed you."

"I would have been better off."

"Self-pity. For God's sake, sometimes you make me sick."

"I make myself sick."

"Oh, shut up! The doctor said to throw you out the minute you could walk. Fine! What does that make me? A sucker who wasted his leave. Something has to come of it. Something more than that."

They stayed there until the last of the dusk was gone and the room was dark. Darkness gave her a certain courage. She said, "What happens does seem to matter more than . . . it did before. I don't know why it should. All this has been like . . . being born over again. Being cared for like a baby. Fed, bathed, taught to walk. I could almost come back to life."

He kissed her lightly and stood up and set her on her feet. It was the first time he had kissed her. He said, "It was good to hear you say that, Bonny."

He turned on the lights. They squinted in the brightness and smiled uncertainly at each other, and talked in small casual voices through dinner and through the short evening until she went to bed after helping him make up his bed on the studio couch in the small living room.

CHAPTER TWO

The next morning Henry was moody and thoughtful. He spent a lot of time standing at the windows, looking down at the street. He jingled change in his pockets. He paced restlessly.

After lunch he got up and brought more coffee from the stove and filled their cups. He sat down opposite her.

"I've got seven more days' furlough, Bonny."

"I know. You said you could bitch a plane ride. Why don't you, Henry? I'll stay right here. Honestly. Then you could come back here, and by then I should be strong enough. I could get a job, maybe."

"I'm not going home. I don't want to hear any more about it."

"Goodness! Don't snarl."

"I've got something figured out."

"What do you mean?"

"I told you it's a big house. There's room. God knows there's plenty of work, so it wouldn't be like you were sponging on the old man. He drives everybody. Then you'd be getting the allotment money. It wouldn't be much."

She stared at him. "Allotment?"

"I can't leave you this way. I got to know that you're set. And I know enough about you to know that you won't be set unless you got a reason. And the only reason that's going to mean anything to you is to have somebody depending on you and trusting you. I can get a cab and we can go fill out the forms and get the blood tests or whatever you have to have in California. And then, by God, you'll be a Varaki, and you'll have the whole damn family on your side. The way I figure it, it will be an arrangement. I haven't written the family any of this. They won't know a damn thing, except you're my wife. And that'll be all they need to know."

She rested her hands flat on the table and shut her eyes for long seconds. "What are you, Henry? Twenty-three?"

"Twenty-two."

"I'm a twenty-six-year-old tramp."

"Don't talk like that!"

"A tramp. A semialcoholic. A girl who works the bars and works the men she finds in the bars. A girl who . . . can't even remember all their faces. It's good luck instead of good judgment that I'm not diseased. I've had two abortions, one professional and one amateur. Bonita Wade Fletcher. A great little old gal. I've been tossed in the can twice here and once in L.A. That's what you're trying to wish on your family, Henry. On decent people."

"My God, you like to wallow in it, don't you?"

"You're playing a part now, Henry. A big fat dramatic part. Saving the fallen. Rescuing the scarlet womon. My God, look at me!"

"I'm looking."

"I walk a certain way and talk a certain way and look at men a certain way, and your whole damn family would have to be blind not to see it. I'm just one big smell of stale bedroom and warm gin. No, Henry. Not on your life."

"I say you got to look at yourself and understand that you got to have some kind of a reason to prop you up. You forgot how to stand up by yourself."

"Love. Love goes with marriage. I couldn't love you. I haven't got enough love left for anybody. I gave it all away. Free samples."

"I haven't said a damn word about love. This is just an arrangement. Damn it, you go back there to Johnston as Mrs. Henry Varaki and let the name prop you up until you can stand by yourself. Or maybe you don't go for Varaki. Too foreign, maybe. Low class."

"No. No."

"I go away and I come back. O.K. By then you know. Either way we break it up legal. And to hell with you if you let me down."

"You said it's a nice business. Profitable. How do you know I won't stay tied around your neck, lushing on your father's profits from the store for the rest of your life?"

His voice softened. "Bonny, I listened to you for a lot of days and nights. I listened to a lot of things. I know more about you than you know about yourself."

She put her head down on her wrist on the table. She rocked her head from side to side. "No," she said in a broken voice. "No. No. No."

It lasted until midnight. She felt utterly drained and exhausted. She felt as though she had no more will or identity of her own, as if some great force had picked her up and carried her along. She was sick with the strain, with the long bitter hours of it.

"All right," she heard herself say. "All right then, Henry."

He looked at her for a long time and then grinned. "We Varakis got a reputation for stubbornness."

They were married on a cold rainy Thursday in late November at five minutes of noon. They taxied back to the apartment in rigid uncomfortable silence. My happy wedding day, she thought.

Henry said be'd be back in a while and he went out. She sat and watched the rain run down the window. My wedding day. The bride carried a bouquet of raspberry blossoms. Henry came back in an hour, his clothes rain-spattered. He carried a bundle into the kitchen. He came back in and tossed a flat box onto her lap. "I put champagne on ice."

"Dandy. One sip and I'll go on a nine-week bat."

He sat and looked gravely at her. "Why do you do it to yourself, Bonny?"

"Do what, husband darling?" she asked blandly. "What have we here in the box, husband darling?"

"Open it and find out."

"Oh, goody! A present for your winsome little wife, perhaps."

She took off the paper and opened the box. She looked at what it contained. She heard the rain. She knew she should look over at him. She could not quite force herself to look at him. My wedding day. I forgot that it was his, too. Selfish, self-pitying nag. She took it out of the box. The lace on the bodice of the nightgown was like white foam. She looked at it for a moment and then buried her face in it. A great raw sob hurt her throat.

He came to her and held her. When she could speak she said, "What are you . . . trying to do to me?"

"Keep you from doing too much to yourself, Bonny. I know it isn't a marriage like in the movies. Is there any law about having as much as we can, even if it isn't perfect?"

"Nothing has ever been more perfect for me. I've acted foul to you. I'm terribly, desperately sorry, Henry. So damn sorry."

"You'll wear it?"

"Of course."

Later she was able to laugh in a way in which she had not laughed in years. It was a good gayness. Later, in the darkened bedroom, she felt oddly virginal. She had to push the bitter, ironic thoughts back out of her mind. His big hands were tender and gentle, and there was a warm strength to him. Gentleness stirred her as fierceness never could. She felt strangely shy, almost demure. It was all sweet and moving, and he did not find out until afterward, when he kissed her eyes, that she wept.

"Why, darling?" he whispered.

And she could not tell him the truth. That she wept because she regretted the years that had left her so little to give him, and had turned her own responses into nothingness. He was big and gentle. A nice kid. She could feel that, and nothing more, no matter how she tried.

"Why are you crying?" be repeated.

"Because I think I love you, my darling," she lied. And she knew that her lie was a strong fence that would be around her during the time he would be gone.

The day he left he gave her the bus ticket and twenty dollars. He said he'd change the insurance and make out the allotment forms. He kissed her hard. She watched his broad back as he walked off. He did not turn again.

She was on the bus two hours later. The wire from Henry's father, Gus Varaki, had said, TELL HER THIS IS WHERE SHE LIVES. NO NONSENSE.

It was a long bus trip. Nights and darkness and flashing lights and muted sleep sounds around her. Early-morning stops at the wayside stations. The grainy, sticky, heavy feeling of sleeping in a tilted seat. She wanted to feel that the blue and silver bus was taking her out of one life and into a new one. But you could not empty yourself of everything, become a shell to be refilled.

Gus and Jana met her at the grubby bus station in Johnston. By then she was too weary to look for their reactions. She knew only that Gus Varaki was a thick-bodied stocky man who hugged her warmly, and Jana was a plain sturdy girl who kissed her. They took her to a car and drove her through the afternoon streets, through snow that melted as it fell. They took her to a big house and to this third-floor room. Jana brought food. She went to sleep after a hot bath. She did not awaken until dusk of the following day.

It had taken her months to build confidence. Gus and Jana and Anna and Teena had helped. Walter seemed to have no reaction to her. His thin dark bitter pregnant wife, Doris, was actively unpleasant.

It had taken a long time to rebuild. In March it was all torn down again when the wire came about Henry. The letter from his commanding officer came a week later, to the gloomy, depressed household.

Gus came to her room and sat stolidly, tears marking the unchanging gray stone of his face.

She told him twice that she was going to leave before he seemed to hear her. Then he looked at her slowly. "Leave us, Bonny? No. You stay."

"I'm no help to you. I'm no good here."

"We want you. What other thing I can say?"

Jana later showed her the letter Henry had written his father. "I think I'll be O.K., Pop, but in a deal like this you can't be 100 per cent sure. If anything happens, make Bonny stay with you. Don't let her leave. She hasn't got any place to go. Keep her there until it looks like she can make out O.K. on her own."

Jana said, "That isn't why Gus wants you to stay, Bonny. Not on account of this letter. It's more than that. To him, you're like a part of Henry. The only part left. We . . . all want you."

But you don't know. You don't know what I was when Henry came along and . . ."

Jana, sitting close, gently touched Bonny's lips with her fingertips. "Shush, Bonny."

"But I want you to know all of it."

"Why? To punish yourself, maybe? We weren't blind. We've watched you change. You aren't what you were."

And she had stayed, and it was June, and she had learned to take a pride in the quickness with which she could handle the big cash register at the check-out counter. She rarely had to examine the packaged goods to find the price. The regular customers knew her, and she talked with them. The first burden of grief had lifted from the big house. Gus Varaki had not recovered from it completely, and it did not seem that he would. Some of the life had gone out of him. Bonny remembered the way it had been when she had first come there, finding Gus and his young bride standing close in corners, laughing together in a young way, blushing and moving apart when someone

noticed them. There was no longer the lusty, impulsive caress, a hard pinch of waist, a growl and nibble at the firm young throat.

Jana was the sort of girl who, at first glance, was quite plain. Face a bit broad, pale skin, shiny nose, hair that was not quite brown and not quite blonde and very fine-textured, body that was solidly built, eyes that were pale and not quite blue and not quite gray.

But at third glance, or fourth, you began to notice the glow of health, a silky, glowing ripeness. Her waist and ankles and wrists were slim, and she moved lightly and quickly. You saw the soft natural wave in her hair, and you sensed the sweetness of her, the young animal cleanliness, and you saw then the softness and clever configuration of the underlip, the right roundness of breast.

She had no cleverness or mental quickness. Routine tasks suited her best, and she could not seem to acquire enough speed on check-out. She could handle heavy sacks and crates with lithe ease. She ate as much as any man. And she had a good true warm instinct about people. She was a good wife for Gus. Yet Bonny guessed from the puzzlement she often saw in Jana's eyes, from her frequent fits of irritability, that she was not being treated as a wife. She was receiving the affection of a daughter. And Gus walked heavily and did not smile much.

Today the man with the clown face had come in. Lieutenant Rowell. A thick-legged, fat-bellied little balding man with thin narrow shoulders, and a face that made you want to laugh. Button nose, owl eyes, a big crooked mouth. His forehead bulged and it gave his face a look that was not exactly the look of an infant, but rather something prenatal, something fetal.

He was from the local precinct. The area was one in which there were factories, alleys, down-at-the-heel rooming houses, poolrooms, juvenile gangs, tiny shabby public parks, candy stores with punchboards, brick schoolyards. There were long rows of identical houses. There was always trouble in the neighborhood. Rowell was, they said, a good cop for that neighborhood, inquisitive, bullying, cynical, and merciless. He had watched Bonny other times he had been in. She had been conscious of his hard, bright, gay stare.

Today he had said, without warning, and in a voice that stopped all other talk and motion in the store, "I like to know everybody I got in the neighborhood, Bonny. Everybody that moves in. It saves time. I got to get a transcript of the application for license to find out the name you used to run under. Fletcher, they tell me. So I check it through on the teletype. Just routine."

She could not look at him or speak.

"What's on the books out there is between you and me, honey. All I say is this: Stay off my streets at night. Stay out of my joints."

In the silence she heard Pop chunk the clever deeply into the chopping block. He came out around the end of the long meat counter saying, "Lieutenant, you know you talk to my daughter."

CHAPTER THREE

Paul Darmond finished his pencil draft of his bi-monthly report to the Parole Board and tossed the yellow pencil onto the rickety card table. In the morning he'd take it down to his small office in the county courthouse and get one of the girls in Welfare to type it up. At least there'd be no kickbacks on this report. No skips. No incidents. He stood up and stretched and scuffed at his head with his knuckles. He was a tall lean man with a tired young-old face, a slow way of moving. He felt the empty cigarette pack and crumpled it and tossed it into the littered fireplace.

It was nine o'clock and he felt both tired and restless. He had been so intent on the report that an unconscious warm awareness of Betty had crept into the back of his mind. That awareness had changed his environment back to the apartment, that other apartment of over a year ago. And when he had finished the report and looked up, there had been a physical shock in the readjustment.

It was funny, he thought, the way it keeps happening to you. Relax for a few minutes, and she sneaks back into your life. And it's like it never happened—the sudden midnight convulsions that terrified him, the clanging ambulance ride, Dr. Weidemann walking slowly into the waiting room, mask pulled down, peeling the rubber gloves from his small clever hands.

I'm sorry, Paul. Damn sorry. Pregnancy put an extra load on her kidneys. There was some functional weakness there we didn't catch. They quit completely. Poisoned her. Blood pressure went sky high. Her heart quit, Paul. She's dead. I'd guess there was cerebral hemorrhage involved too. I'm damn sorry, Paul."

But the mind kept playing that same vicious trick of bringing her back, as though nothing had happened, as though she sat over there in the corner of the room, reading, while he finished his report.

Then she would say in her mocking way, in which there was no malice, "Have all your little people been good this time, darling?"

"Like gold."

She understood how it was. She had understood how a graduate sociologist working on his doctorate could take this poorly paid job just to gain field experience in his major area of interest, and then find himself cleverly trapped by that very interest, trapped by the people who were depending on him to fight for them. It had been a rather wry joke between them.

Now, of course, the pay didn't make much difference. It went for rent for the one-room apartment down in the neighborhood where most of his parolees were, for hasty meals at odd hours, for gas for the battered coupé. There was nothing left now but the work.

He decided to walk down to the corner for some cigarettes. As he was going down the front steps a police car pulled up in front, on the wrong side of the street, and Rowell stuck his clown face out the window.

"How are you doing, Preacher Paul?"

Paul felt the familiar regret and anger that always nagged at him when one of his people slipped. He went over to the car. "Who is it, Rowell?"

"You mean you think it's possible for one of those little darlings of yours to go off the tracks? And them all looking so holy."

"Have your fun. Then tell me."

Rowell's tone hardened. "My fun, Darmond? You give me a lot of fun with those jokers of yours."

"If you'd get off their backs, they'd make it easier."

"If I get off their backs they'll walk off with the whole district."

Paul knew that it was an old pointless argument. Nothing could change Rowell. Paul had followed closely the results of the experimental plastic surgery performed on habitual criminals to determine the effect of physiognomy on criminal behavior. He suspected that Andrew Rowell had throughout adolescence, suffered the tortures of hell because of his ludicrous face. It had made him a vicious, deadly fighter. At some point in adolescence the road had forked, and Rowell had taken the path that made him a successful police officer, rather than the criminal he could have been. Once when they had both been relaxed after discussing a particular case, Paul had tried to explain his theory to Andy Rowell. He knew he would never forget how white the man's face had turned, how clear was the look of murder in those owl eyes.

"What do you want to talk to me about?" Paul asked gently now, forgetting his own anger, remembering how astonishingly sensitive and helpful Rowell had been after Betty's death.

"I want to talk about that Varaki outfit."

"Here? Or do you want to come in? I was on my way down to the corner to get cigarettes."

Hop in, I'll drive you down."

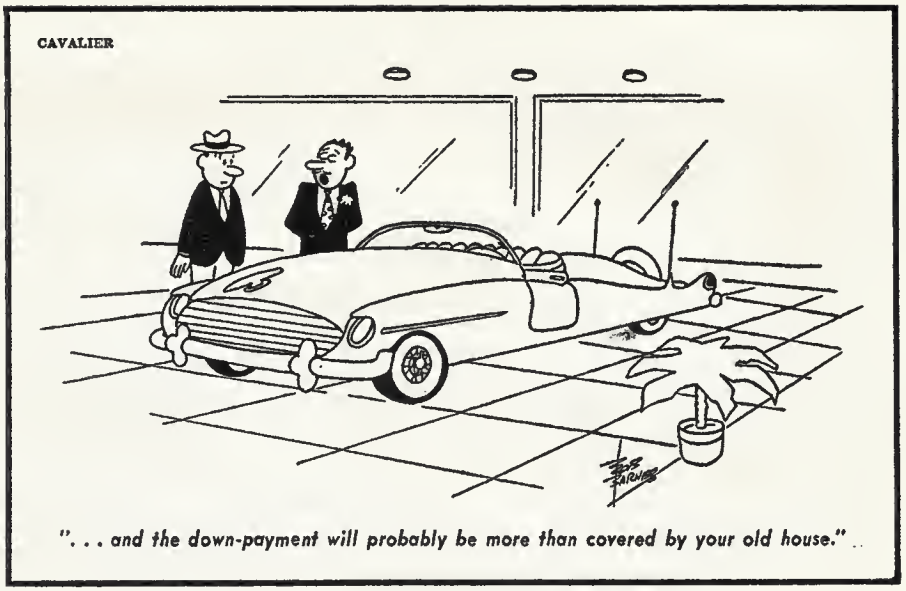
Paul walked around the car and got in. Rowell parked on the corner and he went in and came back with cigarettes and got in beside him. Rowell drove back to the house and turned off the motor and turned in the seat, one arm along the seat back.

"We can talk here O.K., Preach."

"Go ahead."

"I don't like the setup. You shilled Pop Varaki into taking on that punk who makes deliveries for him. Lockter."

"Vern Lockter is a good kid. He had some trouble. He hasn't been in trouble for two years. He doesn't have to report to me any



". . . and the down-payment will probably be more than covered by your old house."

more. Pop says he's a good worker. Steady."

"When he isn't working he dresses pretty sharp, Preach."

"So what? He lives there, eats there. So he saves his money and spends it on clothes."

"He wears his sharp clothes to bowling alleys, the fights, the beer joints. He knows all the local sharpies."

"But he hasn't been in trouble for over two years."

"O.K., O.K. We'll drop him for a minute. I understand you're wishing off another punk on Pop Varaki."

That's right. I went to bat. Gus needs a new kid around. There are more orders to deliver. Vern Lockter can't do all the odd jobs around the place. There's just Gus and Stussen and Walter Varaki and Vern. So this kid is coming down from the industrial school. His name is Jimmy Dover."

"I know his name. I know the record. He lived with an aunt. He and two of his pals lifted a heap and busted into a gas station. They got caught and one of his friends made a break and got shot through the head and this Dover was carrying a switch-blade knife when they brought him in. Juvenile Court put him in the school. He did two years. He's eighteen. While he was up there, the aunt disappeared. They couldn't trace her. What kind of a hold you got over Gus, anyway?"

"He's a good man, that's all. And Jimmy is O.K. I talked it over with him a month ago. I drove Gus up and we both talked to him. Old Gus likes to help straighten a kid out."

"O.K. Lockter and Dover. That makes two of them. And the redhead makes three."

"What do you mean?" Paul asked sharply.

"Just what I say. I can smell 'em. So I checked back on her. San Francisco police. Twice they rapped her on a D and D. Henry must have inherited it from his old man. He must have had reformer blood, like you got, Preach."

"I suppose you went over and let her know about it?" Paul said softly.

"It keeps them in line if they know you know the score. Sure I did. She couldn't look me in the eye. Pop sent her into the house and raised hell with me."

"You've got a hell of a lot of tact. Don't you understand she's Gus's daughter-in-law?"

"I'm doing Gus a favor, for God's sake. I still haven't got to what's on my mind. You got the Fletcher girl, Dover, and Lockter. You got 'em all living in that barn of a place with Stussen and the Varaki family. The three of them are going to get their heads together and figure some way of making a dime. Maybe they'll take it off the Varaki family. I wish they would. It would cure Gus of being noble. Maybe they'll try it some other way. When they do, it's my business. I'm letting you know I don't like the setup, and I'm letting you know that I'm going to lean on all of them."

"Until they *do* make some kind of slip. Until you pressure them into it."

"Don't get hot, Preach. They all slip. I'm keeping my area clean. But it's getting tougher all the time. Somebody is pushing horse and tea again. Headquarters is riding me, and so is the Man. I just don't want any new kind of trouble on top of what I got already. And I'm damn sick of you feeding new ones into my back yard."

"I want you to do me a favor. Don't lean on Jimmy until he's had a chance to get his feet on the ground."

"I'll give him a week."

"That's big of you, Andy. Very generous."

"Sure, I remember Lerretti and Mendez and Conlon."

"Three, Andy, out of how many in the last four years? Eighty? Ninety?"

"Three so far. Isn't that what you mean?"

"Someday you'll see what I mean, Andy."

"I'm too stupid. I haven't had the education. I'm just a cop, Preacher."

Paul got out. "Good night, Andy."

"Two will get you five there'll be a capias out on this Dover in six months. And the next one won't go through Juvenile Court."

Rowell drove away. Paul stood and watched the taillights turn the next corner at cruising speed. He knew that Lieutenant Andy Rowell would cruise his district until it began to quiet down at two or three in the morning. He would sleep a few hours and be back at the precinct early in the morning. He had no life aside from the force. He drove his men and drove himself. Several times he had been in trouble because of too much damage inflicted on someone who "resisted arrest," but it had blown over. It was admitted that he ran the toughest area of a rough gutty industrial city, and kept it as clean as any man could who had to work with a force on which there were too many political appointees, too many cousins of cousins. Through the night hours he would roam the district like a tough, homeless little bull terrier, showing his clown face in the rough joints, grimly amused at the silence that would last until he left.

Paul stood in the night long after the prowl car was out of sight. Two young girls came by, arm in arm, whispering and giggling. Red neon winked in the next block. Two soldiers stood on the corner, scuffling and laughing. A new convertible, glinting in the street lights, cruised slowly down the narrow street, and there was a girl in it, singing nasally, sitting between two men. Paul felt the odd restlessness that had been gnawing at him for the past few months. An odd feeling that life was moving on to some bright, gay place, while he stood and watched it go by.

He went up the steps and through the unlocked door and turned left into his small ground-floor-front apartment with its old fashioned bay window, golden oak window seat, tan lace curtains, dark walls, dull tapestried furniture.

He thought about Vern Lockter. To Rowell, he had sounded more confident than he had felt. Lockter was a tall, powerful young man with a long narrow head, a quick flashing smile. He had an air of shrewd intelligence. Paul had the feeling that he had never got close to Vern Lockter. Lockter had said, almost too often, the usual things. Learned my lesson. Crime is for suckers. Look any man in the eye. And he had a habit of looking you so directly in the eye that it seemed contrived. There was an essential coldness about him. It had bothered Paul often enough for him to go and look Vern up. Vern, in work clothes, making up the orders, loading the truck, sweeping the store, had given Paul the strong impression that this was a part he was playing. Yet there was nothing you could put your finger on.

CHAPTER FOUR

Walter Varaki lay on the bed with the pillows bunched under his head. The bed lamp made a bright light on the book he was reading. He had a cigar in the exact center of his mouth. He was vaguely conscious of Doris moving about the room, preparing for bed. It was the second time he had read the book. He was reading faster than usual, so he would get to the place where Mike Hammer takes the big blonde up to his apartment. That Hammer! There was a guy knew how to live. They didn't mess with him. Not twice, anyway. He had what it took with the women. He wasn't stuck in any two-bit grocery business.

"You know those damn cigars make me sick. I told you enough times. They make me sick!"

He took the cigar butt slowly from his lips and turned his head and gave her a look, the way Mike Hammer would have looked at her.

"That's a damn shame," he said, making his voice gravelly.

"A lot you care."

"Look, you're sleeping in the next room because you want more room in the bed now. Why don't you move your clothes in there and let me alone?"

"You know I don't feel good, and you got to try to make me sick with those stinking cigars. Everything around here smells like food or cigars."

He looked at the cigar. It had gone out of its own accord. He put it carefully in the glass ash tray. "It's out."

"Thank you so much," Doris said viciously.

"Boy, you have a happy disposition."

"Would you be happy, looking like this?"

She looked as if she were going to have the baby in the next ten minutes, but according to the doc it was still nearly a month off. That was a lot of yak about pregnancy making them bloom. Her black hair was stringy and sticky-looking and her complexion was all over pimples. He looked at her and wondered how the hell he'd ever been able to think he was in love with her. Talk about her being sick. It turned his stomach to look at her. She'd always had a sharp tongue. These days she couldn't say anything pleasant to anybody. Sat around all day feeling sorry for herself.

"There's another jailbird coming on Monday," she said.

He turned back to his book. "Yeah."

"I told you to tell him not to have any more of them coming here. I got to raise a kid in this house. It looks like I'm going to spend the rest of my life raising kids in this crumby old house. I should have known you were giving me a big line with all that talk of getting out of here and going in some other line of work. You'll never get out. And I'll never get out. The least you can do is keep him from filling the place up with crooks and tramps. I don't want that Bonny touching my baby."

"Settle down, for God's sake! They'll hear you way downstairs."

"I don't give a damn if they do. Nobody ever asks me for my opinion about anything around here."

"They don't have to ask you, baby."

"You didn't ever have that Vern Lockter looking at you the way he looked at me that day."

"You come prancing down the hall half naked, what you expect?"

"You just don't give a damn, do you?"

"Doris, for God's sake!"

"Go ahead. Curse at me. The old man won't let you go. You're the only son he's got left. One son and a man-crazy kid staying out half the night all the time. He won't let you go. Not him. He'll never pay us enough money so you can save enough to get out of here. We're both stuck. We might as well face it."

"Why don't you go to bed?"

"So you can enjoy your book. So you don't have to listen to me. So you don't have to pretend . . . Oh, hell!"

"Good night, for God's sake! Good night!"

She stared at him, then snatched her pajamas from the back of the closet door and went into the adjoining room and slammed the door. He gave a long sigh of relief and tried to get back into the book. But he needed a few minutes to quiet down. He tossed it aside and relit the cigar end, sucked the smoke deep into his lungs.

It seemed like there was a plot against him, the way everything worked out. God knew he'd never wanted to work in the store,

Take Henry. He'd loved it. It was funny to think of never seeing Henry again. Way back there somewhere were the good days, when Mom had been around, when the store had been in the downstairs part of the house, When Teena had been too little to walk. Back when he and Henry had made raids on the store, with Pop and the help cussing them out.

No, he'd never wanted to work in the store. He'd taken those business courses in high school so he'd be able to get away from the grocery business. Everything seemed to go to hell for you when you weren't looking. Twenty-seven already, with twenty-eight coming up too soon. Too damn soon. Doris had raised a lot of hell when he'd given up four years' seniority at the post office to come back here and help out while Henry was in the Army. Now Henry was gone for keeps and it looked like he was stuck forever. And it looked like Doris would go on nagging for the rest of her life. Having the kid just made it worse, made it more impossible to get away.

He thought of her in the next room, lying heavily in the bed, and it was hard to think that she was the same Doris of way back when. He remembered that he first started watching her in typing class that next to last year of high. She sat diagonally ahead of him. Doris Antonelli. All the little things about her made his heart go fast. The way she sat so straight, and the way the yellow pencil looked shoved into her black hair, and the way her eyes were so quick, and the trick she had of flicking at her lower lip with the very tip of her tongue.

They'd started talking in the halls first, and it was a long time before she'd go out with him. Her people were real strict with her. They lived way the hell and gone out, and he remembered how it was, the incredible shocking softness of her lips that winter night inside that storm-door arrangement on her front porch, and then missing the late bus and walking all the way back through the snow, not even minding the cold, thinking of how she had felt in his arms.

The next year was the last year for both of them, and they dated three and four nights a week, sometimes the movies, sometimes just walking together, sometimes just sitting in her living room until her old man would stick his head out of the kitchen and clear his throat a couple of times and he had to leave. Funny how, now, he remembered that they had talked and talked and talked, but now he couldn't remember what it was they talked about. Maybe they should have saved some of that talk until after marriage. It would have given them something to do.

He hadn't been thinking of marriage then. He'd been wanting to have her without that. And the way she acted, he thought he could, but somehow there didn't ever seem to be the right place or time. Without seeming to think about it or try, she always managed it so they weren't in the right place at the right time, but in the places where she was safe.

Even after he asked her to marry him, and she said yes, if it was O.K. with her folks, he couldn't get any further with her, and it got so he couldn't sleep right at night. Her folks said he had to have a job and have money saved. Pop and Henry kidded him about his Eyetalian girl, but they seemed to like her well enough. He told Doris you'd never catch him dead in the grocery business. There were the two jobs that weren't any good, and she was working too, and they both saved, and then he got the post-office appointment.

Even after the day was all set, she wouldn't let him. In fact, after the day was all set, she wouldn't let him do more than just kiss her. It was a great big wedding. Her folks spent a lot on it. There was a lot to drink, and a couple of the usual fist fights, and afterward they went on the train to Montreal. They had to sit up on the train, and they got to the hotel at eleven in the morning, and she said it was daylight and she wouldn't until night.

And when finally it happened, she acted like he was some kind of an animal or something. She acted like it was something she had to let him do because they were married. In the daytime when he'd just put his arm around her, she'd stiffen right up. It was the damnedest thing he'd ever heard of.

She wasn't too bad while he'd worked at the P.O., but she'd certainly been mean and nasty since they'd been back at the store and since she got pregnant. And she'd got worse after Bonny had arrived. He'd watch Bonny, and Doris would watch him watching Bonny, and there'd be a bad time after they got to bed.

Maybe Henry was dead, but he'd had a good deal there while he was on that leave and didn't come home. Hell, you could tell from looking at her that she knew the score. The way she walked and the way she was built. Henry always got the breaks. Pop had treated Henry right. You could tell Henry was the favorite son.

Everything went wrong for you when you weren't watching. Now it was like God spitting in your eye to have the two of them right in the same house. Bonny and Jana. They'd fixed it so he had to walk around looking at them all the time, and him married to a damn stringy stuffed dummy. It wasn't fair. None of it was fair.

But they were going to find out, all of them. He got up in the darkened room and knelt quietly by the bureau and pulled open the bottom drawer, inch by inch. He felt in, under the clothes, and touched the wedding portrait. He and Doris, standing there. She had no damn reason for ever sliding it out of the slot in the heavy yellow paper folder. It made him feel safe just to touch it. To touch it and think of the crispness of the fifty-dollar bills slid down behind the glossy print. There were twelve of them now. And a man could go a long way on six hundred bucks.

It had taken him since March to get hold of that many. There was no point trying to hold out on Doris on the money Pop gave him every Saturday night when he paid off the others. Doris wanted all of that.

So he'd gone about it another way. Between them, he and Jana did the bookkeeping, the way the accountant told them to. The problem wasn't to fool Jana. That was easy. The problem was to fool the machine. He had thought about a lot of different angles. Finally he found one so simple it had to work. Pop liked to pay the wholesalers in cash when they brought a bill around. The cash would come out of the register and the receipted bill would go in. Later Walter posted the bills to a ledger. He kited the receipted bills and took the difference from the register. A penciled figure one could be readily changed to a seven. Some of the bills had been made up on a machine. Those could not be altered. Pop seemed to have lost a lot of his intense interest in the business. The decline in profits would make little difference to him.

He closed the drawer and went back to the bed. Twelve paper pieces of freedom, and by the time Doris had to go to the hospital, he might have a thousand dollars.

CHAPTER FIVE

Mr. Grover Wentle was a very overworked gentleman. The high school was overcrowded. The teaching staff was barely adequate. And his secretary told him that Miss Forrest was waiting in the outer office with another disciplinary problem. It was the fifth time that day.

"Who is it?" he asked his secretary.

"One of the senior girls. Christine Varaki. Disturbance in study hall."

He started to say wearily, "Send her in and . . ." He stopped and stared at his secretary. "Teena Varaki? There must be a mistake."

"From the girl's attitude I hardly think so."

"Get me her record, first. She's due to graduate in a few weeks."

The secretary sighed and plodded out. Mr. Wentle sat and remembered what he knew of Teena. Bright, capable, friendly. A good worker. Active in extracurricular activities. A rather sturdy, merry-eyed blonde, well liked by classmates and teachers.

The record brought to him was, surprisingly, up to date. The monthly grades had been posted. March had been her last good month. The grades for April and May were close to failing. He put the record aside. "Send her in. Tell Miss Forrest to return to study hall. It will be a shambles down there."

Teena came in. He saw at once that the look of sturdiness was gone. She was much thinner. Her face looked sallow. She sat facing him, without invitation, and her stare was bright and hostile.

"This doesn't sound like you, Teena."

"Doesn't it?"

The tone of her voice angered him. He waited until his temper was under control. "Suppose you tell me what happened."

"I was reading a book. Forrest came along. It's none of her business what I do as long as I keep quiet. She took hold of my hair. So I stood up and slapped her."

"You mean she just came along and took hold of your hair?"

"I knew she was standing there. She told me to put the book away. I didn't answer her. It's none of her business what I'm reading so long as I keep quiet. She took my hair to make me look at her. So I slapped her and she brought me here. I'll do it again the same way if she tries it again."

"This isn't like you, Teena."

"You said that once."

"I looked at your record. You were doing splendidly. What happened to you in March?"

"My brother died."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know that. This is a big school. It's hard to keep track of—"

"Don't sweat."

"What did you say?"

"I said don't sweat yourself up about it. March was a long time ago. He got killed in Korea. That's got nothing to do with this."

"With how your attitude has changed?"

"My attitude is all right. I like it fine."

"Others might not be as fond of it as you are."

"My attitude is my business. You want to expel me or send me back to study hall? Either way suits me. It doesn't matter."

"You don't care if you don't graduate?"

"Not particularly. I'll be eighteen this summer. I'm done with school."

"If you get your grades up during exams, I'm almost certain I can get you a university scholarship."

"Do I go home or go back to study hall?"

He looked into the hostile blue eyes and felt a sense of defeat. Sometimes you thought you had them, and then suddenly they were lost. There seemed to be more and more of them these last few years. Full of a new sullen hostility. Full of disrespect. He felt the weariness of his years and his position. In the dream he had planned to be a full professor by now, a departmental head at a

college with a wide green campus, Gothic stone, chimes at sunset.

That was the dream. The reality was this ugly brick school, the hostile eyes, the evil, the obscenities. The reality was this girl who sat insolently slumped, insolently staring.

"Teena, if something is bothering you, I wish you'd tell me."

"Something is bothering me."

"What?"

"How the story comes out. The one I was reading when Forrest yanked on my hair."

"You come from a decent family, Teena."

"You want somebody should play soft on violins about now?"

"Go back to your study hall."

She got up and looked at him for a moment without expression, then turned and left his office, swinging her thin hips in the plaid skirt.

She got to the study hall just as the bell rang for the end of the period. Miss Forrest gave her a look of unadulterated hate. Teena looked back with the flat indifference of someone who looks at a door, window, chair.

She went down the aisle and scooped her books off her assigned desk and turned back toward the door. Fitz came up behind her.

"Make out?" he asked.

"Weeping Wentle made with violins."

"You're not out?"

She turned and looked back up over her shoulder at him. "Should I be?"

They went out into the hall. There was five minutes before the last class of the day. She leaned against the wall of the corridor, books hugged in both arms. Fitz leaned one hand on the wall and looked down at her.

"I got some sticks," he said softly.

"How many?"

"Enough. Ginny's got some caps. A hell of a lot of them. Bucky is all set with the car. How about it?"

"They want us along?"

"So why not? They want to pop. They want company. Ginny got the sticks and the horse. She says they're both real george."

"So why not? Like you said."

He bent his arm so that he leaned his elbow against the wall and thus stood closer to her. There, in the crowded corridor, between classes, he slid his free hand up under the hugged schoolbooks. She shut her eyes and made a small sound.

"Around the corner on Duval," he said, his lips close to her ear, "right after next bell."

He took his hand away and left her. She stood for a moment, the strength returning to her knees, and then walked down to her next class, getting there just as the warning buzzer sounded. She went to her desk, slammed her books down hard, and sat down, flatly returning the indignant stare of the teacher. The class whispered, giggled, rustled. The teacher stood up and the interminable last hour began.

Teena sat and thought about Fitz. She thought about Fitz and thought about what Ginny had, and wondered whether there'd be enough. It was funny how the two were getting all mixed up in her mind. Fitz, fix. Funny how she'd thought he was so messy before. Always doing fresh things. And always in trouble in the school. Running around with those girls they talked about. He and Bucky. Girls like Ginny. Ginny was nice.

The house had gone so sour when they heard about Henry. Like it had taken all the life out of the house, and out of her. All the life and all the resistance, so that when Fitz came around that same week, it didn't matter whether she went out with him or not. Bucky drove fast. Scary fast. And Fitz in the back seat with her. "No, honey. You're not doing it right. Look. Like this. You put the cigarette in the corner of your mouth. See? But you got to leave your lips a little open so air comes in along with the smoke. Then you suck the smoke and air right down deep into your lungs. That's the kid! Come on. Again, now. That's the way, honey."

"I don't feel anything."

"Give it a chance, honey. Give it some time."

It was funny how fast it slowed the world down. She remembered how she could look at the speedometer and it said eighty, but looking ahead she could see every crack and pebble on the pavement, and it was as if she could hear the tick and thump of every cylinder in the motor. It was as if she could open the door and step out, the car was going so slow. Bucky had the place over the garage. His family had a lot of money. She remembered him saying that he was in public high school because he'd been thrown out of the schools where they sent him. The place over the garage had always been a sort of play room for him. It was full of kid stuff. They'd ended up there, the four of them. Floating. The music was something that was new in the world. Notes like the slow ripple of silver cloth. All dim up there. Bucky's family away some place. She smoked more, the way Fitz had taught her. And then Fitz had her watch Bucky and Ginny. Bucky heated a spoon over a stubby candle. She saw the gleam of a needle. Ginny stood with her face turned away. She worked her fist and Bucky held her arm tight and the blue vein came up, bulging ugly inside the delicate elbow. Ginny had funny black curly hair cut close to her head, and a cute shape and big wet brown eyes. She shook all over.

"What is he doing to her?" Teena had asked.

Main-lining her. Capping her straight."

Time went all crazy. It would drag and then speed ahead. There was the music. Teena floated. There was just one dim bulb and the music. She and Bucky sat on the floor in front of the speaker. Fitz gave her another stick and she went far away then, and after a long time she awoke to an annoying, awkward discomfort. There was a heavy weight crushing her, and the weight was Fitz. The music was slow and hard in her ear. Fitz's eyes were so close to hers she could distinguish each separate lash. Bucky and Ginny were somewhere else in the room. . . .

When they let her out by her house, Fitz had to call her back to give her her schoolbooks. They seemed strange to her, a part of a far-away world that had lost all importance. She went into the alien house full of strangers, full of strange faces and alien eyes. The clock in her room said ten-fifteen.

The next morning she had remembered. Memory had terrified her. This house was the real world. These schoolbooks. That other was nightmare. The twelve blocks to school was the longest walk she had ever taken, and the sleet stung her cheeks, and she felt soiled and ashamed. She did not want to talk to Fitz. But she saw him in study hall, and made herself return his stare. Ginny had come up to her, later, in the girl's room.

"What are you looking so pink-eyed about, Teena?"

"I . . . I just didn't . . ."

"Watch the words around this outfit. We talked about you. You're a good kid, Teena."

"Thanks, but I . . ."

"The Christer types make me want to fwow up. You were a good sport. You didn't chicken on us."

"Maybe I should have."

"Relax. It's all for kicks. No damage done. We've got a party coming up. O.K. See you at three."

And she found herself going with Ginny again, and again they drove fast, this time over ice, and ended up in the same dim room. From then on, house and school became unreal and stayed unreal. It was more comfortable that way. If you did not care, there was no place inside you that hurt any more.

She couldn't remember which time it was that Bucky gave them both the pops. Not in the vein, like he and Ginny took it. It wasn't like the sticks. This was something that rolled down hot through you and exploded, and ran right back up to a delicious floating warmth, a feeling of owning everything, a feeling of being queen of Hollywood, star of a show.

After a pop, the sticks seemed lifeless. Ginny and Bucky wouldn't come through again with a free cap for another pop when they were together again. They said they had a heavy habit to take care of. Fitz and Bucky quarreled. They made up, and there were a few more times when they were together again, and got a cap and a half apiece, having it cooked together, and Teena was crazy mad for a minute because Fitz got more than his half, but when it hit her, she got over being mad.

Now everybody had got mad again. The teacher droned on. She sat and thought about what Fitz had said. Sticks and horse. She thought sullenly, Horse for them and sticks for us. Meat for them and lollypops for us. But he had said they wanted company. Every time she thought of it, it made something turn over inside her. It had been too long a time. Three days. Her face was itchy and her eyes watered. It was funny about food. It would look good but you could chew and chew and it wouldn't go down. Ginny had left school last month.

The interminable hour finally ended. Another week gone. A week end stretching ahead.

The three of them were waiting in Bucky's car for her, where Fitz had said they'd be. She made herself walk slowly to the car. She could hardly keep from running.

She got in the back beside Fitz. "Hello, you people."

"The pride of Johnston High," Ginny said. "How you been making, Teena?"

"Dandy. Just dandy."

Bucky didn't start the car. He turned around and stared at Teena. Ginny stared too. It made her nervous. She tried to smile at them. She felt as if her smile were flashing on and off like one of those airport things.

"I think it's O.K.," Bucky said.

"I know it's O.K. I told you it would be O.K.," Fitz said.

"What are you talking about? What's O.K.?"

They didn't answer. Fitz patted her leg. Bucky started the car up. "Where are we going?" Teena asked in a small voice.

"The family came back," Bucky said. "We're going to Ginny's place."

"Is your family away, Ginny?" Teena asked.

They all laughed at her, and it made her mad, so she sat back in sullen silence. Bucky drove downtown, past the railroad station, along a street of missions and cheap bars and shoddy hotels. He went down an alley and parked in a small concrete cavern behind an aged brick building. They went up back stairs for three flights. The air had a tired musty smell. Ginny unlocked the door of a small room with one window and they all crowded in. There was barely room for a sagging bed, bureau, and chair.

"Be it ever so humble," Ginny said. "Sit on the chair, Teena."

"Sure. Do we take a fix here?"

"Could be," Bucky said, giving her a cool crooked smile. Bucky and Fitz sat on the bed, side by side. Ginny leaned back against

the window frame and folded her arms.

"Why are you all looking at me like that?" Teena asked nervously.

"Well, it's like this. . . ."

"Shut up, Fitz," Ginny said. "I'll handle this. You need a fix, Teena?"

"Oh, God, Ginny! It's like things crawling all over me."

"How many free rides you got off us?"

"Gosh. I don't—"

Plenty, kid. You think maybe it grows on trees? You think you get it free because of your charming personality? It's time you started earning your fixes, dear. Like a good little girl."

Teena glanced from one to the other. They were all looking at her with a cold expectantcy. "What's this all about?"

Ginny said, "I've made a few contacts since I quit that stinking school. I got a good source now. I can take care of you every time you want it. You can start taking care of your end of the deal right now. "

"How?"

"There's a room right down the hall. There's a guy in the room. A friend of a friend. I described you. He paid for you, Honey. He paid me. All you got to do is go down there and be nice to him. When you get back, the fix will be waiting."

Teena felt something shrinking inside her. "Somebody . . . I don't know."

"Are you thinking you're better than me?"

"No, Ginny. No, but . . ."

"What difference does it make? He's a nice guy. Room Thirty-eight, Teena."

"I . . . can't."

Ginny crossed close in front of her, so close that her leg brushed Teena's. Ginny opened the top bureau drawer. She flipped open the little box and held it out. "All yours when you get back, Honey."

Teena hugged herself. She felt cold. "I . . . I can't."

"It's just the first time that's tough, Teena," Ginny said gently. "I got contacts. It's safe here. You ought to be able to take care of your habit with no more than four or five . . . dates a week."

"Remember I get a fix out of this too," Fitz said worriedly.

Teena looked at him. He was looking intently at Ginny, his mouth tight. "Because you roped her?" Ginny said, "You won't free-ride forever. And you got a bigger habit."

"So far," Bucky said softly.

"Shut up," Ginny said. "I'm running this." She looked at her watch. "You better get down there, kid."

"Give me the fix first. Then I'll do it."

"He specified no zombie, kid. You get it later."

They all kept looking at her. She got up slowly. She felt as though she would break if she moved too quickly. She made herself think of how it would be, afterward. She made herself think of flame, spoon, and needle, and the wonderful tenseness of the last few seconds of waiting. She half heard Fitz's sigh of relief. She went out into the hall. "That way," Ginny said, pointing. "Thirty-eight."

She moved down the hall, feeling as if she were moving in a dream. The doorknob of Room 38 felt chill in her hand. She turned the knob and pushed the door slowly open. It was a room like Ginny's. A heavy man sat on the bed. He had a bald head. He had small dark eyes. He held a cigarette mashed between thumb and middle finger. He looked sharply at her, grinned, snapped his cigarette against the wall, and, standing up, said, "Come on in and close the door, honey."

Teena turned and ran, instinctively yanking the door shut in his face as she turned. She fled down the hall. She heard a harsh yell as she got to the head of the stairs. She went down the first flight so fast that she came up against the wall at the landing, stinging her hands. She was crying with fright so that she could barely see. She heard Ginny call her angrily, shrilly. She pushed open the heavy fire door that opened into the bright June afternoon. She ran down the alley and turned toward the railroad station. She sobbed aloud as she ran, and after she became aware of people stopping to stare at her, she slowed to a fast walk, and kept her face turned away from those she met. She looked back and thought she could see Fitz standing way back on the sidewalk.

"Nonsense, Peabody. You saw him first!"

She crossed the street and went into the station. A metallic echoing voice was announcing a train. She pulled her small green purse out of the slash pocket of the plaid skirt. There was a dollar and three cents in it. She turned toward the taxi entrance. The cab driver looked at her curiously as she gave the address.

"I'm just wondering. You got the money, kid?"

She showed him the wadded-up dollar. "O.K., kid." The ride home cost fifty cents. She went in the front door and stood, listening. She could hear Anna, heavy-footed in the kitchen, making the cupboard dishes tinkle with each step. She went softly up the stairs to her second-floor room and shut the door. She lay on her bed. Every time she shut her eyes she could see him, see his grossness, see the bald head highlighted with the faint gleam of sweat.

And then her mind slid uneasily back to the look of the box Ginny had held out. And the crawling wanting began again, worse than before. She rolled her head from side to side. She held her clenched fists hard against her forehead.

There was the box and the slick, sweet needle gleam, and the teaspoon, caked and blackened with delight, and the waxy stub of candle. She could have pretended the other thing was happening to someone else. Such a little unimportant thing to do to acquire something that would deliciously end the crawling want, the itching, the grainy eyes.

She heard Jana's warm mellow voice. "Telephone, Teena! You up there, Teena? Teena!"

Teena held her forearm across her mouth and bit it, making a pain she could barely stand. Jana stopped calling. Teena looked at the deep white notches in her arm that began slowly to turn red. She doubled her fist and hit her thigh as hard as she could. The pain knotted her muscles, cramped her leg. She wondered if they would give Fitz a fix anyway. Probably not. He'd be half wild by now. Suddenly she remembered the single stick she had hidden in her jewelry box. She had not wanted it before, wanting only the sick sweet swoop of the way the needle would hit, the way Bucky had fixed her in the vein the last time, drawing blood back up the needle and hitting her hard again.

Her hands shook and she had a terrible moment when she thought it was gone. Then her fingers touched the dryness. As she lifted it out, some of the contents spilled. She made a little paper scoop and took a deep breath and made her hands stop shaking long enough to pick up every shred and work them all back into the coarse paper tube. She lay on the bed and took the match and lit it and held it a moment and then touched the paper. She breathed as fast and hard and deep as she could, never taking the cigarette from her lips. The red line of burning climbed steadily up toward her lips. She kept it up until she had to pinch one tiny corner of the very end, until the last deep drag stung her lips with the heat of it.

She had been afraid of the distinctive smell of it in the house. But this was an emergency. She got up and disposed of the tiny butt that was burning her fingertips. She opened the windows wider, went back to the bed. It was, she thought, like being given spun-sugar candy when you wanted a steak. Like being hit with a handful of feathers when you wanted a sledge hammer swung hard against your heart.

The twisting need for the delayed fix roiled slowly under the surface easement of the stick, but it was a bit farther away. It was just far enough away to keep her from getting up and going back to the man in the room. It was just far enough away so that she was able, after a time, to trip and fall headlong into an exhausted sleep.

CHAPTER SIX

Rick Stussen, the big fat blond butcher, thought of himself as an amiable man who, through no fault of his own, had got into a mess that seemed destined to get steadily worse until, finally, the whole world was going to blow up in his face. He spent a

lot of time thinking about it. He would sit in his small back room on the ground floor of the Varaki house and he would tell himself that he would think his way out of this jam. And each time his thoughts would veer off into the past, and he would wonder how on earth this could possibly have happened to him. And sometimes he would cry. At such times the sheaf of bills hidden behind the loose section of baseboard was no comfort.

He was forty and he didn't know where the years had gone. He had come into the store when he was sixteen, when Walter had been a little kid, toddling around and getting into things. At sixteen, as now, he had been big around and blond, with rather small pink hands. He'd lived up on the third floor then, because the store took up most of the downstairs. Those had been the good years. From sixteen until the war came.

It had made him a part of something. And before that he had been a part of nothing. A part of gray yards where it always seemed to rain, and you were always lining up for something, and the sisters rustled when they walked. You cried when you were hurt, so the others were always finding new ways to hurt you. A cold rainy world full of the enemy.

Coming to be a part of the Varaki family was different. It was being a part of something. You could get out when you were sixteen if you had a job.

The bad years came right after he went to work, a year or two later. That was when Gus almost lost the store, and there was just Gus and Mom and him to handle everything.

It was good to be a part of everything and work hard and watch the kids growing up, Walter and Henry. Teena didn't come along until later. He always got along fine with the kids. Helping out. Staying with them when they were small and Gus and Mom wanted to go out.

He hadn't wanted it all to change. And that was the funny thing. People were always pushing on you, trying to push you out of the one place you'd found where everything was warm and soft and safe, and there wasn't any hurting.

The only hard thing had been getting used to the people in the store, coming in to buy. Gus had kept after him until he learned how you had to do it. Keep smiling and talk loud, and say something about the weather and try to remember their names. It wasn't too hard after you got onto it. It made you feel like you were hiding. You were hiding behind a big smile and a loud voice. He remembered the first few times he had been alone in the bathroom and happened to look in the mirror and see that big smile there, without even thinking about it.

It was Mom who kept pushing at him. "You got to get a girl, Rick. You got to go out. You got to get a girl and get a family."

"Sometime," he would say, smiling. "Sure. Sometime."

She had kept it up until he thought maybe it was the thing to do. She was a neighborhood girl. She was the only one he sort of liked the looks of, because she had a thin clean look. He remembered how hot his face got when he asked her for a date. They went out about six times. He didn't touch her. She seemed to like him. They laughed and smiled and joked around. And the Varakis kidded him about her. It was the sixth time they went out. The last time. He took her up on the porch and he was going to talk about the movie. She reached up and caught his shoulders and pasted her mouth hard on his, shoving herself against him. He flung himself wildly away from her so that they both nearly fell. She stood and didn't say anything. The hall light shone from behind her. She looked at him and then she went inside. She and her whole family stopped trading at the store. He couldn't tell Gus and Mom what had happened. It kind of scared him and made him half sick at the same time. Like the way he had scared himself a long time ago, back in that place. One of the sisters slapped him hard and he had to wear those bright red gloves for punishment for two days, even at meals. The mouth of the girl was somehow mixed up with the shame and the red gloves. So after a while they stopped talking about any girls.

He was drafted when he was thirty and sent to Fort Devon, where he spent two and a half years cutting meat in demonstration classes. It wasn't as bad as that place, but almost as bad. He made sergeant and got a room to himself, which helped some. He kept and used the smile and the laugh and the big voice. It would have helped if he had known that long ago. He didn't make any friends. He wrote Gus and Mom and the kids once a week. Teena was about seven then, Henry was twelve, Walter about sixteen.

Somehow it was all different when he got back. It had never been the same again. Somehow, in the two and a half years, he'd lost some important thing that had been there before the war. Something was barely out of his reach. The work was the same. He was a good butcher, and he knew it. Better, even, than Gus. The house was the same. They were all just farther away from him. He would sit with them in the small upstairs living room and feel closed out as he sat and smiled and nodded at things they said. It made him feel funny and he'd go up to bed, or go out and just walk. He wondered if the Army had made him restless or something. Like in that lecture they gave you when they discharged you.

He walked a lot and he was alone a lot. He had never been able to get any pleasure out of reading. So when he wasn't walking, working, sleeping, or eating, he would sit in his room.

There was a lot of work when the new store was built. It was as though building the new store had made things start to happen. Start to happen too fast. Mom got sick and died. Then that Vern Lockter came and took the delivery job. Walter quit his post-office job and came back with Doris, who never smiled back when he smiled at her. And he could hear them fighting a lot. Henry went in the Army. Anna, who never talked, came to cook and clean. Gus married Jana. Henry's wife came to stay. Henry got killed. Things were happening too fast and he wanted to hold out his hands and stop them.

But the bad trouble, the nightmare trouble, started after Vern Lockter came to work. At first it seemed fine. It seemed as though he was really going to have a friend, someone to talk to, the way Vern kept coming to his room and talking to him. He didn't seem like the kind of young fellow they'd put in jail. Vern would come and sit around in his room and make a lot of jokes. Rick couldn't understand all of them, but he always laughed anyway. And Vern used a lot of words Rick had never heard before. It was funny the way, at first, he had felt as though Vern was just a young fellow, and the way it sort of changed so that, unless he stopped and thought, it was like Vern was older. He told Vern a lot about himself. He told him about how it was in that place, long ago. And how it was before the war. And about his job in the war and all. He talked about how they used to hurt him back in that place. He started telling Vern how it was with the girl, but Vern started looking at him so sort of funny that he tried to make a joke out of it.

He couldn't remember exactly how he started going around to places with Vern. Vern had a lot of friends, all right. Vern taught him a lot of things. How to bowl and all. Then there was that place they started going, playing the five and ten poker game. Once he caught on to the game, he liked it. He liked spreading the cards real slow so that they came into view one by one.

It was all a lot better than before Vern came. He still couldn't see why Vern hadn't warned him that night about the game. It was in a new place. Vern had said he felt lucky and they went to the new place for poker. It was fixed up nice, with green on the table and chips that felt good. There were four men playing. They didn't say much. They looked important. Vern said it was a private club.

One of the men said, "Twenty-five and fifty all right for you gentlemen?"

Vern took Rick Stussen's arm and led him aside. "Think you can stand that?"

"Sure. Sure, I can stand it, Vern."

"Be lucky, then, big boy."

It was a real quiet game. The man who had spoken was banker. He handed Rick and Vern each a stack of chips. Rick reached for his money, but the man said, "We'll settle later, Mr. Stussen."

"Sure," Rick said, smiling. "Sure thing."

Rick was worried about the stakes, but when he took the first pot with a king-high flush, he began to feel more expansive. He won another pot, and then there was a long spell of poor hands and his chips melted away. When he was way down, the banker handed him two more stacks, one of reds and one of blues, and marked the paper again.

He saw that Vern would lose and then win. All the men played intently. Rick's second batch of chips melted slowly away, with the temporary respite of only one small pot. The man gave him a third batch, and Rick said, with nervous apology, "My luck keeps up like this, I better make this the last batch." He figured that at twenty dollars for each batch of chips, a sixty-dollar evening was pretty expensive.

"Maybe you ought to quit now," Vern said, looking worried.

"Maybe Mr. Stussen's luck will change," said the banker. He was a small man with a red face and fluffy white hair. There were purple veins in his cheeks and on his nose.

"I'll try one more batch," Rick said.

And the last batch began, dismally, to melt away, eaten up by the antes, lost in the purchase of cards that didn't help a pair.

When there were only a few chips left in front of him, the man on Rick's left dealt. He dealt very swiftly. Rick picked up his cards and spread them slowly. Ace, three, Ace, Ace. His throat felt tight. He slowly spread the last card until he could see the denomination. Ace. Give me some play on the hand, he said to himself. Give me some play on the hand.

The man on the dealer's left opened. Vern, the next player, stayed. The next man folded. The banker stayed. Rick said, "Just for luck I got to nudge that a little." He tossed out two blue chips.

The opener said softly, "I'm proud too. Back at you."

"I thought I opened this pot," the next man said. "Let's freeze out the ribbon clerks." He raised.

Vern tossed his hand in and said, disgustedly, "That makes me a ribbon clerk." The next two men stayed.

Rick said, "I better have another batch, please."

The man handed the chips over, marked the paper. Rick said, "I'll try it again."

The dealer didn't raise again. He groaned

and stayed. Then the opener raised again.

The man to the left of Vern who had folded earlier said, "Too rich for my blood, gentlemen."

The banker stayed and Rick, gloating inwardly, raised again. It was the last raise permitted him. The opener had one more raise coming. He used it. The banker stayed in and Rick stayed in. There were four of them left in. The dealer, the opener, the banker, and Rick.

"Cards, gentlemen?" the dealer said.

"I'll play these," said the opener.

"Pat hands make me nervous," said the banker. "I'll take one, please."

"One for me too," said Rick, discarding the tray.

"Opener bets," said the dealer, giving himself one card.

After the draw, the limit was two blue chips, three raises per player. Rick thought the dollars were landing out there in the middle with a pleasant abundance. The dealer folded immediately. Rick and the banker and the opener were left. The banker raised, Rick raised, the opener raised, the banker raised. It was two dollars to call. Rick put in three. Each man took his full quota of raises. As the opener was the last raiser, and both the banker and Rick called, he spread his hand and said, "Four delightful little tens, gentlemen."

The banker spread his hand. A flush.

"Four bullets," Rick said joyously, slapping them down. He reached for the pot. The banker encircled his wrist with small cold strong fingers. "A little fast, Mr. Stussen."

"What's the matter? Four aces beats tens, beats a flush."

"This kind of a flush, Mr. Stussen. Look again."

Rick looked again. He had missed it because they weren't in order. A three, four, five, six, seven of spades. Straight flush.

"A rough one to lose, Mr. Stussen," the banker said. He raked in the chips. They clattered into the wooden bin in front of him. "Very rough."

"I'm done," Rick said dully.

"I think I'm done too," said the man who had dealt. "We can't top that hand. Let's all settle up."

"What have you got left there, Mr. Stussen?" the banker asked.

Rick looked down. He felt dazed. "Three blues. One red. One-seventy-five."

"And you, Mr. Lockter?"

"My original stack and five blues."

"Two-fifty, then."

"That was a terrible beating," Vern said to Rick.

Rick forced a smile. "Four stacks I lost. All but one-seventy-five."

"Here you are, Mr. Lockter," the banker said. He snapped the bills as he counted them out. "One, two, three, four, five. Two hundred and fifty dollars. Correct?"

"Yes, sir."

Rick smiled broadly. By God, that was a good gag. Nobody seemed to notice his smile. Everybody seemed intent on the mathematics. Two of the other three players paid the banker. The man who had just dealt was paid off in hundreds and in fifties, to the amount of twelve hundred and fifty dollars, while Rick sat, still smiling automatically.

"I seem to be the big winner," the small white-haired banker said. "Mr. Stussen?"

"What?"

"Your liability seems to be exactly seven thousand, eight hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"I don't . . . I can't . . ."

They were all looking at him. He swallowed hard and smiled and said, "It was . . . like a mistake, I guess. I thought it was twenty-five cents. Fifty cents." He swallowed again and laughed. Nobody else laughed. "I just haven't got that kind of money."

"I told you the stakes, for God's sake!" Vern said.

"Cents, you said, Vern. Cents!"

"I said dollars. Hell, I thought you could stand that. You told me you've been saving dough ever since you were sixteen."

"In the savings account I've got eleven hundred, almost."

The banker looked different. He didn't look as nice and friendly. His eyes were different. "People just don't do that to me, Stussen. They never have and they never will."

"Do what? Do what?"

"Come in here and try to make a killing without the money to back your losses. Nobody gets away with that. I think, Lockter, you better take your absurd friend over in a corner and tell him the facts of life."

Rick went over into a corner with Vern. Vern said, "My God, you played stupid! I thought you knew. Hell, I'll toss in my two-fifty, but that isn't going to help much. What have you got on you?"

"Fifty-two dollars, Vern. Honest."

"Don't you know who that guy is?"

"I forget his name."

"Karshner. They call him the Judge. He's never been any judge. He works for a very big guy in this town. The biggest. Karshner snaps his fingers and some boys come take you out and bury you in quick lime, Rick. Get your hands off me and stop blubbering."

"What am I going to do?"

"I don't know. Maybe you'll get a break. Maybe they'll just put you in the hospital for a long stay."

"Why? It was a mistake. I didn't know. Why?"

Just as a lesson to somebody else who might try the same thing. I told you this was a rough game. If you'd won, you'd have taken the money, wouldn't you?"

"No. Just what I was playing for."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"It's the truth. Honest to God."

"You stay here. I'll go try to talk to him. It isn't going to do any good, but I'll try."

"Vern. You got to get me out of this. You got to."

"Stop sniveling."

He stood in the dark corner near a billiard table and watched Vern walk back toward the cone of bright white light over the green table and sit down. He couldn't hear what was said. Suddenly the four men got up and walked out of the room, leaving Vern sitting there. Rick heard their voices, heard one of them laugh as they went down the stairs. Rick went cautiously back to the table.

"What . . . what did they say?"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Vern, you got to tell me."

"Sure. I'll tell you. I brought you here. So whatever you get, I get too, you dumb son. They think I was in on it."

"But I'll tell them it was just me."

"Do you think they'd believe anything we say? Not a chance."

"What are they going to do?"

"I'll tell you what they said. They said we should sit tight. They know where to find us. They've got an idea. It seems that there's some friend of theirs needs a little help. If he can use us, then we can work it off that way. If not . . ." Vern shrugged.

"If not, what?"

"They send some experts around, Rick. Guys who know how to three-quarter kill you, and make the job last a long time."

"I'll do anything, Vern. Anything."

That was a long time ago. Nearly two years ago. He knew he'd never forget the fear of those two days of not knowing. When Vern at last came and told him he'd been contacted, and it was decided they could be used, Rick almost cried with gratitude.

The job was simple. After the first delivery on Monday each week Vern would return to the store with a package he got some place. He wouldn't say where or how he got it. It was generally a small box, hardly bigger than a pack of cigarettes. In it was a bunch of little packets in the form of cylinders wrapped tightly in cellophane, fastened with layers of Scotch tape. He had to hide the little box somewhere around his working area. That wasn't hard. There were lots of places. Inside a carcass in the walk-in cooler. Behind the slicer. Lots of places. What was hard was memorizing the list. Nine names at first. Nine little packets in the box each week. Vern made him say the names over and over until he could say them in his sleep.

It worked like this: A phone order would come in. Walter or Jana or Doris or somebody would take it. There would be a meat item on the order. It was written out, name and all, by whoever took the order over the phone. When he made up the orders on his spindle, whenever he came to one of the nine names, he would have to slice a small pocket in the meat and shove one of the little cylinders in there. Then he'd wrap and tie and weigh the meat and scribble the price and the name on the brown paper. The nine people always phoned in cash orders.

For the first week he was too overcome with relief to question what he was doing. It was enough that he had to keep anybody from seeing what he was doing, and keep remembering the names. But when the week end came he found he had to know.

Vern wouldn't talk in the house, so they went for a walk on Sunday, went to a park. It was a small park and they found a bench away from other people.

"Now what's on your mind?"

"These little things in the meat, Vern. What are they for? What are we doing?"

Vern gave him a look of incredulous contempt. "Just how dumb are you, you big slob?"

"I'm sorry, Vern. I just wanted to know."

"You ever hear of dope? Snow? Junk? Big H? Horse?"

"Dope? Sure. There's dope fiends. They take dope and commit crimes. I know about that."

"So what's in the little packages?"

Rick stared at him. "Don't you go to jail for giving it to people?"

"You go to jail if they find it in your possession, Buster."

"Those nine people, then. They're dope fiends?"

No. No. My God, there's enough in each package to . . . Look. I suppose you ought to know what you're doing. That's uncut stuff. Prime stuff. Those nine people are pushers. They handle retail. We're in the middle, between the wholesaler and the pushers. Now making a meet is dangerous. That's what they call it when the wholesaler contacts the pusher, gives him the stuff, and gets the money. It's a cash-on-the-line business, all the way up and down. We're working a gimmick. I figured it out. I mean, somebody else figured it out, that the most invisible guy in the world is a delivery man. I've got a reason for traveling all over the city. I go in a place with a big package of groceries. I've got money in my pocket, because I collect, too. I've got a record. Suppose they shake me down. Are they going to dig around in a piece of raw meat? The cover is perfect. I don't even take the order when it comes over the phone. The pushers pay me on the line, or I don't leave the stuff. What they do then is their business. They cut it, cap it, and retail it at about a hundred per cent profit—more, depending on how much they can cut it and get away with it. They use powdered sugar, other stuff. Rice flour. It's a sweet

delivery system, and they're willing to pay for it. I mean, they're willing to forget that little trouble we had."

"Where does it come from?"

"We don't have to worry about that, do we?"

"But it's a bad thing to do, isn't it? I mean that stuff does bad things to people, doesn't it?"

Vern had clapped him on the shoulder. "You got to think about it this way: If we weren't doing it, somebody else would be. Isn't that right?"

"I . . . I guess so."

Vern handed him three ten-dollar bills. "What's this for?" Rick asked.

"Put it in your pocket. They think we're doing a good job. It's a little present. I got one too. There'll be a little every week."

After that there was fifty dollars every week. He had a sort of superstitious fear about either banking it or spending it, so he put it behind the loose section of baseboard, in against a joist. The names he had to memorize changed. New ones appeared on the list. The number of names changed. Once it was up to twenty. Twice, for no reason given Rick, there was no box, no packets. Those times Vern acted nervous. And when it started up again, it started slowly. Two, then three, then five packets a week. Growing slowly up to more than a dozen while Vern's good humor improved. Rick got so he could do it without thinking too much about it. He kept a few of the small shiny cylinders in his apron pocket. Some days there would be three names. Or one. Or none. He never played poker again. He did not go out at night with Vern any more. It made him nervous to be out at night. The shadows looked too black. Sometimes he dreamed about the man with the red face. Judge Karshner. The Judge sat on a high bench looking down at him, holding out a black cap, telling him to put it on and it would all be over.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Vern Lockter stood in the third-floor bathroom with a bath towel around his shoulders to protect his thin gray shirt. It was a blue-gray shirt made of Egyptian cotton, as fine as silk, tailored in England. It was new, and to wear with it he had selected the pale flannel slacks, so pale a gray they were almost white—the slacks with the small pleats and the side seams stitched in black. He wore a narrow green fabric belt with a small gold slip buckle, and green matching canvas shoes with heavy crepe soles and gold eyelets.

His focus for twenty minutes had been upon himself. He stood and let his senses flow out. Bonny was closest, in her room down the hall. Since her coming the third-floor bathroom had held a faint effluvium of female. Cosmetics, racked toothbrush, a different brand of paste than he used. And, rarely, a long glossy dark red hair. He had picked one up, pulled it slowly between his thumb and fingernail, and seen it leap into a tiny coiled copper spring. Having her close had given him a constant awareness of her. She had filtered into his dreams. He had stalked her mentally, the way a man will play the market on paper, and estimated his chance of success. He could get no clear estimate. The factors involved seemed too variable. He suspected that it was because she was out of context. Misplaced. That blurred his vision. She was quite obviously knowing, aware, practiced, and disenchanted. Yet there seemed something hazy about her state of mind.

And so, with reluctance, he had restrained himself from making any trial advance. He sensed in her not only struggle and loneliness, but also that most dangerous thing, a disregard of consequence.

It would be stupid to imperil profit for the sake of impulse. And stupidity was the only crime. He had paid for that particular crime once. He did not intend to pay again.

It had taken him a month of steady dedicated thought to discover something about this business that could be marketed. It had taken him a week to make the contact once the idea was clear. He presented it to Karshner as a service he was willing to sell. Karshner told him he was too hot for such games. Wait until he was clear of Paul Darmond, the Preacher. And Karshner said it was a bad base, being in Rowell's back yard. But Karshner reluctantly took the proposition higher and came back with provisional approval, provided the butcher could be firmly hooked. Vern explained the plan for hooking him. Karshner said it was too complicated. Karshner suggested turning him into a user. Vern said he wouldn't work with a user any more than he'd try junk himself. It just wasn't safe. Karshner said he'd only suggested that to test Lockter's intelligence. Lockter told him that a recorded intelligence quotient of 140 was a pretty good test in itself. Karshner said he was a one-time loser and how bright was that? Vern said it was due to an impulse and he'd given up impulses.

Karshner said he would approve if he liked the hook. Stussen had been almost too easy. The next portion of the agreement was payment for the services to be rendered. That took time. The final agreement, satisfactory to all parties, was a fee of thirty dollars per delivery, with a guaranteed minimum of three hundred a week. The money was not, of course, to be banked or spent freely. That attracted attention. There was to be a weekly payoff to the butcher to make the hook more firm in the jowl.

The most delicate part of it had been the arrangement of the Monday-morning transfer, when Vern turned over the last week's cash, less his cut, for next week's box. That was the hottest point, the trouble point. That was where a tail could be operating from either end, ready to close in. There had to be a safe place for transportation of the box back to the store, and a safe place for the cash collections, which in a good week could total ten thousand. The same hiding place could serve for both, and it seemed logical that it should be on the truck. Yet it must be a place that would not be discovered were anyone else to drive the truck, or even work on it at a garage.

They did not like Verne's ideas, and he did not like theirs. In the end a false back was installed in the glove compartment of the panel delivery truck. It made the compartment shallower, but not noticeably so to anyone reaching in. It was pivoted off center and a firm push on the right end opened it. The transfer was made at a gas station where Vern had been refueling the truck prior to the arrangement. The men's room was small and rancid, and the door was around at the side. The key, on a piece of wood nearly a foot long, hung by the station door. On the wall of the men's room, placed high, was a rack for paper towels. It was battered, rusty, ancient. There was a newer rack below it, and that one was in use, taking a smaller-sized towel. It was highly unlikely that the old rack would be taken down. The upper edge was raised, so that on top of the rack was a depressed rectangle that could not be seen from the floor.

Each Monday Vern would remove the collection from the glove compartment while en route, a thick packet of bills from which he had already taken his end. He would shove it in his pocket, park the truck by the pumps, take the key, and go around to the men's room. He would lock the door behind him, reach high and take the box and replace it with the bills. He would put the box in his pocket, flush the john, run water, and, as an added touch of artistry, come out fixing his belt. As soon as he was en route again he would put the box in the secret compartment. Back at the store after deliveries were over, he would find a chance to slip the box to Rick Stussen.

It was nice, and it had been nice, and it had gone smoothly, and there had been a few bonuses from time to time. There was a place in the cellar, in one end of the cellar, where the floor had not been concreted. There were three fruit jars buried there, the black dirt tamped hard over them. In them the money was rolled tight, and it was good to think about them. Stained moldy money could mean trouble. He had dripped the wax thick around each lid in addition to the rubber gasket and spring top. All used bills in smaller denominations. A fourth jar, hidden behind cellar trash that hadn't been touched in years, was slowly filling. By the time it was full there would be close to forty thousand.

He went back over the new problem. That was what caught so many of them. They would sense a factor that could disrupt the whole thing. Yet the thought of the money coming in blinded them. Just a little more. Just a little bit more. Then I'll quit. That was the blindness that spoiled everything. You had to be alert for the smallest cloud on the horizon. Then forget the money. Predicate the risk. Figure the odds. And if it looked bad, get out and get out fast.

It would be difficult to cut loose right now. The delivery system had made them too happy up there on topside. It had made them feel too safe. So any reason he could give would not be enough—particularly the reason that was in his mind. They would laugh at that one. The ideal situation would be to blow the whole arrangement sky high without imperiling himself. That couldn't be done by a double cross. Their arms were too long. They could reach too far. And leaving Stussen behind would mean an almost automatic warrant.

The ideal solution would be to have Stussen drop out. Drop all the way out. Drop dead. Then there would be no possibility of carrying on. The time lag of setting it up in the same way again would be too great. The market had to be supplied. So they'd have to go back to the previous, more risky method of supplying the peddlers. And that would be an automatic out for one Vern Lockter.

But Stussen wasn't going to oblige by dropping dead merely because it was convenient. And killing was a task performed by a fool. So, to eliminate one fool, it was necessary to convince a second one that it was a job worth performing. That, in turn, brought the slow wheel back to Jana, where it stalled against the immutable fact of Stussen's sexlessness.

It was a convoluted problem, and it made him tingle with awareness to consider the aspects of it, to consider potential solutions. He had confidence he would find one.

But first it would be necessary to examine the new problem a bit more closely, to see if perhaps he was exaggerating its importance. He knew that he had been guilty of a minor bit of stupidity. For a time his awareness of every detail of his environment had been faulty.

It was Friday evening, two days ago, that he had gone up the stairs and stopped at the second-floor landing, stopped very still, his nostrils widening as he detected, to his astonishment, the faint cloying odor of weed. He had stood there, and known in a matter of seconds. The kid. Teena. Much quieter lately. Out a lot. Thinner. Quite a change

since the death of that Henry. Gus's precious Henry, the oaf in uniform. On Friday he had told himself it was all right. If the kid was on tea, the word could be passed along, topside to peddler to pusher. Cut her off at the pockets. They roped them with tea and built them up to horse. Tea could be dropped without a cure. Horse couldn't. And throw just enough of a scare into the kid to make it stick. If she got on horse and turned wild, that unfunny man with the unfunny face would lean hard. He might lean hard enough to tip something over.

So, on Saturday, he made a point of getting a good long look at Teena. And he found she was beyond tea, found that she had a habit. Perhaps it was a small one comparatively, but she was starving for it. The signs were there to read in the reddened eyes, the tight movements, the yawning, the rubbing of the nose. She'd been out Saturday night and he hadn't seen her yet today, but he hoped she'd connected somehow. It would make her easier to talk to.

He walked down the hall from the bathroom to the stairway, and heard, in passing, the muted sound of the music Bonny was forever playing softly on that record-player of hers. He had heard Rowell had leaned on her. That was fine. He could lean that way all he wanted. Vern saved the same look for Rowell that he used on Paul Darmond. Bright young man who has learned his lesson. Direct look and shy smile. Darmond bought it. It couldn't be sold to Rowell.

When he thought of Rowell, he thought of seeing the clown face on the ground and stamping hard with his heel, turning it as he stamped. The thought made his shoulders come up and flattened his breathing. No. That was in the impulse department. That was glandular. Not out of the head. Discard everything that doesn't come out of the head. Discard that thing that can come roaring up through you like black flame. That's what happened the last time, when you smashed the stein and jabbed with the broken handle and felt the glass shards twist and tear the soft tissue of the face that had sneered, had annoyed you.

The flame died quickly away, and he went catfooted down the stairs, feeling the flex of his body, feeling taut, aware, all his senses standing open like doors, intensely aware of himself in space, in time, in precise moment of time. Bonny upstairs. Walter, Doris, Gus, Jana, and Anna all off at the afternoon movie. Rick Stussen down in his tiny room off the kitchen.

He went softly down the hall to her door and pressed his ear to the varnished panel as he slowly turned the knob. He heard her bed sigh as she moved, heard a soft cough. He opened the door quietly and stepped inside and shut it quickly enough to contain her gasp of shock and surprise.

"Don't come in here!"

"I'm in. I want to talk to you."

She was in pajamas and robe, her hair rumpled, her face wan. She sat up, tugging the belt of the robe tight, unconsciously combing her hair back off her forehead with her fingers, giving her head a quick feminine toss.

"Get out! You can't come in my room. I'll yell."

"Wouldn't you rather yell for a fix, Teena?" he asked.

Her shoulders came slowly forward and she looked crumpled, sitting there. "A fix? I don't know what you mean."

He took two quick steps, snatched at her left wrist, shoved her sleeve up roughly. "A fix. A cap. A jolt. A pop. What do they call it in your group, dear?"

She looked down at the floor. He released her wrist. Her arm dropped limply. The sleeve slid part way down.

"How long has it been?" he asked, sitting beside her on the bed.

"Five days."

"Trying to break it cold?"

"God, no!" She still stared at the floor. He caught the faint stale flavor of her breath. "How did you find out?"

"Just like when I pick up a newspaper. I know what the news is because I can read the print."

"It doesn't show that much."

"Not to those who don't know what to look for. You had weed here in your room Friday. It stinks. I smelled it."

"It was the only thing I could get hold of."

"Couldn't you make a connection last night?"

"I couldn't find anybody. I'm sick. I'm awful sick, Vern. I had a connection Friday and walked out on it. I can't stop thinking about it."

"Walked out when you were three days hungry?"

"Stupid. I keep wishing I could set the calendar back to Friday." She turned sharply toward him in sudden awareness, and her sharp fingernails bit his wrist. "You know the score, the way you talk. Vern, have you got any? Have you? Do you know where I can make a connection? Please, Vern. Please, I'm dying."

"Just shut up and answer questions. What was the last fix?"

She turned a bit, her back half toward him. "Cap and a half."

"Main-lined? Yes. I saw the new marks. Kid, do you want to kick the habit?"

"Right now, yes."

"How do you mean, right now?"

I do and I don't. I can't explain. Sometimes I think of what's happening to me. I mean, the way it's making me look. Then I want to kick it. But not cold. A taper. Then . . . Oh, hell, Vern. What's left if I do? What's left for me? I've already spoiled one kind of life, and there's only the other kind. Nothing in the middle."

"What were you thinking about when I came in?"

"Killing myself. I was thinking about different ways."

"That would be a nice mess."

"It would be easier than the way I feel. I spoiled my only connection Friday. I don't know how to get another one."

"Maybe I can do something."

She turned quickly and he saw her immediate misinterpretation, written shrill across her eyes. "I'll do anything you want me to do, Vern. Anything. Honest to God."

"I don't mean that. I'd like to see you kick it. You'll feel different when you're out from under. God, you're seventeen and you look twenty-five."

"I know."

"I can't get in touch with the right people until tomorrow. Then I might not hear for a while. Couple of days."

"I can't stand it that long. I can't stand it."

"I don't mean for a fix. I mean for a way to get you off it. If things work right, you can play sick and—"

"I won't have to play hard."

"Shut up and listen. Play sick and I can maybe get hold of the right doctor. One who won't tell your old man the score. Just tell him you're . . . well, on the verge of a nervous breakdown and ought to go into a rest home. You'll get a cure."

"No."

"I tell you, you'll get a cure. It's not hard. They taper you off. They use other drugs that cut down the shakes."

"They all say it's terrible."

"I want your solemn promise that you'll play ball with me on this."

"I can't stand it that long. I'll go crazy. I'll do something terrible."

"Suppose, in return for your promise, I can get you just enough to tide you over."

She grabbed his arm. "Can you? Right now? Can you?"

"What about your promise?"

"Oh, yes, Vern. I'll do it. I told you I'd do anything."

"A junkie's promise. You know what that's worth."

"Cross my heart, Vern."

"You won't leave the house until you leave with the doctor?"

"No, Vern. No. Get me a strong fix. A heavy one. I need it."

"You got an outfit here?"

"No. I was wishing I had. I was going to put a bubble in my blood. They say that kills you easy."

"Stop that kind of talk."

"All right, Vern. Anything you say."

"You understand I'm taking a hell of a risk. I'm doing it because your old man gave me a break. I don't want you to break his heart."

"Hurry, Vern. I promised. Go get it for me."

He went out into the hall and shut the door quietly. He recognized all the dimensions of the risk he was taking. Yet, all in all, it seemed to be a lesser risk than letting her go off, fly apart, or remake her own connection until her habit got so big it ruined her, turned her into morgue bait or a face in a line-up. In either case, Rowell would be snuffing around. This way—and certainly topside would see the necessity for co-operation—no one should be the wiser, and the kid would get a cure that she would think was the result of human kindness.

He knew he might not have much time. Yet he had to pick the safest peddler in the book. He went silently through the kitchen and let himself into the store. The red neon around the wall clock burned all week end, as a night light. He found the book under the counter and looked up the number.

CHAPTER EIGHT

After the fourth ring a woman answered at the number Vern Lockter called. "Is this Mrs. Fallmark?" Vern asked cautiously.

The answer was equally cautious. "Yes. Who is this, please?"

"Mrs. Fallmark, this is Varaki's Quality Market. We've just been checking our records and we find that on the order that was delivered to you yesterday, the canned cat food wasn't included. You paid for it as part of the order, but it was left out by mistake."

"But I'm positive it was—"

"This is Vern, the delivery boy, ma'am."

"Oh. Would you mind holding the phone a moment? Let me check and make sure. I can almost remember putting it away."

He stood in the silent store, holding the phone. She came back on the line. "I could have sworn I put it away."

"We didn't want you to be caught short, ma'am."

"Will you deliver it Monday, then?"

"It's no trouble to run out with it right now. I have to come out that way anyway. I'll be out in fifteen minutes."

"All right, then."

He hung up, pleased with the way he had handled it. There had been four cans of cat food on the Saturday order. If the phone were tapped, that would check with the order. He put four cans of cat food in a paper sack, went back through the house, and got in the truck.

Mrs. Fallmark lived with her juvenile husband in a residential district that had once been fashionable. The house was pseudo Moorish, finished outside in a weary shade of yellow cement plaster. He turned into the drive and parked behind a new dusty

Bnick. He carried the sack onto the back porch of the house and rapped on the screen door. The inside door was open. A cat peered around the corner of the kitchen doorway, looking down the short hallway at him, legs crouched.

Mrs. Fallmark came to the kitchen doorway. "Bring it right in, Vern," she said. She was a heavy matronly woman with a blue-purple tint to her gray hair. Her hair was always so carefully waved that it looked carved from stone.

He walked in and set the sack on the kitchen table. The cat stalked around him.

"What's this all about?" she demanded. "What are you doing here on Sunday? I'll be damned if I like it."

"I'll be damned if I have any interest in your opinion. I want four caps and a hypo."

"I don't retail."

"Right now you do. And it isn't retail. It's a free gift."

"Who do you think you are, Vern?"

"I'm the delivery boy. This is an emergency. I got orders from topside. Pick it up from you. They don't want me contacting any pusher. They said come to you. And just incidentally, if it came to a case of their getting along without me or without you, who do you think they'd pick! Don't let the fact that I bring groceries go to your head. I either get the four caps and the hpyo in three minutes, or you get cut off at the pockets."

"Big talk!"

He went over and leaned against the sink and lit a cigarette. He looked at his watch. The cat nuzzled his leg with the side of its head. "Suit yourself," he said.

"An emergency?"

"A user who might spoil the delivery setup."

She turned heavily and walked out of the kitchen. She was back in a few minutes. She handed him a new hypo in the original plastic and cardboard case in which it had come from the druggist. The seal was broken. He slid the box open and saw the caps and slid it shut.

"Thanks for being so obliging, Mrs. Fallmark."

"You go to hell."

He stood inside the screen door, looking out. The street was empty. He got in the truck and drove back to the store. He had been gone forty minutes. He saw that the ancient Varaki sedan was parked behind the store. The timing had gone bad. It made it a little tougher. As he came in the door Gus called him. "Vern? Vern, that you?"

He went to the living-room door. "Believe it or not, I had to make a delivery. You owe me overtime, Pop. That Mrs. Fallmark called up and said we forgot to put in the cat food on yesterday's order."

Walter was squatting in front of the television set. He looked back over his shoulder. "The hell she says! I made up that order. I put that cat food in. Four cans, or six. I forget."

Vern smiled and shrugged. "So she mislaid them. So we lose four cans of cat food. She's a good customer."

"Every week a big order," Gus said.

"A good program is coming up, Vern," Walter said.

"I'm taking me a nap. Hard night last night."

He went back into the kitchen and got a noisy glass of water. While the water was roaring into the sink, he used the cover of the sound to take a spoon from the silver drawer and slip it in his pocket. He went up to his third-floor room and stood in the silence for a moment until the rib-cage fluttering died down. He had heard Bonny's music still playing, as he came down the hall.

He shut his door as he left his room, and went as quickly and silently as he could down to the second floor. He could hear the gusts of mechanical laughter coming over the television downstairs. He hoped it would hold them down there.

He went into Teena's room and she came up off the bed, drawn as tight as harp strings. Her whisper was too aspirated. "You got it?"

He nodded. He went to her dressing table and opened the box. She stood close beside him, so close he could hear her hard fast breathing. He fitted the hypo together, held the sharp tip briefly in his lighter flame.

"Can you do it?" she whispered.

"I've watched it done."

"I've never given it to myself. God, we've got to be careful." She went to her closet and came back with a thin red belt, which she wound tightly around her left arm, above the elbow. He had poured the white powder, faintly yellow-tinged, into the bowl of the spoon. He set his flaming lighter on the corner of the dressing table. She said, her voice shaking, "You cook and I'll fill the hypo, and take it off the fire when I tell you, or it'll be gone. Then you take the hypo quick and do it."

The powder over the flame moved, changed, melted. "Now!" she said. He took it off the flame. Her hands shook badly. "Hold it steady, Vern. Please." She filled it, handed it to him, worked her fist. The scarred vein bulged blue in the milky socket of the elbow. He held the needle up, pushed on the plunger until a drop stood yellowish on the point.

"Hurry," she said. "Oh, God, hurry!"

He felt awkward, faintly ill, as he slid the tip into the vein. It was harder to puncture than he had thought it would be. He bit his lip. She watched, her mouth working. She looked like thin gray lines drawn on pale paper. He pushed the plunger slowly and emptied the calibrated tube into her blood. He pulled the needle free and watched her.

She stood braced, her eyes half shut. Her pale upper lip wormed upward over her teeth in a look that was savage and sexual. For a moment the whites of her eyes showed, the pupils rolled upward. The red belt slid, like a slow snake, to the floor. Hungry nerves fed on the drug and were mended. Her color changed. She looked at him and her eyes were soft and her mouth was soft. "Aw, Vern. Aw, honey!" she said in a sleepy, lazy voice. "Aw, how I needed that!" She went to her bed, seeming more to drift than to walk.

He stood there, feeling a refinement of the sense of power, feeling a hard domination. It made him feel bigger and stronger than anything that had ever happened to him. With this you could control another human being utterly, completely. She sat flushed on the edge of the bed, rocking slowly from side to side in beat with music only she could hear, and she looked through and beyond the high corners of the room. It was, he thought, like having a woman, only more so—distilled, intensified.

He looked at the girl and thought how fine it would be to continue this, to keep getting it for her, to keep making it happen again and again. To watch closely each time that spasm changed in her.

He took the needle apart and put it back in the box. The lighter had gone out. He snapped it shut and put it in his pocket. The routine actions brought him back to calmness, and he rejected the impulse. He thought she would object to his taking the outfit away. She did not even seem to notice that he was leaving. He closed the door behind him, after making certain the hall was clear. He went down the back way, through the empty kitchen, and down the cellar stairs. He hid the outfit beside the unfilled jar behind the huge pile of ancient trash.

The good feeling he had as he watched her had left him with a restlessness. The day was nearly gone as he went out the back way onto the street. He touched his hip pocket with his fingertips. There was fifty dollars in his wallet, he remembered.

He caught a downtown bus at the corner. When the bus crossed the invisible line of Rowell's precinct, he felt better. This was one night when he did not want Rowell leaning on him. Make one mistake and they never let you alone. Tomorrow Darmond would be bringing the new kid around. Once this current problem was settled, it might be interesting to sound the kid out. He might turn out to be a useful type. It might be possible to shove a little of the risk off on him. Minimize risks. Maximize profits. Calculate all risks. Avoid impulse.

He began mentally to compose the note he would leave with the week's collection the next morning, on top of the towel rack.

CHAPTER NINE

At five minutes of ten on Monday morning, Paul Darmond stood near the magazine stand and watched the people coming out of the gates from the train that had been announced as arriving a few minutes before.

He saw Jimmy Dover come into the station, put his battered blue canvas zipper bag on the floor, and light a cigarette with elaborate casualness, shake the match out, and then look slowly and warily around the station waiting room. He looked more gangling and awkward than he had in the reform-school denims, and Paul realized it was because the boy's chest and shoulders had thickened while he was at the school, and the gray jacket with its faded team emblem was too small for him.

Paul could guess how the trip down had been, how the boy must have tried to appear casual about staring out the train window. The boy saw him and picked up the bag and came toward him, unsmiling.

Paul advanced to meet him. This was the ticklish time, this first meeting outside the school. It would set the pace of their entire relationship. The fact that the boy had not smiled on seeing him was something to bear in mind.

He smiled and put his hand out. "Hello, Jimmy."

"Hello, Mr. Darmond." The boy took the offered hand somewhat shyly, released it quickly.

"Coffee?"

"Sure. I guess so."

They went into the station restaurant and sat on two stools at the counter. "Have a good trip?"

"It was all right."

"Would you rather have a Coke?"

"Coffee is fine."

They did it to every one of them. Forced them to build the wary walls, something to hide behind and peer over. Something to duck quickly behind. Adolescence built its own wall, for both the free and the caged. This boy had a good face. Square lines. A firm chin. Level brows. Carsey, at the school, had recommended him for freedom before his time was up. Carsey's recommendations were generally good.

The waitress brought the coffee. There was a tenseness about the boy, an air of waiting for something unpleasant. Paul knew how the boy had classified him. A do-gooder. A giver of moral lectures. The man who could send him back at any real or fancied slip. Better than average intelligence, Carsey had said.

He decided to take a chance on the boy's intelligence. "This is the place, Jimmy, where

I'm supposed to explain the difference between good and bad, and ask you if you've learned your lesson, or words to that effect."

The boy turned his head quickly and gave him a look of surprise. "What?"

"Tell me, do you feel like a lecture this morning?"

He saw the threat of a smile, immediately repressed. "I guess not, Mr. Darmond."

"Carsey no doubt gave you that business about not letting me down, and him down, and Gus Varaki down."

"He sure did."

"That's the standard line. We appeal to your sense of loyalty. Actually, Jimmy, it's a calculated risk. Think of some of the guys up there who'd be bad risks. Can you think of some?"

"God, yes!"

We calculate our risk on the basis of a lot of factors. We considered your environment, which wasn't good. The death of your parents, which was unfortunate. We considered your adjustment to the school, your intelligence, your leadership abilities, your personality. On that basis we decided to take the risk. We're good at evaluation. We don't miss often. When we do, they give it a lot of publicity. You've been evaluated as a good risk. So I don't want to mess with your emotions. How you feel about all this is your own business. If it works, we'll be glad. If it doesn't work, you're a statistic. Get what I mean?"

"I . . . guess so."

"So no lectures today, Jimmy." He saw some of the defensive tension go out of the boy. "I'll answer any questions you might have."

"How often do I have to report to you, sir?"

"We won't make that a routine. If you have a problem, you can get in touch with me. I drop around at the store once in a while. You can't change jobs or where you live without informing me first."

"One thing I've been wondering. I don't get it. Why does Mr. Varaki give me a room and a job?"

"Forty years ago Gus Varaki was in bad trouble. Somebody gave him a break. He's been paying it back over the years. You remember my speaking about Vern Lockter last time I talked to you! Gus took Vern under his wing two years ago. Vern lives there too. He's on his own now, the way you'll be when one year is up. He's stayed out of trouble. He drives the delivery truck. Gus took his butcher, Rick Stussen, out of an orphanage twenty-four years ago. Gus lost one of his sons back in March. He hasn't snapped out of it yet. So don't worry if he acts a little strange."

"That's tough."

"Korea. Next year you'll be registering for the draft, once you're out from under my wing."

"Maybe I could enlist then."

"Why, Jimmy?"

"Well, I've only got one year of high. That isn't much. It's pretty tough to handle a job and night school too. I want to look into that, though. I was reading about how they extended this G. I. Bill. That would give me a chance to catch up, I mean after I got out."

"What gave you this yen for education?"

Jimmy glowered at his coffee dregs. "I guess it was that bunch of punks up there."

"Can you control your temper, Jimmy?"

The boy looked at him. "What do you mean? Sure. I guess so. I don't get mad often."

"There's a police lieutenant named Rowell."

"I heard about him."

"The market is in his precinct. He'll leave you alone for a week or so. Then he'll come around and he'll give you a bad time. He'll try to make you sore. He'd like to make you sore enough to take a punch at him. Then he could send you back and laugh in my face. He doesn't think anybody ought to be let out until his time is up, and he doesn't like it even then. He says boys like you are incapable of ever being anything but a criminal. He goes around trying to prove his point."

"Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?"

He won't make me sore, Mr. Darmond."

"Then let's go get you settled, Jimmy."

On the way to the west side, Paul drove slowly and briefed Jimmy on the people who lived in the big shabby old house. As he went through the list in his mind, he had the feeling that he had left someone out, yet he knew he hadn't. It seemed there was something missing in the house, something that should be there if it were to be a proper place for Jimmy Dover to recover his confidence, his self-respect. There seemed to be a drabness, a sound of defeat in the list, and he realized that he had subconsciously thouht of the Varaki house as still containing the dead mother, the dead son. All at once he had the strong feeling that this was perhaps a mistake—that Gus was making an offer of something he no longer possessed, the sense of warmth and household unity that he had wanted to share in years past.

But once they were there Gus's greeting made Paul Darmond forget his uncertainty. Gus talked loudly in his distorted English, laughed, patted Jimmy's shoulder as he introduced him around. Walter, Bonny, Rick, and Jana were in the store. Walter's greeting was the only one that seemed a bit cool. Paul saw that Bonny gave the boy a direct friendly smile.

Anna, in the kitchen, favored the boy with one grave, monolithic nod. Doris, in the living room, was waspishly polite. Vern was out on delivery. Gus labored first up the stairs, saying, "You go on third floor, Cheemee. Not big room, but clean. Good bed. Bonny and Vern, they are on third floor. Me and wife and Walter and Doris and Anna and my Teena, all on second floor. Rick in back room way down." Gus proudly showed the room, saying, "You like, Cheemee?"

"It's swell, Mr. Varaki."

"No mister. I am Pop. I am Gus. I am no mister. You unpacking, then no work today. Look around. Take a look at the neighbor houses. Tomorrow is work quick enough, you bet anybody." Gus stood for a moment and Paul saw his eyes go dull as he seemed to look into distant places. The life seemed to drain out of the man.

"This is fine, Gus," Paul said.

"Eh? Oh, sure. Hope the boy likes. Plain food here. Plenty of food, you bet anybody." He jabbed Jimmy in the ribs. "I take you buying in the morning. Still dark. You learn something new, eh?"

"Sure."

"Come down now and meet my Teena. Home from school today. Not feeling good."

"Maybe we shouldn't bother her now, then," Paul said.

"Is not bother."

They followed him down the hall on the floor below and he banged noisily on Teena's door. "Teena! Come meet new boy friend, Cheemee."

They heard her faint answer and soon the door opened. She stood, unsmiling, in the doorway. It had been many weeks since Paul had seen Teena and the look of her shocked him. It took only a moment before the second, much greater shock hit him. He had seen a lot of it. The dull look of the oversized pupils of her eyes. The graininess of skin, the dullness of hair, the sleepwalking look. It seemed incredible that Gus could not see it. Yet he supposed she had changed slowly while Gus was lost within himself, lost in the endless mourning for his son. He knew at once that he had to do something, and do it quickly.

"Teena, this is Cheemee Dover."

"Hello," she said tonelessly.

"Hi," Jimmy said, unsmiling.

You need new boy to go to movies with, eh?" Gus said, reaching out and awkwardly, playfully knuckling his daughter in the ribs.

"Cut it out!" she snapped, her voice going thin and shrill. She whirled and banged the door in their faces.

Gus moved uneasily down the hall, trying to smile and saying, "Today is not feeling good, I guess."

Paul turned and saw Jimmy still standing,

staring at the closed door. There was an odd thoughtful look on his face.

"Jimmy!" Paul said.

The boy seemed to shake himself, like a dog coming out of water. He turned from the door and came down the hall toward the staircase. Paul said, "Go on upstairs and unpack, Jim. I want to talk to Gus." The boy went up a few stairs, then stopped and turned when Paul said, "I'll have to be running along after that, Jim. Good luck."

"Thanks, Mr. Darmond."

Gus was silent on the way down to the front hall. He went into the living room. Doris had left. "Talk in here?"

"Fine, Gus. Sit down, will you?"

"Sure. I think he is a good boy, that Cheemee."

"This is something else. How has Teena acted lately?"

Young girls, they get nerves, maybe. Not smiling much. Lots of dates. Popular, I think. Gets too thin and Anna worries about not eating."

"You haven't been keeping close track of her, have you?"

"No. Not too close. But why? Is a good girl. I . . . I do not watch enough, I guess. After Henry is killed, I . . ." He spread his hands in a helpless gesture and let them fall heavily to his thighs.

"Gus, she's in trouble."

Gus stared at him, wearing an apologetic smile, his eyes puzzled. The smile slowly faded away and the big hands closed into fists. "Trouble! You mean is having baby? You mean some boys is—" He began to stand up.

"Sit down, Gus. Worse trouble than that."

Gus sat down and the half-shy puzzled smile returned. "Worse? Paul, what is worse? You make a joke, eh?"

"She's a drug addict, Gus."

The smile grew strained but it remained on his lips. "What big fool tell you that kind of lie, friend Paul?"

"Nobody told me. I could see it when I looked at her. Anybody who has had any experience with them could see it."

"No, Paul. Not my Teena. No. Good girl."

"Yes, Gus. It's the truth. There's a hell of a lot of it in the high schools. There's a lot of it among the girls. More than there ever was before. There's a lot of it coming into this section. They get on it and they have to get the money to keep buying it. Teena is a user, Gus. God knows what else she is if you haven't been keeping track of her."

Paul watched the man's face. He saw the look of stone that came over it. Gus got up and walked to the front windows and looked out across the porch into the street, his hands clasped behind him. Paul went over to him, put a hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Dirty," Gus said softly. "So dirty." He turned just enough so Paul could see his wet cheek. He raised one knotted fist: "I find who sells, and I kill."

"That doesn't help Teena."

"I know where the money comes from. I watch. Something is wrong in store. Same business, same prices, not so much money. This thing, it makes her steal from me. From her own pop, eh?"

"They'll do anything in the world to get the drug once they have the habit."

The old man turned around from the window, his face bleared with tears. "Tell me what I do, Paul. Tell me what I do now. My fault. All the time think of Henry. Henry is dead. Better I should be thinking of Teena." His voice broke. "What I do now, Paul?"

"I wouldn't want her turned over to the county authorities for the standard cure. The best place I know of is Shadowlawn Sanitarium. I know Dr. Foltz, the director. They do a good job out there. It's about fifteen miles out. It's expensive, Gus."

"Money anybody can have. Not daughters."

"She isn't going to go willingly. If she finds out what you're planning to do, she'll leave here. God knows where she'll go or what will happen to her before we can pick her up. Like all the rest of them, she won't talk about her connections until her nerves have had a chance to heal. Then she'll talk. And they'll clean up one more little group, and while they're cleaning it up, two more will be starting. The stuff is coming into this town at an estimated rate of four kilos a month."

"I go up there with a strap. I make her talk, you bet anybody."

"Now settle down. You're not going to whip her. That won't do a damn bit of good. We'll try to keep this as quiet as possible. I'll let them know at the school, and maybe they can turn up a lead, the kids she was hanging around with. I'll check with Rowell and he can see that her friends are investigated."

"Not him, Paul. No. The shame!"

"I'll tell him to keep his mouth shut."

"Just like he talk with Bonny, maybe?"

"I'm sorry about that. I want to talk to her."

"Everything is go to hell, Paul."

"So we'll fix everything, Gus. Now make sure she doesn't leave the house. I'll phone Foltz and see if he wants to have somebody pick her up, or if he wants me to take her out there."

"Not from store."

"I'll go down the street and phone."

Paul went down the street and shut himself in a drugstore booth and phoned Dr. Foltz.

"Doctor, this is Paul Darmond. I've got a patient for you."

"Which kind this time, Paul?"

"Dope. Just a kid. A girl seventeen. Daughter of a friend of mine. I'll vouch for him as far as the fees are—"

"You don't have to say that. Is she willing?"

I don't know. I doubt it. I happened to spot it just a few minutes ago."

"How does she look physically?"

"Pretty beat. Thin as a rail. Her name is Christine Varaki. Her father runs a market on Sampson Street."

"We're getting too many of them, Paul. It's rough on my people. They generally make at least one attempt to kill themselves during the first week. Can you bring her out?"

"I guess so."

"Bring someone else along to help. Somebody husky. They look frail but they move fast. If she gets suspicious, she may try to grab the wheel."

"O.K. How long will she be out there? I want to tell her father."

"Depends on the strength of the habit and how run down she is. Tell him two months. That's a fair average. If he wants an estimate of how much it will cost, tell him twelve hundred. That ought to cover everything. She can't have visitors until she's been here two weeks. I'll mail him a form to fill out and sign and return. No, I can give it to you."

Gus was still sitting in the living room when he went back. He gave him the information."

"I'd like to get going as soon as I can, Gus. I have to take somebody with me. You want to come?"

"I . . . do not want to see what . . ."

"I understand. I ought to take somebody. Walter?"

"Better he should not know yet."

Paul remembered how Jimmy Dover had stood outside Teena's closed door. He said quickly, "How about the new boy? Is that all right with you?" It was an impulsive suggestion, he realized.

Gus frowned. "All right, I guess. Maybe she likes better some boy the same age, almost."

Jimmy Dover was sitting on his bed, staring out the window. He turned quickly as Paul came in. He blushed. "I was getting up my nerve to go downstairs, Mr. Darmond."

"Are you good at keeping things under your hat?"

"Yes, sir."

"I need your help, Jim. You noticed how strange Teena acted?"

"I sure did. I don't know. It bothered me."

"We've just found out she's a drug addict."

Dover whistled softly. "A junkie!"

"I'm taking her right away to a sanitarium outside of town. She might make quite a fuss. I'll have to drive and I may need somebody to hold her."

"Me? You want *me* to help?"

"Don't you think you can hold her?"

"Sure. But it just seemed . . ."

"You know where I parked the car. You go down to the car. I'm going to see if I can get her into some clothes and downstairs without a fuss. The trouble will start in the car, when we head the wrong way."

Paul walked down the second-floor hallway to Teena's door and rapped softly.

"Who is it? What do you want?"

"Paul Darmond, Teena. Police headquarters just located me here. They want me to bring you downtown."

"What for?"

"They've picked up a girl on a charge of theft. Saturday night. The girl claims she was with you. They want you to go down and make a statement."

"What's her name?"

"She hasn't given them her name."

"What does she look like?"

"They didn't say. She says she's a close friend of yours."

There was a long silence. "I'll get dressed and be down in a minute."

Paul went down and told Gus to go back to the market, to get out of sight. He was afraid Gus's face would be a giveaway.

Three minutes later Teena came slowly down the stairs, sliding her hand down the railing.

CHAPTER TEN

Paul got behind the wheel and Teena got in the middle. Jimmy got in and pulled the door shut.

"I think it's a girl I know named Ginny," Teena said.

Paul started the car. "A good friend?"

"I guess so."

"Were you with her Saturday night?"

"I'll tell them down there when I know who it is." Paul saw her give Jimmy an oblique glance. "Why're you coming too?"

"I got to go down there anyway. It saves a trip."

"You just got out, didn't you?"

"Yeah. Fresh out. Why?"

"I was just asking."

Paul turned off Sampson onto Crown Avenue and followed Crown east. He had to stop for a red light. Teena was staring straight ahead, her hands in her lap. Paul looked across her and gave Jimmy a quick nod. Jimmy casually moved his big hands a bit closer to the girl's.

When the light changed, Paul turned right. For a moment Teena did not react, and then she straightened up. "Why're you going this way? Downtown is straight ahead."

"I have to make a stop," Paul said easily. "It isn't far out of the way."

She leaned back. "Oh."

She was silent while the blocks went by. They reached the city line and went on. She sat forward again. "There's something fishy about this. What's going on? Where are you taking me?"

"Just take it easy, Teena."

"What do you mean, take it easy?" Her voice was getting more shrill. "Where are you taking me?"

"To a place where they'll take care of you, where they'll make you well."

She sat still for at least three seconds and then exploded with a startling violence. Jimmy managed to clap his hands over her wrists. She drove her teeth down toward the back of his hand, but he managed to get his elbow under her chin in time. She was grunting and straining with the effort. She jabbed her left foot over toward the pedals and Jimmy hooked his big foot around her leg and yanked it back.

"Can you hold her?"

"I got her, Mr. Darmond."

"I won't go there! I won't stay!" She struggled again, so strongly that she nearly broke Jimmy's grasp, and then suddenly she lay back, panting. "I'm going to say you both raped me. I'll swear it. On Bibles."

"Rape a junkie?" Jimmy said harshly. "I wouldn't touch you with a ten foot pole. It makes me sick having to hold onto you."

"Easy, Jim," Paul said.

"Easy, hell. After this I'm going back and take a hot bath. Get a cure and maybe you'll be worth looking at. The way you are, kid, you stink!"

She crumpled forward, doubling over her imprisoned hands. Hard sobs shook her. Jimmy winked blandly at Paul across her thin shoulders. Suddenly he yelped as she bit his hand. He snatched it free and she leaned across him and grabbed for the door handle. He cuffed her and grabbed her wrists again. She called them both foul names for the next few miles, then became silent.

By the time they reached the sanitarium, there was no more resistance in her. They drove through wrought-iron gates and up a steep graveled road to the main buildings. People walked in twos and threes around the wide green lawns.

They took her to the receiving desk and the large woman there smiled and said, "Christine Varaki? Hello, dear."

Teena spat.

The woman's smile did not change. She picked up her phone and called an extension and said, "Dorothy? Are you ready for the Varaki girl?" She listened and hung up. "There'll be a nurse right down, dear. You look like the first thing you need is a good scrubbing and a shampoo."

"The first thing I need is a fix, Fatty."

"Mr. Darmond, the forms are in this envelope. Dr. Foltz said to tell you he's sorry he's tied up."

A solid-looking redheaded nurse with a pugnacious jaw came clacking down the echoing hall. She looked intently at Teena. "Golly, kid, they told me you were going to be a bad one. You got a lightweight habit. Come on, kid."

Teena walked away with her with surprising docility. Only when she was forty feet down the hall did she look back. Her pallid face looked small, and she looked drab and thin beside the white confidence of the nurse.

They went back out to the car. When they turned out onto the highway Paul said, "Pretty rough, weren't you?"

"A guy did it for me once."

"Did what, Jim?"

"The first week I was up there. I was a hot charge. I was wired. Hard, man. One boy named Red took me off the strut. Caught me behind the laundry. Cuffed hell out of me. Proved to me I was a punk. A sixteen-year-old punk. It gives you a better look at yourself. I was doing the same thing. I hope it wasn't too much."

"I don't think it was."

They rode in silence for a few miles. Jimmy said, "Does the city bus come out this way?"

"There's a bus that comes out."

"I wonder if anybody'd kick if I came to see her, after they get her quieted down."

"I don't think they'd mind."

"Her friends are probably on the junk too. They wouldn't go within nine miles of that place. Somebody ought to go see her. Besides her family, I mean."

"Do you think it will help?"

"She was pretty, I bet."

"Very."

It wasn't until he parked in front of the store that Jimmy spoke again. He laughed and said, "It's crazy."

"What is?"

"That's the first girl I've had a chance to talk to in two years."

"This is going to be called a nervous breakdown, Jim."

"Sure. I understand."

They went in and Paul looked up Gus and told him there hadn't been any trouble, and gave him the papers. Gus said he had decided to tell Walter, and Walter could help him with the papers.

Paul knew that Walter would tell Doris. And Doris would, with a delightfully superior sense of her station, suck hungrily at this new horror, seeing not the tragedy of it, seeing it only as a distortion of her own environment, a new flaw that could be used to point up her own purity, using it as a little hammer to drive home more neatly the sharpened tacks that held firm the endless ribbon of her conversation. In a week the whole neighborhood would know what had happened.

Bonny was behind the counter, wearing a pale cardigan and gray slacks. There was no one nearby when he went over to her. She looked up into his face. "Yes?"

"I wonder if I could talk to you. I've got an errand that shouldn't take long. I'll be back in three quarters of an hour. Maybe you'd let me buy you a lunch?"

"You all move in at the same time, don't you?"

"It isn't like that, Bonny."

"What do you think it's like? Didn't they give you a badge you can show me?"

"I want to talk to you," he reapeated stubbornly.

"Actually I don't have any choice, do I?"

"You do. But maybe you'd rather think you don't."

"Parlor psychiatry, Mr. Darmond."

He gave her a remote smile and led her out to the car.

Her attitude had changed. She was still cool, but there was not so much animosity. He closed the car door on her side and went around and got behind the wheel. She took cigarettes out of her purse.

"I'm in a mood to get away from the neighborhood, Bonny. There's a place on the Willow Falls road. You can eat out back on a sort of terrace arrangement."

"All right."

The small coupé trudged sedately through traffic. Once they were out of the city the hills were warm green with June, and the air smelled of growth and damp change. He looked straight ahead, yet in the corner of his eye there was the image of her, the quiet face, the ripe liquid copper of her hair, a burnishment against the green changes of the countryside.

"It's good to get away from it," he said.

"I was trying to remember the last time I walked on a country road," Bonny said. "God! Way back."

"I thought you were going to refuse to come."

He knew she turned toward him but he did not look at her. There was a sudden warm deep sound in her throat. Not a laugh. An almost sly token of amusement. "I wasn't. I went to Gus. I said Rowell was more than enough to take in one week. I asked him to tell you to leave me alone. You know what he did? He grabbed me by the shoulders. His eyes looked like when the gas is turned low. He nearly shook me loose from my teeth. He said I was his daughter and I was of his house, and I would do what he said. He said I would go with you and talk with you and stop making nonsense. It shocked me and it almost scared me. After he settled down I began to get the pitch. I guess you're what is known as a friend of the family, Mr. Darmond."

"Gus is a very loyal guy. And I just . . . did him a favor."

"About Teena? He said something about Teena that I couldn't understand. What's going on there, anyway?"

"I'll tell you after we get some food. The place is just up the road. And call me Paul, will you, please?"

It was a small clean hillside restaurant, with bright colors, starched waitresses, checked tablecloths. There were four tables on the tiny terrace under the shade of vine-covered white latticework. The brook came down busily over brown rocks nearby.

As Paul walked behind Bonny to the farthest table he was aware of the way she walked, of the sway of skirt from the compact trimness of hips, how straight her back rose from the narrowness of the concave waist, how the sheaf of hair swung heavily as she turned to look back at him, one eyebrow raised in question as she gestured toward the table.

"Fine," he said, and held the chair for her.

She looked at the brook, and at the vines overhead, the blue sky showing through. "This *is* nice, Paul."

"I used to bring my wife here when we could afford it."

"You used to bring her?"

"She died over a year ago."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know that."

"There's no reason why you should have known it. I recommend their chicken pie. It has chicken in it."

"Imagine!" And again she made that warm sound in her throat. When her face was alive she was extraordinarily pretty. It was only when she retreated into expressionlessness that there was that look of hardness, of defiant glaze.

They ordered, and as they ate they talked of idle things, staying away from any serious subject as though they had carefully decided it in advance.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Thomas Arihn Karshner got out of bed slowly, standing like a plump red-faced child in his striped pajamas. In the bathroom he ran the brisk humming razor across his red face, the warm head biting off the white stubble with small crisp sounds. He lowered himself gruntingly into the hot tub, soaping the worn sagging body. He toweled himself harshly, brushed the white hair, clothed himself in white nylon underwear, in black silk socks, in handmade cordovan shoes, in a heavy creamy French linen shirt, in muted sapphire cuff links, in deep maroon knit tie, in the pale gray summer-weight suit. From the top of the bureau he took an alligator wallet, a small stack of change, a gold pen,

and a gold key ring and placed them in the proper pockets.

Armed for the day, he phoned down to the desk. There had been two calls. He wrote the two phone numbers on the desk pad, then hung up and used the other telephone for the calls, first closing the small switch in the line that activated it. He paused before dialing the first number. It was not a good number to call from this phone. The world of electronics had made telephones unsafe. He held the phone in his hand, finger motionless in the first hole of the number, then shrugged and dialed the number. A woman answered.

"Karshner speaking," he said.

"Oh, sure. Hold on a sec."

The man came on the line. "Judge, I want to see you."

That's very interesting. If you're eager I shall be finishing my breakfast in forty minutes. I shall be at the Walton Grill, last booth on the left. I can give you five minutes."

The booth was dark-paneled, the table linen sparkling white. The walls between the booths were low. The young girl poured his second cup of coffee. "Thank you, my dear," Karshner said, patting his lips with the heavy napkin. As the girl walked away he saw Brahko coming down the wide aisle between the booths wearing a distressing shirt. He resented having to talk to Brahko, resented any dealing with the more muscular division of the organization. Brahko was dark, and there was a handsome—in fact, almost a noble—look about the upper half of his face. But the chin faded meekly toward the collar and Brahko could cover his large yellow-white teeth only by distorting his lips oddly, like a man about to whistle. And, of course, he wore distressing shirts.

He sat down with a shade too much heartiness. "Good morning, Judge."

"Please don't phone me, Brahko. I don't like it. Who is that woman?"

"Don't get sweaty, Judge. She's all right. She's a good kid."

"Don't phone me. Is that clear?"

"I phoned you when I got this. It was in with the collection this morning. Take a look."

Karshner unfolded the piece of paper, aware that Brahko was watching his face carefully. He did not permit his expression to change as he read it. "The young man is astonishingly literate," Karshner said. "A pleasantly careful young man. You could learn from him, Brahko."

"I figured anything that might foul up the setup, you ought to know about, Judge."

Karshner continued as though he had not been interrupted. "A careful young man up to a point. Aiding the young girl out of her difficulties yesterday was astonishingly stupid. I am afraid he is erratic. I was aware of that when he insisted on the very melodramatic way of enlisting the services of his accomplice. Yet he's been quite effective."

"Can you do anything?"

"Karshner lit a corner of the note and placed it in the glass ash tray. When it had burned away, he puddled the fragments with the end of a burned match.

"You have informed me, Brahko."

"Sure, but are you going to *do* anything?"

"It is unfortunate that one of your . . . ultimate consumers should be a member of the same household. It could attract some unwelcome attention. The young man is quite correct about that. However, his proposed solution is as devious and erratic as his method of acquiring the services of the butcher."

"I don't get it, Judge."

"His own act imperils the operation to a greater extent than the child's addiction. I believe we must consider new methods of wholesale distribution."

"What are you going to *do*?"

"Should the child be cured, Brahko, she will at some point report that our young man took care of her needs. She will also report her other source or sources, but that will not concern us. What does concern us is that our young man is going to receive some unwelcome attention when the child becomes penitent."

Brahko nodded slowly, "I get it. He shouldn't have given her a fix."

"Correct. By doing so, he impaired his value to us, and rendered his own suggestion invalid. The action we take must be more direct. I suspect that it is a matter we can turn over to Guillermo for necessary action."

Brahko stared at him. "Say, like it says in the note, the kid is only seventeen."

"I don't believe that has deterred Guillermo's operations in the past. I believe you should contact him, Brahko. She should be quite pliable. Tell him that it will be wise to hand her over to one of the more distant establishments. Norfolk, Memphis, Jacksonville. And he should induce her to leave a parting message. A plaintive little note. 'Do not try to bring me back.' Guillermo mailed from some distant point."

"She's pretty young."

"Brahko, the softness of your heart astonishes me. Or is it that you hate to lose one of your ultimate consumers?"

"Maybe you ought to check before you make it an order, Judge."

Karshner sat very still for a moment. He looked at Brahko in utter silence until the man shifted uneasily and said, "I just meant that maybe there'd be some other way of—"

"You aren't handling yourself well, Brahko. The phone call. The unknown woman. Your obvious nervousness. You make me wonder how adequately you are performing."

"Judge, I was just—"

"See Guillermo today, Brahko. That's all."

Brahko stood up. Karshner watched him leave, and then signaled to the girl to bring more coffee. He bit the end from his first cigar of the day. He wondered what the young Varaki girl was like, and then forced that thought from his mind. It was much safer to think of them as factors in some vast complicated equation. That young man, Lockter, could be removed just as readily, and no damage done. If they took him in and he talked for ten days to police stenographers, he could not tell them anything that could be construed as evidence against anyone higher up in the organization. Lockter could topple the peddlers, but there were always peddlers. It was the old immutable cycle of supply and demand. If the supply channels collapsed, demand pressure would bump the price back up again to the place where new peddlers would accept the risk.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Over coffee Paul said, with that sudden grin that changed his face, "They call me the Preacher."

"I know," Bonny said. "I'm braced."

"For what?"

"A rehash of my duty to myself, to God, my country, and the Varakis. Pertinent information, courtesy of that little clown Rowell."

"I meddle, Bonny. I get curious about people. I get most curious about them when their masks don't fit well."

"Masks?"

"You make me think of a social lassy trying to play a cheap chippy in a B movie. When you forget the act, you come through better."

"The real me? Goodness gracious!"

"How much college did you have?"

"Three years. Why?"

"Dreams of your name in lights, maybe?"

"You're sharper than you look. Yes. And was told I was talented."

"And you were what is uncommonly known as a good girl?"

She looked down at her hand, clenched in her lap. "A very good girl," she said. "Virginal at nineteen. Dreams of future bliss. It was going to be like floating on fattest pink clouds, when it finally happened. Turned out to be a pretty functional operation. Very sweaty affair, you know."

"Trying to shock me, Bonny?"

"Not particularly."

"Maybe you are. And that would be part of it, too."

"Part of what?"

"A result of that tremendous, ridiculous burden of guilt you're staggering around with."

She made herself look at him. "Guilt? That's an interesting idea. Hmm. Nice plot line."

"Shock me. Shut me out. Any defense you can find. The next step will be to make a large pass. To prove to yourself that you're a tramp at heart and you've proved it and you're going to keep on being one, so there."

"Please shut up!"

I'm going to, Bonny. But first I'm going to tell you a story. A true one. There was a man of thirty in Johnston who lived with his mother. He had an IQ of about seventy, I'd guess. Just a big dumb harmless guy who parked cars for a living. Drove well, too. Most feeble-minded people do. Didn't drink or smoke. Some of his buddies got him drunk one day. For a gag. He went home reeling, got mad at his mother for objecting, and took a punch at her. Just one punch. It happened to kill her. There were enough extenuating circumstances so that he got a short-term manslaughter rap. He went to prison and began to drive the authorities nuts. They couldn't figure out where he was getting it. They watched him. But every few days he'd really tie one on. Reel and stumble around and pass out. Finally some genius gave him a balloon test. Not a damn bit of alcohol in his system. Guilt, Bonny. Drunk on guilt. Labeling himself as a drunk."

She stared at him. "It's not that way. I know what I am. I know damn well what I am."

"No. You don't know what you are. You've selected an arbitrary label. Tramp. I just don't think it's accurate."

"It's not the real me? I see. Actually. I'm the reincarnation of Joan of Arc. I'm full of a suppressed desire to walk barefoot through the dewy fields and talk with the birds."

"If your self-classification was accurate, Bonny, your act would have more unity. Now it's an off-and-on deal."

"Maybe we aren't getting basic enough, Paul. Maybe there's a better question—one that I can ask you. What difference does it make? What's your angle? Maybe it's an act, maybe it isn't. So what?"

"If it's an act, Bonny, then you have to keep your mind on it, and keep your attention away from other people. If it's an act, you're rolling in it, enjoying the pathos and tragedy. It's damn selfish."

"You're out of line. I'm not standing still for that kind of critique."

She stood up. He looked at her with an entirely different expression. "Sit down, Bonny."

"Listen, I—"

"Sit down. I wasn't concerned with your welfare. Teena adored Henry. He's gone. What was left for her? A grieving old man. A bewildered young wife. A pregnant nag.

A sour brother. Old Anna. Vern Lockter. And you. But you were too busy with yourself to see loneliness even, much less try to do anything. So you share it with the rest of them. A new load of guilt, Bonny. I think if you'd tried to understand her situation and make a friend of her after Henry was killed, I wouldn't have had to take her to a sanitarium this morning for a cure for drug addiction. You were too damn wound up in your own petty little torment to see a real hell shaping up right in front of you. And if Teena comes back into an unchanged household, Bonny, that cure is going to be only temporary. I want you there, and I want you straightened out and through playing your stupid game with yourself when she gets out. And while she's away, you can practice on the new kid, Jimmy Dover. He's a good kid, but he's going to need some kind of prop. Somebody to help hold him up. Don't flatter yourself that I'm fingering your little illusions because I'm trying to do you good. I'm trying to help Teena because she needs it more than you do or ever will."

When he stopped talking the brook noise seemed too loud. It made a sound in her ears like the sound heard before fainting. She saw herself, for one long shattering moment, with cruel objectivity. Saw all the self-pity, the blinded selfishness, the self-dramatization. Those hours Friday when she had sat alone in her room and heard the bus sounds had seemed so filled with a torment that was bittersweet. It had been, she saw, merely an exercise in ego, another scene in the long drama of self.

"Dear God," she said softly.

"We better leave," he said.

He drove a mile farther along the road and pulled off where the shoulder was wide. "I should get back," she said.

"That walk in the country you talked about might help a bit. Monday is slow, isn't it? Jana can handle it."

She got out dutifully, still feeling numbed and shocked. There was a path that curved up and around the shoulder of a small hill. She walked ahead of him on the narrow path. Beyond the hill was a jumbled pile of dull gray glacial rocks, bushel-sized and sun-warmed. She sat on one. He gave her a cigarette and then sat on the moist ground, his back against the rock she sat on. She looked at the whorl of hair at the crown of his head, at the gray hairs in the sunlight. The highway was not in sight. There was a distant farm, some fence rows of trees.

"Poor damn kid," she said. "I've seen them. I could have been one, I guess. I tried it once. I was sick for days from it. An allergy, I guess."

"You were sort of trying to . . . blot yourself out, weren't you?"

"I guess so. Lose identity. Lose everything."

"That can be a strong compulsion."

"Henry brought me out of it, even when I didn't want to come out of it. I didn't want the pain of being alive and having to think and know."

"What started it?"

"A guy. I looked at him and I didn't see what he was. I saw what I wanted him to be. And he wasn't. He had no more thought of marrying me than of flying like a big bird. But don't think I went around bleeding on account of that. I got him out of my system, but in the process I got myself all mixed up."

"Teena won't talk yet. She will, eventually. I keep wondering how much guilt is mixed up with other things. How about Vern Lockter? Do you think he could have helped push her over the edge?"

"I don't know. I know the type. A very sharp apple. Very aware of himself. I saw the way he looked at me at first and I waited for the pass. It didn't come, for some reason. Offhand, I'd say no. But that's only a hunch. I mean if he didn't want to get tied up with me in any way, I guess it would have been more from caution than anything else. I'm his type, I'd imagine. If it was caution, that would go double with Teena, wouldn't it? But isn't he one of your wards? How come the suspicions, Paul?"

"I just have a feeling it's not working out. Maybe his mask doesn't quite fit, either."

"Don't start that again," she said mildly.

"Still sore?"

"No, Paul. But I want to think. I want to do an awful lot of thinking. Because I can sense all the resistance I have to that guilt-mask idea of yours. Too much resentment. So much that maybe it's true. And I want to think it out and see if it is true."

"And if it is?"

"Maybe you've finished what Henry started. A very thankless process of putting the girl back on her own two legs. But no matter what, there are still a lot of bad dreams you can't forget."

"Don't enjoy thinking of how bad the dreams are."

"You know too damn much, Paul."

"I don't know enough. Yet."

She stood up and moved a bit away from the rock so she could look down at him. She saw the way he looked up at her, and saw the way his mouth changed in that first look of awareness of her as something desirable. It was something she did not want to see, particularly at that time, especially from Paul Darmond. To cover her own momentary confusion she awkwardly put her hand out to help him up and said, "Rise and shine, you parlor philosopher. I've got to go to work."

His hand was hard and warm, and she made a mock show of tugging him to his feet. He stood and he did not release her hand. With his other hand he cautiously, gingerly touched the bright sheaf of her hair, smoothing it tenderly back from her temple, cupping then her cheek warmly with the hand's hardness, bending and kissing her lips while she stood, making no sign or movement, stood with a stillness all about her and in her heart as if she listened to something far away.

And, with sudden self-hate, with a kind of tortured despair, she pulled at him and thrust her body insolently against him and widened her lips, burlesquing desire and feeling only a deadness within herself. He pushed her away and his eyes had gone narrow. His hand came up and she stood, awaiting the blow. He held his hand poised for a moment, then scrubbed the back of it against his mouth. She watched his anger go away quickly.

"Why did you do that?" he asked in a quiet voice.

"Isn't that the reaction you wanted?" Her anger came quickly, shaking her. "You, you're so damn brilliant! What *do* you want? Something winsome? Should I blush and simper, for God's sake? What difference does it make to me? Take anything you want. The merchandise is free. This is a nice handy place. If you want something quick and al fresco I'll be glad to—"

She didn't hear the slap. It came as a hard red explosion inside her head. She saw the flick of his hand. She stumbled sideways and caught herself. The sharp sting made her eyes water and she looked at him, shocked. He stood, calm and tired-looking, watching her with a certain remote curiosity.

She ran by him, ran down the path toward the road. As she reached the road she slowed down. She stood still for a moment and then crossed and got into the car. She looked out at the fields on that side of the road. She heard the scuff of his shoe on asphalt. The door latch clicked and the car tilted a bit under his weight. The car door chunked shut. She saw his hand as he reached across her knees and punched the glove-compartment button with his finger. It fell open and she saw the blue and white of the box of tissue in there.

She reached in and took several and shut the glove compartment. He started the motor and said, "Cry or don't cry. But don't sit there and sniffle."

"Shut up."

The tires squeaked as he U-turned on the narrow road. He spoke in a quiet conversational tone. "I've been trying to figure it out. I mean the original kiss. I suppose part of it is due to the body making its normal demands. I haven't touched a woman since Betty died. And another part is due to the way your hair looked in the sun. That's a fine color with gray eyes. You're a handsome woman."

"Dig, dig, dig. Poke and pry. Why do you have to take everything apart? And why all the damn fuss about a kiss, anyway?"

"It was an improbable act, that's all. It startled me."

"Good God!"

"It was perhaps subject to misinterpretation."

"The Preacher!"

"The Preacher. That's right. Sociology with overtones. I'm of the opinion, Bonny, that it's all just a mass application of moral codes that are constantly in a state of flux. But in any time, in any race, there are certain standards. Humility, decency, generosity. We all have some of that in varying amounts. And we've all got the reverse side of the coin, too. Fear, loneliness, evil."

She dropped the balled tissue out the window. "How much of those first three things does your pal Rowell have?"

"A good amount, actually. He has just oversimplified his thinking. There's the good guys and the bad guys. In his book you're one of the bad guys, Bonny. If you should go for a walk in the evening alone, he might very possibly pick you up for soliciting. And they'd find a five-dollar bill in your purse with the corner torn off, and one of his boys would swear that he gave it to you. And it wouldn't bother him a bit that it was faked. You're one of the bad guys, so anything goes. Could you take that?"

She hunched her shoulders. The day suddenly seemed cold. "I don't know. I don't know if I could take that."

"He thinks I'm some kind of a crackpot. Once a crook, always a crook. He says he can almost tell them by looking at them. Like all successful cops, he has a group of informants. He despises them. He shakes and gouges and bullies the information out of them. But they have a grudging respect for him because he never betrays a source, and never breaks his word, once it's given."

"And he's kind to dogs and children," Bonny said bitterly.

"He's a working cop. He's a club society uses to protect itself. A weapon."

"And it's all right with you if he goes around framing people? If he arrested me the way you said?"

"I'd go over his head and get you out of it."

Then be careful crossing streets, Paul. Because I couldn't take that."

"Yesterday you couldn't. Tomorrow you can."

"Is that your handiwork?"

"Isn't it?"

"Just leave me alone, Paul. Just leave me alone."

He parked in front of the market and turned so that he faced her. He had one

arm resting along the back of the seat.

"Bonny, I act more confident than I feel. It's a habit, I guess. I've tried to act as though slapping you across the chops was excusable. It wasn't. I'm very sorry."

"It's all right. I needed it."

"You didn't need it, Bonny. I'd like to see you . . . nonprofessionally."

"Remember the old joke, Paul? Your profession or mine?"

"Is that an answer?"

"I'd like to see you. I'd like to go out there again."

When she was in the market she turned and looked back. He was just starting the car. He grinned. She raised her hand half timidly.

Jana said, "Gee, I'm glad you're back."

"Give me a minute to change, huh?"

Bonny went up to the third-floor room and closed the door and leaned against the closed door for a moment. There was no sense to it. It was absurd that at this moment she should feel more alive, more vibrantly alive than at any time in too many years. Steady on, girl. Easy, there. Don't start hunting that old myth again, because it always drops you hard.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The place was called Artie's Dayroom, and, except for the fish, it was a very ordinary place. It was a single narrow room with a sturdy dark bar, six plywood booths, twelve unanchored bar stools, a vast turbulent jukebox, framed licenses, a framed dollar bill, a simple liquor stock, a large beer trade . . . and the fish.

Vern took another sip of his drink. He turned and looked through the glass of the door. The street gleamed wet in the night rain, and green neon across the street was reflected against the shiny black. It was a night to nurse a drink. It was a night to sit and feel a funny knot in your middle. This thing had, all at once, got out of hand. He sat relaxed on the stool. He could hear a woman behind him, snapping her fingers over the music beat. He thought of the packed jars, nested in the tamped earth.

At three minutes of ten Vern picked up his change, leaving half a buck for Artie, and said, "See you."

"Folding early, kid?" Artie asked.

"Long day," Vern said. He made himself move slowly. He felt all knotted up inside. The rain had stopped. He turned right and walked in the direction he had been told, thinking of how it could be a setup, of how it could be a nice neat way of protecting the list of peddlers, of how he could be meat for the quick identifying spotlight and the short burst that would tear him apart inside. But they didn't like it rough any more. Now things were legitimate, with the syndicates settling disputes over area and territory. If they decided you were a handicap, it was a lot easier to wire your ankles to a cement block and put you in forty feet of water.

Out of the corner of his left eye he saw the black gleam of the car hood. He didn't turn. The voice said, "Lockter!"

He turned then and crossed over to the car door. The front door of the sedan opened. No interior lights went on and he noted that and guessed they had been disconnected. The dash glowed faintly green. The Judge was behind the wheel. Lockter realized he'd never seen the Judge driving a car before.

He got in and pulled the door shut. He was aware of somebody behind him in the back seat, and as the Judge drove on, Vern started to turn to look back.

"Eyes front," the Judge said softly.

"Sure." Vern told himself that this was no time to gabble. Let them do the talking. Act calm. He lit a cigarette. They turned into a run-down residential section where the street lights were widely spaced, and parked where it was dark. The Judge turned off the lights, left the motor on. It was barely audible.

Vern made his hand slow as he lifted the cigarette to his lips. He took a deep drag, snapped the butt out the wing window toward the unseen sidewalk. He realized then it was a one-way street, and that no car could head toward them, throw headlight beams into the dark sedan.

"Have a busy day, Lockter?" the Judge asked.

"I certainly did."

"You started out with that idiotic note."

"O.K. I was wrong. I admit that."

"Not so much wrong as stupid. Say it."

"I was stupid."

The Judge said softly, "Mr. Darmond had a busy day. Rowell had some of his people pick up the kids the Varaki girl ran around with. One of the boys implicated two pushers. The Varaki girl is in a private sanitarium. Shadowlawn. Run by Foltz. I think, Lockter, you can read what is written on the wall."

"I guess so. The old cycle. When the cure starts to take she'll get religion. Then she'll say I got her some stuff. Then they'll land on me. I'll do more time."

"They'll want to know where you got it."

"So I tag one of the pushers they've already picked up."

"And that's all?"

"Sure. That's all, Judge. Why should I give them more than that?"

"Because you happen to possess information that can be traded. Lockter, for personal freedom. Understand, it won't do any more than inconvenience us. But we don't like being inconvenienced. The stuff is rolling in smoothly, and will keep on coming in smoothly. To guarantee continuity of supply, we can't cut our standing order. And if we can't distribute, that means a lot of money tied up in stocks that won't move until a new distribution setup is arranged."

"I . . . see what you mean. If you want me to take a fall, O.K. But she won't talk for maybe ten days, two weeks. I could run."

"We don't like that either."

Vern heard his own voice go shrill. "Well, what the hell do you want me to do?"

He half heard a shifting behind him, and he managed not to glance back in his sudden panic.

"Don't get nervous, Vern," the Judge said softly.

"I'm not nervous."

"You should be, Vern. We talked about you today. We can't risk trying to take that girl out of Shadowlawn. It could be done, perhaps, but it isn't a good gamble. We'd be very stupid to trust you, Vern, because we haven't got enough of a handle on you. You're too erratic to be trusted, in any case. Then we discussed killing you. That could be done with minimal risk. I'm sure you can see that."

"Now wait, I . . ."

"But that would leave your friend Stussen in possession of as much inconvenient information as you have. We could make your death look accidental. But two fatal accidents compound risk. I assure you, we are not being melodramatic. This is a matter of business. We realize now that your rather dramatic distribution system was a mistake. We should have kept our . . . normal methods. Now this will be an intelligence test, Lockter. What do you think we would like you to do?"

"My God, I don't—"

"Think, Vern. Think hard."

Vern lit a cigarette, noting that his hands shook. The back of his neck felt cool. He did not like the way the Judge had made him feel young, stupid, unimportant. He thought back over the bewildering conversation. He said, thinking aloud, "You think you need more of a handle on me. And you think Stussen isn't of any use any more on account of . . . I guess you've decided to give up the delivery system."

"Correct. You're doing splendidly."

"Then I guess maybe you want me to kill Rick Stussen."

"There's a certain promise to you, son. Under stress you can think quite constructively. You do that and then we'll be happy to trust you to take a fall for supplying the girl and not attempt a trade. I would say that in view of your previous record, three years would be a reasonable sentence. Three years and a guarantee of employment when you are released. If you bungle the killing, no information you can give them will keep you from at least a life sentence. We, of course, would like to have evidence of premeditation."

"What do you mean?"

The Judge turned on the dash lights, took a small notebook and a pencil from his pocket. "I'll dictate and you write, Vern. I think if you lean close to the dash lights, you can see well enough."

"Look, I don't—"

"Come now, Vern. This is just good procedure. Date it, please, at the top. Go ahead. That's fine. The salutation should be—let me see now . . . 'Darling baby.' That's certainly anonymous enough. Here's the message. 'Maybe I'm wrong, but I meant what I said last night about that Rick Stussen. He's too damn dumb to live. Don't worry about me. I'm going to figure some way to kill him so they'll never catch me. Burn this note, baby. I trust you. It would look like hell in court, wouldn't it? Ha-ha! Same place, same time tomorrow night, baby. All my love.' Now sign it 'Vern.' Thank you, son." The pad was taken out of his hand. The Judge examined it. "Glad you didn't try to disguise your handwriting. You gave us a sample this morning, you know."

Vern felt a coldness inside him. One thing was perfectly obvious: With that note in existence, he would not dare kill Stussen. They couldn't trap him that way. So pretend agreement, and make plans, and run like hell. Run to where they'd never find him. With that decision made, confidence began to seep back into him.

"Now, Vern," said the Judge, "let us just review your possible courses of action. One, you kill Stussen skillfully. Then you are picked up for supplying heroin to the Varaki girl and this note in our files guarantees your loyalty to us, because if you talk, the note will be sent to the authorities and the Stussen affair will be reopened. Two, you bungle the Stussen killing and you are picked up for it. You will still keep silent because this note, showing premeditation, will guarantee your electrocution. Three, you try to run for it. One of our people will kill Stussen and we will send the note in and let the authorities help us run you down. No matter who finds you first, our people or the law, you will quite certainly die. I think we can safely say, Vern, in the vernacular, that this note wraps you up."

If I don't bungle it, and do my time without talking, do I get the note back?"

"I'm sorry, my boy. There's no statue of limitations on murder. The note will be kept in a safe place. It could be considered a form of contract for your future services. A business asset."

Vern thought of all the implications for three long seconds and then, moving very quickly, stabbed his hand out at the pocket where the Judge had placed the notebook. His fingertips barely touched the fabric when

he was slugged from behind. rapped sharply over the left ear. It was done skillfully. He spiraled down through grayness to the very edge of unconsciousness and then came slowly back up to the real world of the car and the dim dash lights and the darkness. He bent forward, his hand cupping the throbbing place over his ear, his stomach moving uneasily in nausea.

"We'll let you out here, Vern," the Judge said. "Today is Monday. Make this week's deliveries. You'll have to take care of Stussen before next Monday. Monday morning leave the collection in the usual place. But there'll be no more deliveries, of course. That means you'll have between now and next Saturday night to plan how you'll arrange the matter of Stussen. It should occur Saturday night or Sunday."

"Want to tell me exactly when, where, and how?" Vern asked bitterly.

"I've never cared a great deal for sarcasm," the Judge said.

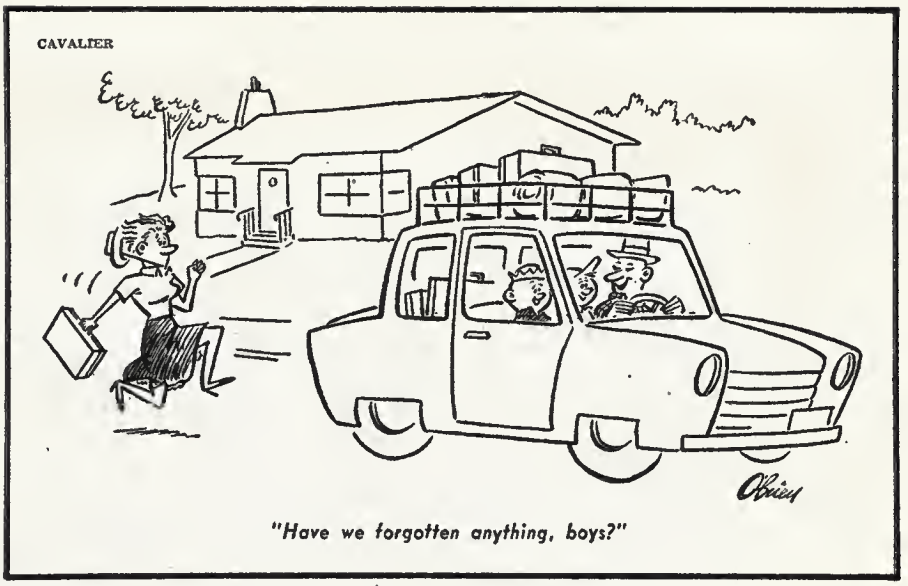
Vern got out of the car. It rolled smoothly away and, forty yards up the street, the Judge turned the lights on. Vern walked for a little way, and then he was sick. He supported himself with one hand against a tree. He wiped his lips with his handkerchief and threw it over a hedge into a small yard. His heels made empty sounds in the street. It was always the same. One slip, one impulse, and they came in on you. Impulse to fix the kid up. Impulse to take over and suggest a course of action. One slip and they had you. No more the soft-stepping, the slick cat-foot silences, the secret ways. No more. The money there, tamped in dirt. No good. Paper. Use it and all the Rowells moved in. Where did you get it? How did you get it? No more escape.

Unless . . .

He stopped. The city night was like soft movement around him. Unless. And that was the one thing that would make the note valueless. He wondered why he had forgotten. Someone had to kill Stussen violently and in anger and with an utter carelessess of consequence, and with a perfect willingness to confess the crime. The old man had the shoulder meat from hoisting ten thousand crates of food, ten thousand sides of beef. The old man had anger. Anger now at what had happened to Teena. Anger at what could happen to Jana. Jana, unused wife, feeling the shifting subtle torment of the body's demands, while the old man dreamed of a lost son and now would dream of a daughter equally lost. Jana, moving in ancient instinctual patterns, most vulnerable because of that lingering Old World tradition of submission. And he sensed how it could be done.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

At seven o'clock Tuesday evening, during the long June twilight, the store was closing. Walter locked the door as the last customer, a small boy with a loaf of bread, left and went behind the counter to help Bonny cash up. Rick was rearranging the meat case. taking some of the items into the cooler. Dover, the new boy, was filling the trash cans in the back behind the storeroom and lugging them around one by one to the curb out front for early-morning collection. Gus was working on the vegetables in the display case, snipping off wilted leaves with his thumbnail, picking out the spoiled tomatoes and tossing them into a small broken hamper that Dover would place out front. Jana had swept out and she stood in the left side of the display window taping to the inside of the windows the signs Walter had lettered indicating specials for tomorrow. The truck had driven in from the last delivery and Vern Lockter was tossing a few empty cartons into the storeroom. Everyone worked doggedly and silently. In past years the time of closing had been a good part of the day. Jokes and a few cans of beer opened and talk about the day's business. But on this Tuesday night there was no talk. Just the low murmur of Walter and Bonny, checking the tape and machine totals, the wet splash of spoiled tomatoes, the click-chunk of the cooler door, the faint acid buzzing of the neon.



"Have we forgotten anything, boys?"

Jana stepped down out of the window and straightened the display she had moved aside. The day was done. The long evening was ahead of her, a long tunnel with a promise of restless sleep at the far end of it.

At seven-thirty they were finished and they left the store, leaving the night light on. The big table was set in the kitchen. With Dover taking Teena's place, there was the same number as before, seven. Gus and Jana, Walter and Doris, Vern, Rick, and Jimmy. Anna never ate with them. She ate after the others had finished, and while they ate she would plod from stove to table, clinking the cupboard dishes, serving slowly, expressionlessly. The food was plain and heavy. Jana looked along the table. Vern had just come downstairs. He did not eat with them as consistently as Rick Stussen, and when he did eat with them he was usually late coming to the table, as he spent quite a bit of time dressing for the evening. Tonight he was still in work clothes, though he had changed to a fresh T shirt.

Doris said, acid-sweet, "What happened to the fashion plate? Losing your touch, Vern?"

"Going to rearrange some stock to make more room to make up the orders." Vern looked over at Jana. "You make up a lot of the orders. How about coming out, after, and seeing what you think of the idea?"

"Sure," Jana said.

Gus had eaten with his usual galloping haste. He stood up, still chewing, dropped his balled napkin on his plate, mumbled something almost inaudible, and left the kitchen to go to the living room and spend his usual three hours staring blindly at the television screen.

Doris said, "What makes *him* so gay tonight?"

"Lay off, will you?" Walter said.

"Oh, certainly. Lay off. The precious little darling of his had to go take a cure, and who around here gives a damn about how I feel? Does anybody ever worry about me? You'd never know around here I was going to give him a grandchild."

Walter put his fork down and said evenly, "Shut up."

"You don't give a damn, do you?" She banged her coffee cup down. "You know what I want from you, Mr. Nasty? I want you to take me to a movie, much as it hurts you. And I want you wearing a necktie and a coat. I'm not going with you again looking like a slob."

Walter sighed and picked up his fork. "O.K., O.K. A movie. Anything."

"The show at the Central looks good," Bonny said. They all looked at her. They had learned to accept her quiet silences, and it was a faint shock to have her volunteer information.

Walter said tentatively, "You want to come, maybe?"

"If you don't mind, either of you."

"That would be swell, Bonny," Doris said, with more warmth than the situation called for, and then immediately blushed. Stussen walked in to sit and look at the television.

"Maybe Jimmy would like to come along too?" Bonny said.

The boy blushed. "Sure, I'd like to."

Vern finished his pie, lit a cigarette, and said, "Want to go to work now, Jana?"

"Sure."

She walked ahead of him down the steps from the kitchen and along the narrow shed passageway to the one door of the store that was left unlocked because it could be reached only through the kitchen. The market was dark except for the red neon ring around the wall clock. The long self-service counters were shadowy.

They went into the storeroom. Vern kicked a box out of the way and turned on the single bulb. The light was harsh.

He said, "See how it's cramped in here? Now those cases of number-ten cans of juice don't move fast. And they aren't stacked high enough. I figure if we stack them high along that wall, it'll give us more room to work in, and I won't have such a hell of a job sorting the orders and loading them right. What do you think?"

"I guess it's all right, Vern."

"O.K. I'll do it. Stick around and see what you think."

"Let me help."

"You don't have to, Jana."

"I don't mind lifting."

She helped him stack the cases. She could not reach the highest row, so she stood aside and watched him swing them easily up and

shove them in place. They sorted by brand, so there would be no need to pull out a case in the middle of one of the stacks. She leaned against the wall by the light and watched the play of his back muscles under the T shirt, watched the cording of his arms. She felt as though, in spite of the length of time he had lived there, she had never known him. There was a funny remoteness about him. Sort of like Bonny, and yet not remote in the same way. But Bonny was acting different lately.

"There!" he said, dusting his hands together.

"It makes a lot more room." Near the corner was a long low row of other cases. She said, "How about those?"

"They can stay as they are for now, hey?"

He turned off the light and she turned toward the doorway and ran into his arm. For a moment she didn't realize that what he had done was brace his right hand against the wall. It confused her to be blocked in that way.

"What are you doing?" she asked, speaking low because of the darkness. She tried to duck under his arm, but he lowered it. She turned the other way and found she was trapped there, between his arms. It scared her that he didn't speak.

She knocked his right arm out of the way and plunged toward the dark doorway. Just as she reached the doorway, his hands came around her from behind, pulling her back against him, holding her there. She knew she should fight him, should struggle and call out. But his hands on her started a trembling that seemed to come up from her knees, a weak trembling that held her there, head bowed, pulled back hard against him as he dropped his lips to the side of her neck, nuzzling her neck, breathing into her hair. He pulled her slowly back into the dark storeroom, moving her, turning her slowly. The edge of the low stack of cartons cut the backs of her calves and she went down slowly, taking great shuddering breaths, feeling as if, under her warm skin, all her flesh and bone and muscle had turned to a warm helpless fluid. He was harsh with her, and it was over quickly.

She lay in darkness and heard him move about the room. Her breathing was beginning to slow when the harsh light came on, shocking her into a dazed scrambling. She sat up. He stood by the light switch tapping a cigarette out of the pack. The overhead light gave him a black and white look, like a sharp photograph.

"Stop your damn sniffling," he said quietly. And she realized that was the first he had spoken since turning off the light. It made the tears come faster, but she tried to stop the crying sound. He was looking at her as if he hated her. It was as if he had punished her, had wanted to hurt her.

"You . . . shouldn't have."

"Me? *I* shouldn't have? Honey, you don't want to start putting the blame off on me. It seemed to me like it was both of us, Jana."

"If Gus ever finds out, he'll—"

"I imagine he could be a rough old guy about something like this. Figuring on telling him?"

"No. Oh, no!" She felt dulled and sated. He seemed to be standing a long way off, at the far end of some enormous echoing room. It seemed to take vast effort to stand up. She smoothed the crumpled skirt with the palms of her hands, combed at her ruffled hair with her fingers. He tapped ashes from his cigarette on the storeroom floor.

"We can arrange this better next time," he said.

"No. I don't want to do it again, Vern."

"You did once. What difference does it make now? One time or forty times. It adds up to the same thing, doesn't it? You liked it. So we'll arrange it better next time. I've got it figured out. I know the mornings the old guy leaves at four to go to the farmers' market. He went this morning. He goes Thursday. He goes on Saturday. I'll see you about four-thirty Thursday."

"Not there. Not in our room."

"Keep your voice down, damn it. You can't come up on the third floor. I know how to walk like a cat, honey. How can we miss?"

"I won't do it!"

"You will, Jana, because if you don't, I'm going to do a little heavy-handed hinting about you rubbing up against me, and I don't know how long I can hold out. And I won't hint to the old man. I'll hint to Doris and let her carry the ball."

He dropped the cigarette and put his heel on it.

"You wouldn't do that."

"Yes, I would."

"But you act like you . . . hate me or something. Why do you want to do that?"

"Why shouldn't I want to come see you Thursday morning? My God, I'm normal. And you're a very pleasant bundle, honey."

She walked by him, not speaking. She heard him click off the storeroom light and follow her. He caught up with her, casually, in the shed passageway, put his arm around her, pinched the flesh of her waist hard between his fingers and the heel of his hand.

"Thursday, then?"

She made a faint sound of agreement. She felt shamed, as though she could never look anyone squarely in the eyes again. Anna was sitting alone at the big table, eating. She gave them a stolid glance and shoveled another forkful between the slow-moving jaws.

Jana went in and sat in the living room. Three girls in shorts were tap-dancing in unison on the TV screen. Jana looked at Gus's stone face. His hands, half curled, rested on his massive thighs. She watched for a time and then made herself go over and kiss Gus lightly on the lips before going up to bed. She took a bath as hot as she could bear it, lowering herself inch by inch into the steaming water, toweling herself harshly afterward until her skin tingled and glowed.

She went to bed, yawning in the darkness, lying loose-bodied in the darkness, trying not to think about it and trying not to think about Thursday morning when she would be alone in darkness, as she was now, and the door would open with stealth and she would hear him softly crossing the room toward her marriage bed. Yet just thinking about that spiraled an expectant excitement within her. And the expectancy heightened her sense of guilt and sense of shame, because she knew that she would welcome him. As he said, it was done. And if it were done again, it would make no difference. It had happened, and after all, it was Gus's fault. What did he expect? For her to stop being woman because he stopped being a man? It was his fault. All his fault. And Vern didn't hate her. He had only acted that way because he was odd and shy and perhaps frightened. And he would never hint to Doris. That had just been a threat. When you looked at it squarely, it was Gus's fault. They would be very careful. Nothing would happen. They would not be caught. Gus did not want her. Vern did. It would be all right. And she was not to blame, not for any of it.

She fought the guilt, feeling that she chased it back into a remote corner of her mind. It hid there, out of sight.

She felt the sleep coming. She felt it roll up against her, deep and black. A sleep like none she had felt in months. She felt as though, with each exhalation, she sank a bit deeper into the warm bed. There was no tension in her. She floated down and down into the soothing blackness.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

It was on Wednesday that Bonny knew she was becoming aware of those around her on some other basis than their relationship to her. She had spent long hours since the lunch with Paul Darmond, going over and over what he had said to her, trying in every way to discount the sharpness of the scalpel.

Preoccupation with self had been a comforting insulation. You could hide within self, and look out of a narrow place at the world, the way an animal might crouch and be aware only of those who passed by and showed any interest in the cave's darkness.

Paul had roughly stripped away the insulation and left the nerve ends shrill. She needed the warmth and comfort of the cave, but he had made it impossible for her to return.

It was like learning to live again. Years had been spent in the dim cave. Now she had come out of the dark place, had, rather, been hauled out physically, and stood naked in a bright place peopled with those she had been aware of only one-dimensionally.

On Wednesday morning in the bath she stood with her foot on the edge of the tub, drying neatly between her toes, and she stopped and looked at the slim ivory of her foot, examining herself in new awareness. This was the body that, in all justice, should have recorded faithfully the crumbled years. Yet the body had no look of violent use, and there was neither justice nor fairness in that. The firm, almost virginal look of her was like a taunt. Like a gift given in contempt. Thus, in giving it again, it would be something she had neither saved nor nurtured. And thus a gift of little value to the giver. She had seen the familiar shifting unrest in his eyes, and she felt again the warmth of his hand as it cupped her face. She slipped into her robe and belted it closely around the body that suddenly felt flushed and aware of him.

Jana was alone at the big table in the kitchen when she arrived. Anna nodded to her and expressionlessly cracked two more eggs into the frying pan.

"Good morning," Bonny said. "It's a lovely day."

Jana seemed to become only gradually aware that she was no longer alone. She looked blankly at Bonny and at last smiled, almost shyly. She seemed to come back from a far place that was not pleasant to her.

"Is anything wrong?" Bonny asked.

Jana, surprisingly, flushed. "No, there isn't anything wrong," she said too insistently. "Nothing at all."

Anna set the juice glass and the breakfast plate down in front of Bonny. She set them down heavily. Jimmy Dover came quickly in and said, "I guess I'm sort of late."

"Walter won't open up for another ten minutes," Bonny told him. She turned to Jana. "Are we the last?"

Jana blushed again. "Vern and Doris aren't down yet."

Her statement puzzled Bonny. There was no point in mentioning Doris. She never got up before ten. As she ate she examined Jana more carefully. Even in her pre-occupation with herself, she had been remotely aware that Jana had acted restless and discontented for the last few months, while the old man had been lost in the cold remoteness of his grief for his son. Now the constant blushings gave Jana a look of rosiness, almost of soft contentment.

Vern came down with his automatic smile and his look of composure. And Bonny saw Jana blush again and conspicuously avoid

looking at Vern. Bonny, witb her new clarity and awareness, covertly studied Vern. A very cold and very handsome young man. And with, about him, a faint warning note of danger. A sleek young man, and a young woman of a husky ripeness, and an old man whom death had turned vague.

It was a situation so trite that it seemed almost implausible to her.

It's none of my business, she told herself. Tbeir dangerous little game is nothing that concerns me. Yet even as she told herself she should not be concerned, she seemed to feel the presence of Paul Darmond close behind her, see even a mocking accusation in his eyes. No man is an island unto himself. Sbe could tell herself that in return for their taking her in, she had given them work. Service in return for warmth. Yet in return for warmth, perhaps warmth itself is the only acceptable currency.

She watched Jana get up and go around the table, taking her plate over to the counter. Bonny saw Jana turn and hesitate and then take the big coffee pot from the stove and carry it over and fill Vern's cup. She saw the flick of Vern's eyes up at her pink face. Vern was alone on the far side of the table. She saw his shoulder move a bit and saw tbe sbudder that went through Jana. Saw the shudder and the stillness and the eyes go half closed as the black stream of the coffee slid beyond the cup rim to splash in the saucer. Jana took the pot back to the stove and Vern looked coolly across at Bonny, meeting her glance, raising one eyebrow in an expression both quizzical and triumphant.

It was a male look that she bad seen many times before.

And she knew, seeing it, that she would talk to Jana—that the talk would be awkward, perhaps vicious, most probably ineffectual, but talk sbe would. For a thing like this could end in that ultimate violence. And tbis house had seen enough of violence.

She knew that there would be no chance until evening. She took over the cash register as the store opened, taking tbe currency and change from the brown canvas sack and counting it into the drawer. Gus Varaki did the day's tasks like a sleepwalker. Rick Stussen cut meat deftly, thin blade flashing as he sharpened it, cleaver cbunking the block, scraps plopping wetly into the box by tbe block. Walter worked in a morose silence. During mid-morning Doris paid one of ber rare visits to the store to get a pack of cigarettes. Her manner was that of a princess forced to visit the kitcbens to complain about the service. Bonny was startled by the look Walter gave her as she walked back toward the shed passageway. Walter looked at his wife with a fury that made his mouth tremble.

Bonny began to watch him more closely. It was odd to come out of a selfish trance and see, so clearly, the forces of violence surrounding her. Teena first, and now Jana, and soon, perhaps, Walter.

One of the wholesale houses made the usual cash delivery at two o'clock. The delivery man was stooped and gaunt, witb a collapsed-looking mouth.

"Can you give me my thirty-two bucks, Red? Or we gotta whistle for Walter?"

Walter came from across the store. He took the bill and studied it, went behind the cash register, and rang up $32.12 paid out and morosely counted out the money. "You eaten yet, Bonny?"

"I haven't had a chance yet."

"I'll get Jana off those phone orders. Go on in and eat."

Bonny was back on the job at two-tbirty. During a lull at three o'clock she checked her totals, found an additional fifty dollars rung up as paid out. That checked roughly with the dwindled size of the cash stacks. She tbought no more about it until a customer paid with a rare two-dollar bill. As she did not want to leave it in the regular cash section of the drawer, where it might be paid out in error as a five or a ten, she put it in the compartment with the receipted bills. Something about that compartment left her with a distant creeping of suspicion. As soon as she had a chance she looked again. There was no longer a receipted bill for $32.12. There was a receipted bill for $82.12. Tbe penciled three had been turned deftly into an eight, and a five written in front of an item of less than ten dollars. The alteration would stand a casual glance, but when she looked at it closely she could see the alteration had been made with a softer pencil than tbe one used to make out the original bill. She stared at it closely and then turned, with the altered receipted bill in her hand, and looked across the store. Walter was standing beyond one of the racks, looking directly at her, standing without movement and looking into her eyes. Tbere was a stub of red pencil in his teeth. She put the bill back in the compartment and made herself turn away slowly, casually. The register would balance. The fifty paid out would match the amount the bill had been increased.

It gave her an instantaneous re-evaluation of Walter Varaki. She had thought of him as a wife-soured man, working dutifully at a job he did not care for, in order to help his father. A meek, submissive, hag-ridden man wbose life was colorless.

Yet it must have been he who had stolen. It could not bave been anyone else. Certainly not Jana. And not Gus, stealing from himself. Rick Stussen never touched the cash register. It could, of course, have been the new boy, but tbat was improbable. He would not have been in the store alone. He would not, as yet, know the routines well enough. Vern was still out on delivery.

It had to be Walter, and this could not be the first time.

She saw the ramifications of the act. Discovery of shortages would point invariably at her, at Vern, and at Jimmy Dover. Of the three of them, she was the logical choice. It frigbtened her. There was one person to turn to, and quickly. Paul Darmond would know wbat she should do, and yet . . . She began to think of the old man. One son dead. One son a thief. His daughter a drug addict. Hls wife faithless. Could a man stand that? And she realized anew tbat she was thinking now of someone else, thinking of the effect of circumstance upon another, rather than upon herself. And it gave her a strange warm pride to think she was now capable of this—a pride in herself and a feeling of gratitude to Paul Darmond.

The day ended and the store closed and the meal was eaten by all the people with tbeir closed faces and their inward-looking eyes. An old house, and a high-ceilinged kitchen, and in the air a stale smell of regret and fear and lust.

She caught Jana on the stairs. "Could you come on up to my room for a minute?"

Jana looked at her curiously. "What do you want? I got to change my shoes. Tbese are hurting me."

"There's something I want to ask you, in private."

"Sure. I'll come on up in a minute."

Bonny went up to her room, took off her slacks and hung them up, and changed to a wool skirt. She decided against putting a record on. She sat on the edge of the bed and turned the pages of a magazine. Jana tapped on the door and came in and closed it behind her. She went over to the bedside chair and sat, her feet in wide broken slippers.

"What did you want to ask me about?"

Bonny had thought of the dozens of ways she could say it. But none of them seemed any good.

"The cigarettes are beside you there."

"Thanks, not right now."

"Jana, are you . . ."

"Am I what? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Are you sleeping with Vern Lockter?"

The question made a great stillness in the air of the small room. Jana's eyes went wide and she put one hand to her throat. Then she turned and reached for the cigarettes, jiggled one out of the package, and lit it tremblingly.

"What gave you tbat kind of a crazy idea?"

"The way you looked at each other at breakfast. The way you kept blushing. The way be touched you when he thought nobody could see him. Tbe way you spilled the coffee. The way you look. The way you're acting right now. You can't kid me, Jana. I know too damn much about it and you know too damn little. If you knew anything, Lockter is the last one you'd pick."

Jana's eyes turned bright and angry. "What is it to you?"

"I live here. I'm Gus's daughter-in-law."

"It isn't anything to you. It isn't anything at all to you. What do you think it's like, an old man like that, beside you and never touching you, worn out, no good? What do you think it's like? My God!"

Bonny leaned forward. "You're being a damn fool."

"I don't care. I don't care. He's young and I love the way he walks and looks . . . so strong and slim."

"He's a poisonous type, Jana. And it's dangerous. Right here, under your husband's roof, with a man he took in when that man was in trouble."

"It's my business what I do."

"It's mine too."

"I can't see that. You're sticking your nose in where it isn't wanted. What do you know about it?"

"Right from wrong. And so do you."

"A hell of a lot you know about right and wrong. We all know about you. Who are you to tell me what I ought to do? I like your damn nerve. Maybe you want him for yourself."

"I wouldn't toucb that particular young man with eleven-foot poles, Jana."

"Maybe you think you're too good for him."

"Maybe I do."

"A tramp like you! Who's kidding who?"

Bonny looked down at her own fisted hand, resting on the wool of the skirt. She did not speak. She heard Jana make a choked sound and she looked over and saw that Jana had bent forward from the waist, forehead against her close-pressed knees, rolling her head helplessly from side to side. Bonny went over and knelt beside tbe chair and put her arm across Jana's sboulders.

Jana said, "I didn't mean to say that."

"It's all right. That isn't the important thing right now. The important thing is this business with Vern. Has it been going on long?"

"No."

"How long?"

"Just . . . since yesterday. After supper. Out in the storeroom. Just that once."

"His idea?"

"I can't look at you and tell you. He just . . . took hold of me. I didn't know he was going to. And I . . . couldn't fight or anything. I wanted him to, as soon as he grabbed me. I know it's terrible, but I can't do anything. Any time he wants to do it again, it will be tbe same way. I can't stop thinking about him. It's like by doing it that way, he sort of owns me. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes, my dear. I know what you mean."

Jana lifted her stained face. "I can't stop him. So I got to make out like it's all right, haven't I? It happened once. What difference does it make if it keeps on happening?"

"Did he say that?"

"Yes. He said that to me, afterward."

"You mustn't let it happen again."

"I know I shouldn't. But I *want* it to happen again. He . . . isn't kind. It's like he hates me. But even that's better than nothing."

"Do you want help?"

"I guess I do, Bonny."

"We've got to get him away from here, Jana. I think I know how it can be done. I think I know who can handle it."

"I . . . don't want him to go away."

"But you know that's best, don't you?"

"I guess so."

"If your husband found out, Jana, something very terrible might happen."

"He'd kill both of us."

"And Vern can certainly understand that. He knows Gus well enough to understand that. I can't understand why Vern is willing to take such a crazy chance. He isn't a hot-blooded type. This is part of some plan, Jana. See if you can be strong enough not to let him have you again if he tries before I can . . . make arrangements."

"I'll try, but—"

"I know. I know how sometimes you're . . . vulnerable. Does Paul Darmond live far from here?"

"Are you going to tell him?"

"Don't be worried."

"I didn't want anybody to know. It makes me feel so ashamed."

"When it's right, Jana, you never feel ashamed. You want the world to know. The things you want to hide are always bad."

"I guess I can't stop you."

"No. You can't."

"You act so different, Bonny. So . . . different."

"I feel different. That's a long story. I'll tell you some day."

Jana told her how to find Paul's apartment. It was only six blocks away. She walked Jana slowly to the door of the room and, on impulse, kissed her cheek quickly.

"Feel better, Jana?"

"I don't know yet."

"Try not to go near him. That will make it easier."

Jana didn't answer. She hurried toward the stairs, her shoulders a bit hunched, her head down, moving heavily, as though a lot of the warm life had gone out of the sturdy peasant body.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

It was nearly nine o'clock as Bonny walked through the dark street to Paul Darmond's apartment. She was glad she was able to walk away from the neoned sections. Here the sidewalks were narrow, the slabs tilted by the elm roots, the footing in the dark places uncertain. She walked through a neighborhood of two-family houses, catching glimpses through the lighted windows of feet up, newspapers spread wide, kids doing homework at the cleared dining-room tables.

Two more blocks to go. Ahead she saw the white glare of a corner drugstore, the answering brightness of a gas station. She passed the bright area and as she moved into darkness again, a car cruised beside her. The beam of the spotlight pinned her as she walked, so that she seemed to walk on in one spot, as though on a treadmill.

"I thought I said something about staying off my streets, Bonny," Rowell said, with that mocking friendliness more deadly than rage.

She walked on for two steps and stopped and turned to face the car, hand shielding her eyes from the glare. The car was stopped. The light was changed a bit to shine against her body, leaving her face in relative darkness.

"Come here, Bonny."

She hesitated. She felt cold and careful, as though she were being forced to walk across a narrow steel beam forty stories above the street. She walked toward the round glowing eye of the spot and stopped three feet from it, able to make out the dark glints of the car body, a vague face to the right of the spotlight.

"Have you been knocking off a few drinks, kid?"

"No."

"Out looking for a little fun, maybe?"

"No."

"Maybe you're out looking for a little business."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Bonny, you're quite a kid. What's the new act?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"The lady act. Where'd you pick that up?"

It was an effort to keep from saying the words he was trying to goad her into. "I was on my way to see Paul Darmond, Lieutenant."

"Now, isn't that cute? Seeing the Preach, hey? Hand me your purse, honey."

"Why?"

"Give it to me quick. I want to keep this friendly, don't you?"

She handed her purse toward the half-seen face. It was snatched roughly out of her hand. She saw it vaguely under the dash lights, heard the click of the fastener. After a moment the fastener clicked again. The car door opened.

"Come here."

She knew he had turned sideways in the car seat. She took another rigid step, stopped when his knee touched her. She stood, instinctively closing her eyes. His hard hands patted her body quickly, efficiently, from throat to knees.

"They ever take a knife off you on the Coast?"

"Why don't you ask them?"

"I'm asking you, baby."

"No."

The purse was thrust against her and she took it and took a quick step back away from him.

"Did I tell you you could leave?"

"No."

"Come here."

She moved forward again. She listened for ten long seconds to the muted sound of the motor, the faint rasp of his breathing.

"Now you can take off, kid."

She did not trust herself to say anything. She turned and walked on legs that had turned wobbly and uncertain. She walked and she said softly, "Aaaaaah; God! God!" Her teeth chattered and she shut her jaw hard, achingly hard. She remembered what Paul had warned her about. She stopped under a street light and opened her purse with cold awkward fingers. Nothing had been added or removed.

She had walked the high narrow beam and had managed not to look down at the beetle cars and the slow ants that were people. It meant, somehow, that next time she could stand a beam that was a bit narrower, a bit longer.

Here the heavy houses grew close to the sidewalk and she knew it was his block, but it was too dark to see the numbers. She saw an old-fashioned bay window with yellowed lace curtains and saw him standing in the room in shirt sleeves, unknotted necktie dangling. She went up the steps quickly and the front door was unlocked and his had to be the first door on the left. She rapped, a nervous staccato, and he opened the door, the light behind him.

"Bonny!"

"Paul, I . . . I . . ." And her teeth started chattering again. He pulled her gently into the room and closed the door by reaching over her shoulder to push against it, and turned that gesture into an enfolding one, holding her against his chest. She felt the hard angle of his jaw against her temple, and she stood against him, her locked fists under her chin, trembling.

He held her and the shaking slowly went away. At last she looked up at him and managed to smile and made a small face and he released her. "I'm sorry," she said.

"What happened?"

"Rowell stopped me, just down the street."

"Why on earth did you walk over here? You should have phoned, or taken a cab or something."

"I didn't want any of them to know I was coming over. I left sort of quietly."

"For Rowell to . . . Damn it, Bonny, it just isn't fair."

"It's a way of paying, I guess."

"What's the matter with me? Sit down. Do you want a drink?"

"No, thanks, Paul." She sat on the couch and looked at the room for the first time. It was a characterless, transient place. His books were there, and a picture, and that was all.

The picture was a studio portrait of a girl with something very alive in her face.

"Is that your wife, Paul?"

He glanced over at the picture. "She never liked that picture of her. I guess she never liked any picture of herself. She hated to have them taken. I had to bully her to get that one."

"She was very lovely."

She dug her cigarettes out of her purse, and he came over and held a light for her. "Why did you come to see me?"

"The other day you . . . taught me something. It took a while for it to take effect, I guess. It's hard to take a long look at yourself and understand that what motivates you is self-pity and guilt. I've been . . . more outgoing since then. Terrible expression. I mean it's been like waking up and looking around and seeing where you are. You see things you didn't see when you were being a zombie."

He sat on a straight chair, hunched forward, elbows on his knees, smoke rising up through the lean fingers of his right hand.

"And you've seen something you think I should know?" he asked quietly.

"Two things, Paul. I found one out because I've started watching people. I found the other out by accident. They're both bad."

"Is Lockter involved in one?"

"I thought you'd ask that. Yes. Of course. He's seduced Jana."

"Dear Lord!" Paul said. "Is that a hunch?"

"I made her admit it. She's too young for Gus, of course. And lonely and vulnerable, and very earthy. I gather that she didn't exactly put up any struggle. Now she's rebellious and trying to justify herself because, in her heart, she knows that any amount of regret or determination isn't going to do her any good. If he wants her again, it will be just as easy for him as turning on a light. She's the only one who knows I've come to talk to you. She agrees that the best thing would be to get him out of there. I hope you can do it."

"He's no longer on parole. It doesn't give me much leverage."

"Gus has tremendous pride, Paul. And decency. I think he's capable of murderous anger."

"I know he is. It's a very bad situation. I can't somehow see Vern Lockter taking

that sort of risk. I thought he was too clever for that." He stood up and paced over to the scarred ornate mantel, tapping a cigarette absently on his thumbnail. "I can think of only one way to handle it. And I don't think much of the method. Talk to him. I've never had a bell of a lot of success talking to him. He agrees with everything I say, and I get the feeling he's thinking all the time that I'm somebody to humor and ignore. But maybe letting him know that I know what he's up to . . . that might put the fear of God in him."

"Suppose he just denies it?"

"He might do that. If I don't get anywhere, I can see what Andy Rowell can do with him."

"You wouldn't tell Rowell about it?"

"I wouldn't dare without getting his word first that he'd never use it except to move Lockter along, move him out of the neighborhood."

"You'd take his word?"

Yes." Paul took a kitchen match off the mantel and struck it on the underside of the mantel and lit his cigarette. "Could that Dover boy take over the deliveries?"

"I think so. He seems very nice, Paul. And intelligent."

"I'll see Lockter tomorrow."

"I told Jana to try to stay away from him. The other thing is very odd, Paul." He listened intently as she told him the story of the altered receipt.

"But if Walter needs money, all he has to do is ask Gus."

"If he needs it for something he can explain, don't you mean?"

"What could he need it for that he couldn't explain? I know how Walter lives, Bonny. He never goes out alone. He couldn't get into gambling trouble or woman trouble because Doris wouldn't give him the chance. Doris keeps an arm lock on him twenty-five hours a day."

"She's insecure, Paul. She's just one of those people who need reassurance so badly that they go around guaranteeing, by the way they act, that they'll never get it. And that makes them nastier. She makes his life hell."

"Which," he said slowly, "is probably the reason for taking the money. When he has enough . . ."

"Of course!" Bonny said. "I can hardly blame the guy. But it will be terrible for Gus. All the luck has gone, Paul. All the luck has gone out of that house. And it's still running away like water, the little bit that's left."

"Even if Gus should find out, he wouldn't go to the law. You know, he realizes somebody has been tapping the till. He told me. He thought it was Teena. I guess he didn't make any real effort to check because he was brooding about Henry."

"What will you do?"

"Tell you to talk to Walter."

"Me! No, Paul."

"Yes, you. You understand Doris better than he does, I think. Do you think there's any way to handle her? Any way he could make his life more endurable?"

"I don't know. She'll be vicious and making trouble, and yet when you show interest in her, she'll suddenly melt for a few moments. If she weren't so pregnant, I know what I'd do. I mean, if I were a man. If I were Walter I'd shake her until her teeth rattled. I'd cuff her until she was too dazed to cry, and then I'd make love to her and comfort her, and let her know that the next time she turned mean, the very same thing would happen. She doesn't respect him. And I think force is something she would respect. Walter is too gentle and meek. Almost frightened of her. It wouldn't astonish me much, Paul, if treatment like that might turn her into a sweet and adoring wife. There's something very nice under all her waspishness. But it couldn't be done halfway. That would just make her worse. But of course, with Doris so pregnant, it can't be done. She uses that like a weapon, anyway. She wears her baby like an insult to Walter. And he takes it."

"Talk to Walter, Bonny."

"It may not help."

"What *will* help?"

She thought for a moment, smiled reluctantly. "Nothing else, I guess." She stood up. "I should be getting back."

"Not the way you came. I'll drive you."

He knotted his tie quickly and put on a jacket. Outside they got into the car. The motor whispered and caught and settled into a sputtering roar. He drove down the alley and out onto the dark street.

He parked by the curb in front of the Varaki house. There was a light in a second-floor window, and a fainter one in one of the small windows on the third floor under the eaves.

She put her hand on the door latch and said, "Thank you, Paul."

He put his hand on her other wrist and turned off the car lights. They sat in the darkness. She could not see his face.

"No, Paul," she whispered.

"No what? What are you saying no to?"

"I don't know. Everything, I guess. No to all the things that can't work out. No to whatever you think I am."

He pulled at her, slowly and strongly and she held herself away from him, and then let out all her breath and came into his arms, feeling a remote surprise at the way, in the cramped little car, they seemed to fit together without awkwardness. His lips were hard and firm against hers, and for a few moments she was conscious of being there in a discouraged little car, kissing a tall stranger, conscious of his worn cuffs and slightly frayed collar, a sober and talkative man they called the Preacher. And then her cool watchfulness was melted away in the long kiss, a kiss that somehow destroyed her awareness of him as a lean stranger, and made him forever Paul, a close strength and warmth and need.

Then her face was in the hollow of his throat, and his lips made some inarticulate sound against her hair, and she could hear the slow drum of his heart.

She pushed herself away and her laugh was abrupt and nervous. "You make me feel like a damn girl."

"I know."

"How would you know?"

"For once, Bonny, I don't want to think or explain."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The driveway that led to the back of the store was on the far side of the big house. Paul parked by the driveway and walked to where he could see the back of the market. The truck was not there. Lockter would be back soon, probably. He went back to his car and sat behind the wheel to wait. He knew he should be thinking of how he would handle this talk with Lockter, and yet he could not turn his thoughts away from Bonny. She had been so very alive in his arms. And no one could have so perfectly imitated that tremulousness, that nervous laugh. He knew the kiss had moved her. Yet he had the bitter awareness that the next time it would be the same—he would be waiting for the telltale signs of deceit, of pretended passion. A constant suspicion, like that of a man who plays a game and begins to win against a more expert opponent, and suspects success is the result of charity.

During the wakeful hours of the night he had decided that he wanted to marry her. And he had prayed for the strength to overcome the jealousy that was like rusty iron being pulled through his body. Yet he knew that their salvation in any marriage would be possible only if their physical mating was a strong, good, tender thing. Without that, neither of them would have the strength to stand up under the weight of her past. And so he had decided it necessary for them to be together soon, to find this answer, to go on if the answer could be good, and turn their backs on each other if the answer was wrong.

When the panel delivery truck turned into the drive he got out quickly and waved Vern Lockter to a stop.

"Hi there, Mr. Darmond! What's on your mind?"

"I want to talk to you, Vern."

"O.K. I'll park this wagon and be right back."

Vern came walking down the drive and got in beside Paul and accepted a cigarette.

"Vern, I know you're your own boy now. You're not on parole. You don't even have to listen to any advice I want to give you. You can get out and walk away and there's nothing I can do about it."

"I wouldn't do that, Mr. Darmond."

Paul sat so that he faced Vern. "What are you trying to do to Jana, Vern?"

Vern had been lifting his hand to take the cigarette from his lips. The hand stopped and was motionless for one long second. The lean handsome face then became like a mask.

"Just what is that supposed to mean? I don't get it."

Don't try to kid me, Vern. Gus took you in. He's treated you right. It's a hell of a repayment for you to sleep with his wife."

Vern looked straight ahead for a long time. Then he looked at his cigarette. He said softly, "I guess maybe you're right, Mr. Darmond. I guess maybe it is a hell of a thing. What beats me is how you found out so fast."

"We won't talk about how I found out, boy."

"Honest, I tried to do the right thing, Mr. Darmond. But she sort of wore me down."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, it's been going on for a long time. I don't mean I've been sleeping with her a long time. I mean she's been after me. When I work in the store she manages to work close to me. You know. Oh, I could tell what she wanted, all right, but I didn't want to do anything like that to Gus. I mean he's been swell to me. But you know how it is. He's pretty old, and Jana is full of wheaties. I . . . sort of forgot myself finally. You know, if I stay around here, Mr. Darmond, I can't promise I'll stay away from her. I guess I'm . . . well, weak or something. Anyway, I'm not the only one getting it."

"What do you mean?"

"I'd rather not say."

"Would you be willing to leave, Vern?"

"The way I figure it, I've been here long enough. I ought to start thinking of bettering myself. Being more than a delivery boy. And I'm afraid there might be real trouble if Jana and I got caught. Sure, Mr. Darmond, I'm willing to leave."

"Do you want help locating another job?"

"No. I think I'll go somewhere else. Out west, maybe."

"When?"

Vern flicked the cigarette out the window. "I guess I could take off this coming Sunday."

"Will that give Gus a chance to find another driver?"

"That new kid will work out O.K. Deliveries will be fouled up for a few days, but he'll catch on fast."

"Don't you think you ought to tell Gus you're leaving?"

"I'd rather not. Jana might make a stink about it. You know. Let something slip, or want to come with me or something."

"I think you're making good sense, Vern."

"Thanks, Mr. Darmond. I'm glad you talked to me like this. I can see now how I was headed for trouble. But you know how it is with a babe. You sort of forget yourself. It's time I took off."

"I think so too."

"Well, thanks for everything, Mr. Darmond. You've been swell to me. Really swell. I'll never forget you."

Paul returned the strong honest handclasp and looked into the too direct eyes. He sat and watched Lockter walk back up the drive, turn and wave and grin just before he went around the corner of the house. He sat for several minutes, vaguely unsatisfied with the talk. It had come out better than he had dared hope. It was like swinging hard at something and missing. He shrugged off his feeling of irritation and foreboding.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Vern sat on the edge of his bed at ten o'clock on Friday night and once again went over all the steps that had been taken, and all the ones that would have to be taken. The timing was the most delicate problem. If it were timed right, it would go off right.

On Thursday night he had emptied the fruit jars into a small cardboard carton. While in the cellar he had put the hpyo box into one of the holes where a fruit jar had been and he had tamped the dirt down firmly afterward. He had wrapped the cardboard carton in brown paper, tied it with stout string, taken It down to the railroad station, and put it in a coin locker. He wore a brown belt with a trick spring device to give it elasticity. He had shoved the locker key into the leatlier sleeve of the belt that concealed the spring. The device of the cupboard carton had a flexibility that pleased him. It could be taken along or mailed to a predetermined address.

Darmond's surprise accusation had rattled him badly. He hoped he had carried it off properly. It had become immediately necessary to find out how Darmond got the information. That had not been too difficult. He had caught Jana on the stairs an hour ago while the televislon was turned high.

She had not wanted to talk to him. He put one hand hard across her mouth and with the other he hurt her in a way he had been told about but had never tried before. It was alarmingly effective. When he released her, her face was the color of dirty soap and she would have fallen had he not grabbed her. Her color came back slowly. The threat of a second application made her very willing to discuss the matter. It turned out that Bonny had gone to Jana, that something had made Bonny suspicious, and Jana, of course, had talked. So obviously Bonny had gone at once to Darmond.

The palms of his hands had begun to perspire. He rubbed them on a fresh handkerchief. At least the interview with Darmond had provided one advantage. It had given him a legitimate excuse, which Darmond would verify, for packing his belongings. The old suitcase and the new one were in the closet, side by side. He saw himself checking them in at one of those hotels he had seen in the movies. Cabanas ringing the pool. Women deep-tanned and drowsy on the bright poolside mats. It would be one of the places where gambling was legal. He would hlt a dozen of the gilded spots and then after a couplc of weeks present himself at the nearest office of the Internal Revenue people and, acting earnest and confused, say, "Look, I don't want to get in any trouble, but I came out here looking for a job and I started gambling and I've made all this money and what do I do now?" They would take a large bite of it, but it would be worth lt to give the cash a lcgitimate background, a reason for existence. Then, if a man was presentable and watched hls step and had a little cash and dressed right, it wouldn't be too hard to move in on one of those moneyed dolls out there, because the gambling towns were divorce mills, and inevitably there would be one who was not only stacked, but also loaded, and rebounding high enough to catch on the fly. Vernon Karl Lockter will be joined in holy wedlock to Mrs. Delightful Gelt. Then let the organization try any squeeze plays. If you had the backing, you could always buy off pressure. And that piece of paper would be no damn good anyway. And then no nonsense about trying to inherit her money. It was much simpler just to take it away from her.

He shelved the bright dream and went downstairs. The ten-thirty program was just ending and the others had gone to bed and Gus sat woodenly, watching the bright screen. As the closing commercial came on, Gus got up and walked over and turned the set off and stood watching the scene collapse to a hard bright spot and then fade into blackness.

"Can I talk to you a minute, Gus?"

The old man turned, apparently becoming aware for the first time of another person in the room. "Talk? Go on. Talk."

"Not here, Gus."

"Where?"

"Come on, Pop. Outside. Walk around the block."

Gus stared at him and then shrugged and went with him. Vern walked beside him, and waited until they were a good hundred feet from the house.

"You've been swell to me, Gus. I appreciate it. I want to tell you something because . . . well, you've been swell to me, and I don't like to have somethlng going on without you knowing about it."

Gus stopped with a street light slanting across his heavy face, emphasizing the brutal lines, erasing the kindliness. "Talk plain, Vern."

"I will. You know when you go out early in the morning and go to the farmers' market?"

"Yes, yes. I know. Talk."

"Well, when you leave, right after you leave, somebody sneaks into bed with your wife. Understand, I don't know who it is."

Gus did not move or speak. Vern thought perhaps the old guy hadn't understood. He said, "Did you hear me?"

Gus made a low sound in his throat and turned back toward the house. Vern grabbed his wrist and said, "Wait a minute, Pop. Hold up a minute."

Gus yanked his arm free with surprising strength. Vern trotted by him and turned and blocked the way, saying, "Wait!"

He had to walk backward, avoiding repeated attempts to thrust him out of the way until at last the old man stopped. "Wait for what? She do that to me? With these hands I—"

"No, Pop. Don't you get it? You got to find out who the guy is."

"I beat it out of her."

"That's no good. Understand, I don't have any proof."

"Then how you know?"

"I got up early Thursday. I was going down the stairs and I looked down the hall and I saw somebody coming out of her room. A man. He saw me and dodged back in. It was too dark to see who it was. What good will it do if she denies everything? You got to catch them, Gus. That's the best way."

"How?"

"You don't say anything, see? Tomorrow morning you get up at four, like always. I'll wake up the kid when I go back and tell him not to wait downstairs for you in the morning. To go ahead and take the truck and drive it to that all-night gas station and fill it up and bring it back and you'll be waiting. Then you don't go downstairs. What you do is go *up*stairs. Just to the landing. We'll wait there and see if anybody comes. See? Then you got the proof."

"My Jana. I cannot think she— Ah, my God, the trouble! All trouble. Everything. Henry. My Teena. Jana. Ah, my God!"

"Do it my way, Gus."

After a long time the man nodded. "Your way, then."

After they went back Vern stood nervously on the stairs near the second-floor landing, listening for sounds of violence. The house was still. When he was certain that the old man would do it his way, he knew that the most ticklish part of it was done.

He went quietly down and through the house and went into Rick's room without knocking and turned on the light. Rick sat bolt upright, squinting, his mouth open with surprise.

"What's the matter, Vern? What's the matter?"

Vern sat on the foot of the bed and said in a low tone, "Relax, dearie. Nothlng's wrong." He lit a cigarette and gave Rick a crooked smlle. "Guilty conscience or something?"

"What do you want, waking me up?"

"You got an alarm clock?"

Rick pointed to it. "Sure."

"Gus wants you to go along with him in the morning. Something about picking up a big meat order. Here, I'll set it for four. He wants you to get up and go up and wake him up. Got that?"

"Sure."

"Don't knock and don't turn on any lights. Just go on in there quiet like a mouse and shake him. He sleeps on the outside of the bed."

"O.K."

"I told him I'd give you the word." Vern got up and went to the door and turned and said, "Don't let it bother you if you hear the truck drive out, Rick. I heard him telling the kid to take it over and gas it up and bring it back to pick up you two."

"O.K., Vern."

"Good night, pal. See you tomorrow."

He turned off the light and closed the door behind him. He felt excited, tensed up, very alive. He went quietly out through the kitchen and the shed and into the store. He drifted by the shadowy racks and went behind the meat case and took hold of the hard greasy handle of the meat cleaver and wrested the blade out of the chopping block. He hefted it for a moment in his hand, and then unbuttoned the bottom button of his shirt and put the cleaver inside, its blade resting chill against his skin.

It was at that moment that he had a sudden doubt. In spite of all the careful planning, he realized he had made one very stupid and obvious mistake. There had been absolutely no need to have anything to do with Jana. It could have been worked in precisely the same way without ever touching her. And that would have removed certain elements of risk. Suppose the old man didn't kill her. She could chatter and the old man could chatter, and that damn Rowell could add the two stories together and come up with a bad answer. If he'd never touched her, she wouldn't be able to do anything but deny having anything to do with Stussen. And with the old man finding Stus-

sen in his bedroom, her story would look sick. He wondered why he had made such an obvious mistake. He stood silently until the doubt began to fade. The old man would be as insane as you could make anyone. And it was pretty damn certain that he wouldn't leave anything alive in the room.

He went back and up the stairs and hid the cleaver in his room and woke up the kid and told him to take the truck over and gas it up and bring it back to pick up the old man in the morning. He gave the kid a five-dollar bill for the gas. When he got back in his room it was a quarter after twelve. He turned out the table lamp and sat on the bed in the darkness. He knew he wouldn't sleep. Not when there was so little time left.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Paul Darmond lay in darkness, his fingers laced at the back of his neck. He turned and looked at the clock. The luminous hands made the right angle of three o'clock. He remembered the tall good look of her as she walked away from him. He did not believe in premonition, but he had slept several times and had awakened each time with the nagging thought that he would never see her again. That forever in his mind would be that last look of her as she walked away.

The clock said ten after three.

He sat up in the darkness and threw the covers aside and sat on the edge of the bed. He yawned and dressed slowly in the darkness. He let himself out and stood in front of the building. It was three-thirty. He turned resolutely in the opposite direction from the market and the old shambling house. He walked a few blocks and then slowed and stopped and stood for a time, and turned back and walked slowly back and passed his apartment. It was childish, but he knew it would make him feel better to just walk by the place where she slept. He wished he knew which window was hers.

When he was two blocks from the house he quickened his step, and felt an odd prickling of apprehension at the nape of his neck.

But when he arrived at the house it stood huge and dark and silent. He stood in the soft warm night on the narrow sidewalk looking up at the third-floor windows. Like, he thought, a lovesick kid.

The second-floor light startled him when it went on. Then he realized it was probably Gus getting up to go down to the market.

The sound came loudly, shocking its way through him. It was like no sound he had ever heard before. It took him the space of three heartbeats to identify it for what it was; the hard full crazy-throated screaming of a woman, short shrill bursts of screaming as she sucked her breath in, let it burst out in a scream lasting no more than a second, and then did it again and again. He ran for the front door of the house as hard as he could run, and as he went up the steps in one bound, the last metronomic scream was abruptly cut off. He tore the door open and ran up the flight of stairs.

Filled with the restlessness of a sense of impending trouble, Lieutenant Rowell, after the last of the joints in his area had closed, cruised slowly down the empty streets, making random turns. The metallic voice suddenly filled the car. Rowell listened, and then made a U turn, bouncing the right front wheel off the far curb, and tromped the gas pedal down hard. He shricked to a stop in front of the Varaki house and drew his short muzzled revolver as he went toward the front porch in a bandy-legged run.

Rick woke up when the alarm went off. He was astonished to see that it was dark outside. It took him a few moments to remember why he had got up at this hour. He felt sodden and greasy with sleep. He turned on the light and dressed quickly. He felt abused. Saturday was always a hard day. Now people wanted you to get up before the birds did.

He went quietly through the house and tiptoed up the stairs to the second floor. He started down the hall and thought he heard a sound behind him, a sort of grunting and a stir of movement. He stopped and listened and heard no other sound. Darkness had always made him uncomfortable, had always given him the feeling of something all teeth that was about to jump out at him. He licked his lips. He stopped in front of Gus's door and he wanted to knock at the door. Behind the door was a bed where a man and a woman slept together. He did not like to think about that. He wiped his hand on the side of his pants and gingerly turned the knob and opened the door. He wanted to cough or something. He tiptoed in and he could make out the bed. He could barely see the prone figure of the sleeper. As he tiptoed across the room he could hear breathing sounds. It didn't sound just right for somebody sleeping because they seemed too fast. He stood by the bed, peering down, and wiped his hand on the side of his pants again and reached gingerly down to shake Gus by the shoulder. His hand brushed and touched an odd heavy roundness, and something caught at his sleeve. He heard a hard thumping like somebody running. Somebody running in the hall. And the harsh overhead light went on suddenly and there alone in the bed was Jana, and he turned quickly toward the door and saw a man running at him, mouth open and twisted in a funny way, a man with a face he didn't know for a moment, and then he saw it was Gus running toward him. He felt his own lips stretch in the smile that had protected him from so many things, and he said, "I was just—" And he saw Vern in the doorway behind Gus and felt relief because Vern would explain. And he saw a flashing glint in the light and saw in a thunderous part of a second what Gus was doing to him even as the quick flashing slanted up toward his head, and the flashing turned into a great hard white hot burning light that slid him tumbling over in brightness like a bug in a lamp shade, tumbling, grinning, his ears saying back to him "just . . . just . . . just . . . " in the instant before a great hairy hand turned out all the lights in the world.

He had squatted on the stairs with Vern and he heard the slow creaking as some animal that walked on two legs like a man began to make his cautious way up the stairs. Violator of my house and my pride and my dignity as a man. Someone who waited until the little truck rattled away and who thinks now he is safe from the vengeance of the Lord God Almighty.

And he comes closer and turns down my hall toward my wife, filled with his animal lust, and I cannot keep entirely quiet. I made a small noise and someone near me I have forgotten in this moment puts his hands on my mouth. Then I am still and the one who creeps toward my wife stops and we wait and listen for a sound of each other like animals in the forest darkness. I am still and he walks on and then the one with me fumbles at my hand and my fingers close around the good and familiar handle of the great cleaver, the one kept razor-keen by Rick. It feels good in my hand and by now the animal has had time to reach my wife. I start quietly down, and I am quiet until I reach the hall and then I can be quiet no longer. I run and reach around the doorfame and snap on the light and half blinded I see her eyes and the man who turns is Rick, and as I run at him I swing the good keen weight, swinging it up with all strength and hate, and feel the good deep bite and hear the deep wet sound of the way it bites up into the animal brain of the thing I kept in my house and never knew. And I wrench the blade free as he is falling, his pink hands half lifting as he falls. And her mouth is wide and the cords in her throat stand out and she is sitting, kicking her way back away from me. And I take one step and there is a funny breaking in my chest, with something warm that spreads itself inside there. I am on my knees and the house has tilted so that the floor is a hill that slopes to the window. . . .

He crouched beside Gus on the stairs and together they listened to the silence, and then to the slow creaking as Rick continued on down the hall. He had his hand on Gus's shoulder and felt the movement of the shoulder muscles. He found Gus's hand in the darkness and worked the cleaver handle into it and let go cautiously as he felt the shift of weight. He gave a gentle push at the broad old back. The old man went quietly down the stairs, but as he reached the hallway with Vern close behind him, he began to run. Vern ran quickly after him. He saw the room lights shine out into the hall the instant the old man ran through the doorway. Vern stopped in the doorway. He saw the hard swing, matched to the plunging run, and saw Rick's smile and the soft uplifting of the small hands as the blade hit just under his left ear, upslanting, cutting jaw, brain, and smile. Jana screamed the first time as Rick fell, and she scuttled backward away from the approaching menace of the cleaver.

She screamed again and Gus faltered and dropped heavily to his knees, shaking the room, as though the very scream itself had knocked him down. He saw what he had to do quickly and he scampered frantically for the cleaver, snatching it off the floor near the still hand of Gus. She sat back in the corner, eyes squeezed tight shut, chin up, throat taut with the constant nerve-shattering screams. He swung hastily at her but the cleaver tip bit into the wall and the blade stopped an inch from her temple. He wrenched it out and as she began another scream he struck again at the source of the scream, knowing only that he had to make that sound stop.

The sound of the truck driving out awakened Bonny. She thought perhaps it would help Jana if she were to open her door if Vern started out of his room to go down to her. She put on her robe and stood close to her door, listening for any sound. For a long time there was no sound. At last she thought she heard somebody moving about on the floor below. She cautiously opened her door in order to be able to listen a bit better. The slow seconds went by. And then she heard somebody running along the hall below her.

There was then a sound that seemed to come up through the floor. A hard scream of ultimate terror. There was a sound of something heavy falling. Her scalp prickled all over as the scream came quickly on the heels of the last one. Without conscious awareness of how she got there, she found herself at the head of the stairs as the screams kept coming. When she was midway down the stairs the screams stopped and there was a more terrible silence. She hurried down the hall to the patch of light shining through the door. Walter came out into the hall in pajamas too big for him, staring stupidly.

As she reached the doorway she heard the

odd sound. She looked into the room. She saw the split melon that had been Rick Stussen's head. She saw Gus, face down. She saw the man who knelt on the bed. He held a red cleaver in both hands. He struck with solemn intentness, like a small boy hammering nails. For a moment her mind could not encompass the enormity of what she was looking at. She stood and frowned and in the moment of his turning to look at her she was able to focus her mind on what the eyes had already seen. The room turned vague and she swayed against the door frame.

She would have fainted, she knew, had he not turned and looked at her. He wore a dead face. From the eyes down, the face was utterly, hideously slack, as though all the muscles of cheeks and mouth had been removed. The slack face seemed to hang from the eyes. And the eyes were utterly dull, absorbing all light and reflecting none. And as he started toward her, smeared, stained, hideous out of the charnel stink of the room, she turned and ran for the stairway, wanting only to get out into the night, to run down the dark street.

She blundered hard into Paul Darmond, hearing behind her the bang of the door as Walter popped back into his room. She clawed at Paul as he tried to hold her, and she yelled, "Run! Oh, run!"

His dullness of wit in that moment infuriated her. She heard the familiar clattering sound of the truck coming into the drive and, out front, a hard screech of tires as a car stopped quickly. She knew that she could not bear to scramble past Paul and leave him to face what came down the hallway. Perhaps only a moment passed before he sensed and comprehended the immediacy of the danger. His fingers locked hard on her wrist and they went down the stairs and she could hear it coming after them. It was like one of the nightmares of childhood, like running through glue, your steps a slow drifting, while something comes after, comes nearer.

They went out the front door and across the porch and down the front steps, and Rowell, with the gun in his hand, was one of the most comforting things she had ever seen.

"What is it?" he demanded, his voice unexcited.

"Vern," she said. "He's killing them."

Rowell went across the porch and into the dark house. Paul said, "Wait in his car, Bonny."

"No. You can't do anything. There's nothing you can do. Don't go back in there." She was beginning to shake all over, her teeth chattering, wavering as she stood. He put his arm strong around her shoulders. There were lights on in most of the houses. People had come out on porches in robes and coats.

Another police car came riding in on the siren's wail and two uniformed men piled out and trotted heavily toward the house and the sound that came out of the open front door stopped them in their tracks. A chittering whinnying sound, a sound of pure madness.

There was a thrashing and a scrambling and silence. The porch light came on and the hall light came on. Rowell appeared in the doorway, his face cramped with pain, nursing his right hand against his stomach.

His voice was ancient and rusty with pain, yet full of authority. "Moran. Get out there and call in. There's some deads upstairs and a crazy in the hall and I need a doc."

Rowell said, quite softly, as though explaining to himself, "Not a sound when I went in there. Not a damn sound. Some light coming down the stairs. Then something moves right beside me and as I start to turn around he chops at my hand, chops at the gun with that cleaver. Didn't know what it was then. Thought it was a club. Handle must have been slippery and turned in his hand, because he broke my hand with the flat of it. Had me trapped then, right against the wall at the foot of the stairs. Saw what he was holding. Saw that face. My God! Never closer to dying. Couldn't even twitch. Then that punk came out of nowhere. Came in through the back someplace. That pet of yours, Preach. One of those gutless wonders of yours. Oh, damn him! Saw everything in a split second and banged into Lockter so the swing of that cleaver missed my face by a half a whisker. And Lockter turned around and the punk ducked the swing and grabbed him. I came out of the trance and yanked that cleaver away from him. Then the crazy started making those gobbling noises and going for the kid's eyes with his hands. That punk kid, Paul, he shoved him away and chopped him one right on the button. Oh, God, a pretty punch."

"That punk kid," Paul said softly.

Rowell looked up at him. "I know. I know. What am I going to do?"

"Thank him, I'd imagine."

"Back up, you people!" Moran bellowed. "Nothing to see. Nothing to see here. Back up. Break it up!"

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

There is a stone city and in it a gray neighborhood, and in the neighborhood there is a small market, a cement block structure with an umbilical shed attaching it to a large shabby house.

Trade is fairly good these days. People who traded there before the bloody maniacal mess on that soft June night say that all Walter needed to turn him into a man was the sudden hard burden of responsibility. Doris works in the store. She has grown considerably more plump, but that is not unbecoming. She has a sharp tongue, but Walter is able to quiet her infrequent tantrums with a single look or a word. Anna looks after the child, a boy who is just learning to walk, and the more eagle-eyed customers predict another.

There is a new butcher, a quiet, soft-eyed man, but he is not as good as Stussen was. James Dover does a lot of the buying and handles all deliveries and manages also to attend adult-education courses three nights a week at the university. The heavy schedule has leaned him and matured him—as has marriage to Teena. A few people remember the fourteen-hour tape recording made from the babblings of the crazy man. One hour of useful information was edited out of that tape. The information had no legal status, of course. Yet it was used to hound those mentioned in the tape until Karshner himself, in an almost apoplectic rage, quite suddenly died.

Certain tentacles of the Johnston wholesale-retail drug organization were chopped off, and the organization suffered a temporary inconvenience. Yet the head of the beast was not touched, and in time new tentacles have grown, extending themselves through the dark places of the city.

Perhaps, as Bonny believes, for people in the jungle of the city it is a matter of luck. Luck with, as Paul insists, a bit of faith, too. Not a specific faith. Just an ability to believe in something.

Bonny and Paul went there last night at closing time for a reaffirmation of their own faith, their own luck. They are together, and they are married, and they are not as yet happy, though they hope to be. They had to come across the city because they rent one of the faculty houses at the university and hope to furnish it properly with the money from the consultant work Paul is doing outside the classroom. They are not yet sure, either of them, that this marriage will work, yet they are trying to make it work.

They went to the market at closing time and after the door was locked Jim opened some cans of cold beer and the six of them talked for a time. They talked of small things and they laughed together in a good way. At one point Doris brought tension into the place by speaking bitterly of the money that was found in the coin locker with the one clear fingerprint that was identified as Lockter's, and the impounding of that money, and how it ought to have been turned over to what was left of the Varaki family. Lockter, incurably paranoid, would certainly never see any of it, or see anything beyond the walls of that place where he is kept until the day when he will die, a crazed old man of many visions. But Walter gave her a short harsh look and she began quickly to speak of other things. When Paul and Bonny left they walked hand in hand to the old car, in a rare moment of peace and accord. She sat close to him as they drove across the city, through the neon wasteland, through the stone jungle, holding close this small warm time of luck and of faith.

THE END

CAVALIER FOR MEN

BONUS IN THE NEXT ISSUE

A Big, Best-Selling Novel

WHIP HAND

by Joseph Chadwick

There wasn't a range in Wyoming big enough to hold Sands, Kimbrough and Kimbrough's wife. So at least one of them had to die

ON SALE NOVEMBER 15

I SAILED A JEEP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

Continued from page 7

backing me, and a few days after landing in San Francisco in September, 1946, I headed for Toledo, Ohio, in the best of moods. Surely one of the big companies there would be interested in such a unique project, I told myself. What innocence! Two months later I was still trying to convince mid-Westerners that I wasn't crazy. It seemed clear that either I had to abandon the idea or go it alone. My personal resources were strictly limited. I had $6,000 in cash with the dim prospect of another $4,000 from the Indian army if and when it ever got around to paying me. That may sound like a pocketful of money but it wouldn't go very far toward buying and refitting an amphibious jeep and keeping myself alive besides. But finally, after many misgivings, I decided to try it alone. If I failed, I'd be broke in a foreign country, 11,000 miles from home.

It took a week of rummaging through Army headquarters to find what I wanted —two surplus jeeps that would be sold at Aberdeen, Maryland, in January, 1947.

I was lucky enough to pick one up for $901. At the same time I found a large, well-equipped yacht-building yard with complete metal working facilities a few hundred yards across the river from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The management, while not exactly charitable, was prepared to humor me as a harmless lunatic. I didn't argue.

Only eighty miles, the drive to Annapolis from Aberdeen took me more than a day. The gear box was half-full of water and frozen hard. The engine hadn't been turned over in at least two years. Carburetor, fuel pump and fuel lines were filthy. Out of Aberdeen, the rusted bottom fell out of the gas tank. I got to Annapolis only by feeding her gas siphoned from an oil can which had to be refilled every few miles.

Looking at her, the magnitude of the job I'd undertaken struck me for the first time. Here was an old vehicle that couldn't even make eighty miles without breaking down, that needed an enormous number of modifications, and I was supposed to sail 3,000 miles across the Atlantic in it! The whole trip looked pretty hopeless.

I had two main jobs ahead of me—the complete weatherproofing of the jeep and providing it with sufficient fuel supply. The first was relatively easy. I removed the original superstructure and replaced it with a simple steel box frame which enclosed the cockpit and the engine compartment hatch.

I calculated that with the help of the Gulf Stream about 500 gallons of gas would be enough for the 2,000 miles to the Azores, my first stop. The problem was to get that much gas aboard. I designed a simple tank roughly 10′ by 5′ by 14″ deep which I fitted beneath the jeep. This tank had a capacity of about 390 gallons. It could never be empty for empty it would be bouyant and its upward thrust would crush the tank and probably send me to the bottom, so I fitted checkvalves to the tank which would admit seawater as the gas was used up. I put another gas tank in front of the radiator and repaired the original one. Now I had all the fuel space I needed.

These and countless other modifications were made without sacrificing the small but adequate room for the crew. The jeep has two seats. Under the second I installed a marine toilet operated by a hand pump. I planned to keep going twenty-four hours a day at sea so one bunk was enough. I made the bunk of tubular steel covered with canvas and hinged so that it could be raised to give access to the stores, batteries, etc., under the rear deck. The bunk is about five feet long and took up the entire cabin behind the seats.

All well-bred boats have a mast, and I installed one. By this time it was early August and the first construction was completed. It was time to launch the jeep. We had the customary bottle of champagne but instead of breaking it over the bow we drank it to the last drop. This wasn't an ordinary boat and it certainly wasn't going to be an ordinary voyage.

But I was not ready yet. The test runs proved that still further modifications were needed, and these took another two months. Then I took the jeep out on the Severn River for a real trial run which almost scuttled everything.

It was a bright warm day and I was happily steering her around a bend in the river, thinking how, soon, I would be purring toward the Azores, my first stop, where the swimming is wonderful. Then I heard an unfamiliar *slop-slop* coming from inside the hull. I raced to the engine compartment. It was rapidly filling with muddy water. I whipped around and headed for home, thinking that I could make it without engaging the pumps. I was wrong. The water mounted to the fan-belt pulley which threw it in waves over the engine. It sputtered and died. The ignition system went out. I had no hand pump and the jeep was sinking fast. The nearest land was 700 yards away, and there were no boats in sight. I had one slim chance and I took it. With a rope around my neck I jumped overboard and swam as I had never swam before. A two-and-one-half ton jeep half-filled with water is no easy thing to tow and to this day I'll never know how I made it. Luckily, there was no wind.

By the time I made shallow water, it was almost dark and the jeep was barely afloat. Water was within an inch of the batteries. It was impossible to drain from inside so I removed half of the rear deck and bailed her out with a bucket. Only the wheels were aground and water was coming in as fast as ever. In the dark I couldn't find the leak, so I stayed there all night, hip deep in the cold water, bailing. It was not until late next day that I got her ashore.

Meanwhile, my $6,000 had shrunk to nothing. The job had taken longer and cost more than I expected, even with friends helping me. Welding, for instance, which I couldn't do myself, cost me $4 an hour. I sold my car to pay the bills, but even with this help, I had only $400 left, with stores and fuel to buy and winter, a dangerous season to cross the Atlantic, rapidly approaching. The last blow came when the young American who was to have made the trip with me decided to find a pleasanter way to die.

In desperation, I decided that it was now or never. With a jeep full of gas and oil and $150 I set out alone for New York with the hope of finding a co-pilot. If not, I was going to tackle the Atlantic with only my alarm clock for a companion.

Stupid? You'll never know how stupid. The next few days were pure misery. I battled gale force winds, tidal currents, monstrous waves and mud-banks in the waters of the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and without an anchor. The climax came when the jeep struck a breakwater, gashing the gas tank and snapping the exhaust pipe within the cabin. For awhile it looked like I was going down in the most deserted and desolate section of Chesapeake Bay. No one would have known what happened or where. Luckily, I managed to get ashore in the jeep at a muddy creek near a fishing village with nothing worse than a splitting headache from the exhaust. There was nothing to do but head back, by land, to Annapolis.

My only chance now was to wring the balance of my pay from the Indian army, and that could be done better from New York. So once more the jeep and I headed for the city—this time by road—arriving there in December, 1947. I had the grand total of $60. That winter was the worst of my life. As a visitor, I couldn't work for a living. Somehow, I got by—largely through stealing the peanuts and popcorn thrown to the pigeons in Central Park. It was not until April, 1948, that India came through and I found myself the incredulous owner of $1,700.

Meanwhile, Elinore, whom I had known in India when she was with the American Red Cross, had returned to the U.S. From the beginning she had wanted to take part. But I had felt that she didn't understand the dangers, and besides this was no job for a woman. In the end she got her way and we were married in New York in June.

On June 16, 1948, we headed out of New York harbor, Azores bound—we thought. The first day—the jeep's first experience with the open sea—proved otherwise. Even in a small swell it yawed terribly. I could not hold her straight; she zig-zagged all over the ocean. So it was back to New York for more repairs. In August, we made two more false starts, and finally on August 4 we got away. At the end of a week we were 400 miles from New York and then, without warning, the trouble started. The propellor shaft began to moan. Frightened, I raced for the engine. The worst had happened—

the ball-bearings were hopelessly chipped and broken. There would be no trans-Atlantic crossing this time.

For ten days we wallowed helplessly on the open sea, anxiously searching the horizon for any sign of a storm. If one came up, we would be finished, for without the engine to turn us into the winds we'd be quickly swamped. Again, our luck, which didn't seem good enough to get us across the Atlantic, held long enough to get us back to land. A tanker passed and the Captain was kind enough to hoist the jeep on deck and take us to Montreal. We landed August 28.

By the time the repairs were made it was winter again and I was broke, despite another remittance from India. But I could work in Canada. I took a job in a machine shop, while Elinore returned to New York and worked there as a secretary. Both of us were now determined to make the trip and we swore that nothing would stop us.

Without this attitude we would have never gone on, for the next two years held nothing but disappointments. In August, 1949, we started forth again, only to have the fuel system break down. That meant another winter of work and preparation. In May, 1950, we got as far as Halifax before engine trouble forced us into port.

On July 19, 1950, we cleared Halifax saying that it was this time or never. The weather was good and we made steady progress. Then trouble cropped up in the radio transmitter. I had a call system arranged with Halifax but, though I could hear him perfectly, he could not hear me. In case we needed help, we could not call an S.O.S.

Our fuel tank system had been constantly breaking down, and I had fitted a tow-tank behind as a final solution to the problem. This was a good idea, except that in heavy sea the tank threatened to ram us. It took quick work many times to keep it from crashing on our stern. Let a high-octane fuel tank crack at sea, let a spark from the exhaust ignite it, and you have a flaming coffin instead of a ship. Refueling from the tow-tank was no mean shake either. Elinor had to sit on the nose of the tank and do her best to keep it from sinking us, while I pumped air into it, forcing the gas into our own tanks. We had to do this every three days which meant that we had the prospect of being incinerated coming up regularly on the calender, in addition to the unforeseen hazards.

There were other troubles, too. Lead deposits were forming in the cylinders and once a week I had to remove and clean the head, a tough job at sea. And I worried constantly about the exhaust valves which could easily have caught fire. The best I could do was to keep the engine temperature as low as possible, reduce speed, and pray. Twenty-four hours off the Azores I finally detected the sound in the exhaust of a burned valve. So for those last 24 hours we steamed in second gear.

After almost a month at sea, after six false starts and an expenditure of almost $10,000, we finally sighted the Azores. Our first lap across the Atlantic was finished.

Our job now to sail to Madeira, 520 miles away, but this time winter weather caught up with us, and we were stuck on the Azores. There were plenty of repairs to keep us busy. Only on the 18th of November did we leave San Miguel for Madeira, a hop that we expected would take about eight days.

For four days the weather held and the going was fine. And then the weather changed. For thirteen days we lay at sea-anchor, facing into strong headwinds that stacked the sea into mountains, and forcing hard sheets of spray against the cabin. On the night of December 4 a terrific storm blew in from the northeast with 80-mile-an-hour winds. The sea literally exploded around us. One blast snapped the line to the tow-tank which disappeared immediately into the gloom. The sea-anchor went next, then the sail, the spare-wheel and the antenna. For the next two days we had to run before the storm, covering 140 miles to the southwest.

At the height of the storm we had an explosion in the bilge. Gas fumes had collected and went off with a roar that shook the ship. We grabbed for fire extinguishers but luckily the blast did not ignite anything.

We were now in a desperate position. Madeira was 225 miles away and we had fuel for only 150. I managed to get the radio working and contacted the Portuguese Navy in San Miguel. Could they supply us with gas? They could. A Portuguese navy patrol boat had also been caught in the storm and had run for cover at Madeira. She was now ready to resume her voyage to Lisbon and we arranged a rendezvous 100 miles from Madeira and steamed to meet her.

But our troubles were still not over, even after refueling. The engine stalled because of a blocked fuel line. Then the starter jammed and the jeep cut out again. I was able to handle these repairs and we limped into Funchal, Madeira, the morning of December 12. The trip from the Azores had taken twenty-three days instead of eight!

At Madeira we replaced our lost equipment, putting in a new sea-anchor, tow-tank, and rigging a new antenna. I didn't bother to replace the lost sail which made little if any difference to our progress. I could not fix the compass, which had also been damaged, but I could do without it, I decided, for the remaining 480 miles to Agadir, French Morocco.

We had trouble again leaving Madeira. Sixty miles out, in darkness and rough weather, the tow-rope snapped and we lost another tow-tank. Without it, we could not hope to go on. On the way back to Madeira a particularly nasty wave shattered the safety-glass of the windshield, drenching the cabin. This was the only damage suffered by the jeep during the whole crossing.

Back in Madeira, I replaced the broken glass but couldn't afford to build a new tank. We were broke again. Our only chance now lay in making Africa via the Canaries. We could do this without an extra tank but it meant landing far to the south where there was no road leading north to Morocco.

We finally left Madeira February 13 and covered the 300 miles to Arrecife in the Canaries in four and one-half days without trouble. We took on more gas and, with the Sahara in mind, bought a pick and shovel. This was the trick which finally convinced the local Spaniards that the foreigners of the strange coche-barco were really nuts, something I was beginning to believe myself.

The last hop, seventy-five miles to Cap Jubi, was nothing. We arrived there on the 23rd of February—seven months after leaving Halifax. Out of this, we had spent sixty-three days at sea.

At Cap Jubi, a Spanish military post in Rio de Oro, I used up nine more days preparing the jeep for the desert crossing to French Morocco. By all accounts, it was going to be a lulu. The springs were removed, cleaned and re-set. The brake shoes were frozen solid with rust. The brake pistons had to be driven out of the cylinders with a hammer and chisel. We were minus a spare wheel. When we lost our spare during the storm nothing could have seemed less important. Now, however, it was extremely important. There is no commerce at Cap Jubi but the Spanish Air Force very kindly loaned us a spare to take us to Morocco.

On March 4, we set out for TanTan, the northern-most Spanish post, across 229 miles of uninhabited, roadless desert, carrying a Spanish goum as guide.

The difficulties of the route had not been exaggerated. For many hours we crawled over rough, stony ridges, through sand dunes and dry river beds, in low-low gear. That 229 miles took two full days of dawn-to-dark driving with constant danger of a mechanical breakdown.

After the desert the only obstacle was the Wadi Draa—the boundary between Rio de Oro and French Morocco. Here there was little water but plenty of bottomless, soft mud. A rough causeway was built of large round boulders and the jeep managed to bump her way across.

Once in French Morocco the going was easy. There are roads the length and breadth of the country and north of Gouilimine they are very good. Casablanca, where we rested a week, was reached March 14. Then came visits to Rabat, Port Lyautey and Tangier, and then to Ceuta (Spanish Morocco) to cross the straits to Gibraltar.

At a whale factory near Ceuta I found a perfect ramp to enter the water and on April 21, as a whale slid up the ramp, the jeep rolled down and six hours later we rounded Europa Point, the southernmost tip of Gibraltar.

A week later we pushed on by road via Seville to spend three weeks in Lisbon. The next cities to see the jeep were Madrid, San Sebastian, and Bordeaux, and shortly before noon on the first of June we drove around the Arc de Triomphe in Paris—ten months after leaving Halifax. In this time we had covered 3,111 miles at sea and 2,554 miles by land, or a total of 5,665 miles in the craziest-looking amphibious jeep you ever saw.

Our next step was to cross the rest of the world—providing we didn't become sane in the meantime. •

THE WOMEN WHO RAPE MEN

Continued from page 21

them. By this time Ellsworth's mother had alerted the police. Elaine was arrested for child-stealing.

In jail, Elaine had no regrets. "Sonny is real cute," she said happily, "and he is the man in our family. I love this boy and I call him Sonny. Love makes a person do funny things sometimes. My heart stands still when he kisses me. We love each other madly." Asked about Sonny's inability to support her and her children, she said, "Money isn't everything in this life. I had money when I lived with Mr. Moufredi, but I'll take love any time over money."

For some reason, when Elaine finished speaking this sentence, she fainted. But she recovered sufficiently to explain that Sonny "is an ideal husband—the kind every girl wants to have. Sonny acts old for fourteen. We like the same foods, the same music and everything. We just click, that's all."

That was *not* all. While Sonny and Elaine clicked, Sonny's mother clucked, and loudly. By March of 1945, the indignant Mrs. Wisecarver managed to get her son's marriage annulled. Sonny was placed on probation by the Juvenile Court. He went to work, first as a lumberjack, then as a merchant seaman. He stayed out of trouble for several months, until he met Mrs. Eleanor Praster Deveny, 26, of North Long Beach, California. This time, the click was heard from coast to coast.

Eleanor, mother of two, was married to Cpl. John Deveny, then serving with the U. S. Army in Japan. Sonny's courting struck her as "wonderful beyond words"; two weeks after their meeting, she ran away with him. Eleanor's angry father notified the police, and the couple were soon conducting their courtship from separate cells in the Oroville, California, jailhouse.

When curious reporters flocked to see her, Eleanor was only too willing to discuss Sonny's animal magnetism. "He's more of a man at sixteen," she marveled, "than a lot of men at thirty-five. I love him more than I do my husband. Why, he's the kind of guy every girl dreams about but seldom finds. I knew how old he was, but it didn't make any difference. Eventually I'm going to divorce my husband and marry him and bring my two children to live with us."

Eleanor Deveny was tried for "contributing to the delinquency of a minor." The defense insisted that this charge could be brought only against males, and moved for dismissal. The district attorney opposed the motion, arguing that Mrs. Deveny's conduct had tended to make Sonny "more proficient in the arts of seduction." Cpl. Deveny came home for the trial and stood by his wife, and, because of their reconciliation, Eleanor was placed on probation.

Sonny, however, did not get off so easily. Juvenile Judge A. A. Scott delivered a sober lecture to the young man. He warned, "If you get into any more of these jams, you will be the most sought-after man in the United States, especially if these floosies keep making lurid statements to the press." Whether for his own sake, or for the sake of national morale, Sonny was judged an "incorrigible" and committed to the California Youth Authority's Preston School of Industry in Ione.

Obviously, grown women do not take up with teen-agers every day in the week, but it happens more often than most of us believe. Nor is it hard to understand why the teen-agers accept older women when they offer themselves: teen-agers don't look erotic gift horses in the mouth any more than do their elders. The real puzzler in such matings across the generations is, what are the *women* looking for?

The first answer must be that they are looking for someone who does not resemble their husbands. Obviously, they do not have a very exalted opinion of their husbands as lovers. Almost without exception, these women make pointed comparisons between their adolescent lovers and their husbands which are highly uncomplimentary to the husbands: "For a kid his age he knows more about life than a man, say like my husband, who is thirty-two"; "He's more of a man at sixteen than a lot of men at thirty-five."

And, in some numerical senses, these comparisons may be valid. The Kinsey Report on American males contains many statistics which prove beyond any doubt that the typical American boy has a remarkably active sex life. Without question, the usual boy in his middle teens is very definitely capable of mature sex behavior, and, in many, many cases, indulges in it. By the age of 15, Kinsey tells us, about ninety-two out of every 100 boys have experienced orgasm, and of these ninety-two, better than ten have experienced it in normal heterosexual intercourse.

But older women do not gravitate toward young boys simply because these boys are capable of orgasm; so, assuredly, are many men of 40, 50, and even 60. There must be some more specific quality which the older woman seeks in the youngster, something she despairs of finding in mature men. Here, again, Kinsey's figures are highly suggestive. A 15-year-old boy can, and often does, have four, five, or six orgasms per week, while the exceptional boy, of whom there are a good many, may reach a quota of as many as fifteen, twenty, and even twenty-five or more. On the other hand, the average man in his thirties may have no more than two sex acts per week. As Kinsey puts it, "the teen-age boys are potentially more capable, and often more active, than their 35-year-old fathers."

Why should these women have sexual appetites which are disproportionate to those of their mates? As Kinsey sees it, there is here an inescapable tragedy of physiological differences. The male potency curve starts high and drops fast, while that of the female starts low and surges upward. "In general," the sexologist maintains, "the incidences of responding males, and the frequencies of response to the point of orgasm, reach their peak within three or four years after the onset of adolescence. The frequencies of sexual response in the male begin to decline after the late teens or early twenties, and drop steadily into old age. On the other hand, the maximum incidences of sexually responding females are not approached until some time in the late twenties and early thirties."

In his second report, the one on female sex behavior, Kinsey concludes that relatively few women are capable of orgasm in their early years, but that, by the time they reach 35 or 40, 95 per cent of them have developed the capacity for orgasm. He goes on: "One of the tragedies which appears in a number of marriages originates in the fact that the male may be most desirous of sexual contact in his early years, while the responses of the female are still undeveloped. But over the years most females become less inhibited and develop an interest in sexual relations which they may then maintain until they are in their fifties and sixties. But by then the responses of the average male may have dropped so considerably that his interest may have sharply declined."

From his "frequency" statistics, Kinsey reaches a surprising conclusion: that, in terms of sexual compatibility, the ideal marriage would be between a boy in his teens and a woman 15 years or more his senior. In such a January-and-June mating, he suggests, the male and female curves of desire and capacity would come closest to coinciding. This, of course, is exactly the conclusion that the many women seem to have arrived at, without the help of charts, tables, and graphs. If these enterprising young matrons ever found the time to read, they would surely make the Kinsey Reports their bible.

Unfortunately, however, the restless matrons are wrong, and Kinsey is wrong. For their approach to sexual matters is purely statistical, and no Certified Public Accountant has ever been able to unravel the knotty problems of love and lovemaking. The trouble with the statistical definition of sexual functioning is simply this: it concentrates on questions of quantity and overlooks the far more basic question of quality. To put it in another way, mere arithmetic tells us nothing about an individual's innermost feelings; we can know exactly how many "sexual outlets" a man or woman has per week and still be completely in the dark as to how much the man or woman *enjoys* these outlets, if at all. And what is the point to a lot of sex if it is uniformly bad, frustrating, tension-making?

Kinsey's naive reduction of sexual behavior to a series of charts and graphs

has been attacked in many scientific quarters. The fullest expression of this critical attitude is to be found in a devastating book published recently, *Kinsey's Myth of Female Sexuality: The Medical Facts*, by psychiatrist Edmund Bergler and gynecologist William Kroger. These two medical specialists have many things to say about Kinsey's purely quantitative approach which shed revealing light on the women who chase young boys. Their major point is that Kinsey does not know what female orgasm is, and that most of the women whom Kinsey describes as "capable of orgasm" do not know what orgasm is either. When Kinsey reports that so-and-so many women have so-and-so many orgasms per week, the chances are, properly speaking, that two-thirds of the reported experiences do not have even the remotest connection with the event medically known as orgasm.

It is, Bergler and Kroger argue, a simple matter of physiology. During adolescence, the female's sexual responsiveness is externally centered. However, if the girl is to make the transition to womanhood, to become a fully functioning adult, her sexual response must shift internally.

Now, many women do not make the transition; all their lives they remain fixated on adolescent levels of response. They can have sexual relations with a man only to the extent that he becomes a mere instrument rather than a genuine sexual partner.

This medical analysis tells us a great deal, obviously, about the apparently "over-sexed" women who become interested in young boys. Their emphasis on the *quantity* of sex is a dead give-away as to their own deficiencies. A maturely responsive woman has no need to make a big point of the number of sexual experiences she has a week. She may have only a modest number, but they are fully satisfying, and leave her with no hangover of discontent. It is the frigid, permanently adolescent woman who is forever seeking more and more experience, because no experience she has brings her contentment.

If we accept the Bergler-Kroger line of reasoning, we have to revise our traditional picture of the so-called nymphomaniac, the woman of "boundless appetites." Seen in this harsh new light, the nymphomaniac, far from being a highly-sexed woman who needs more love than any normal man can give her, is the most spectacularly frigid woman of them all. She is eternally demanding because she is eternally unsatisfied.

The Bergler-Kroger analysis, thus, throws a revealing spotlight on the women who form liaisons with young boys. They are, it emerges, nymphomaniacs.

In some cases it may be true that the husbands of these emotionally crippled women suffer from impaired potency, and could not satisfy a normal woman. But, if that is the case, these women must face the question: Why did they choose as their mates men who were below par sexually? The grim fact is that when a crippled marriage is consummated, it is usually the result of choice on *both* sides. When mating takes place, the sick unerringly call to the sick, however much they may deny it. A fully mature woman, who wants real sexual satisfaction out of marriage, chooses a mate who is capable of giving her what she wants. In sum, it takes *two* neurotics to make a neurotic marriage.

."Sure he's a sucker for a left jab, but so am I."

And when the unsatisfied wife taunts her husband for his sexual deficienies, cmost often she is attacking him to hide her own.

But suppose, for the sake of argument, we grant that a woman may be quite healthy, and yet find herself, through unfortunate accident, married to a more or less impotent man. How does she go about correcting this mistake? If she really is normal, capable of warm sexual response, will she turn to a 15-year-old stripling rather than to a potent grown-up male?

Why is the only answer to one impotent man an adolescent boy?

It must be that the older women who turn to young boys do so not out of appetite but out of *fear*. If they pick maimed men for husbands, and if they then run from these husbands to teen-agers, it must be that they are in panicky flight from mature and potent men. Something about a grown, experienced, well-functioning man must warn them of danger ahead, danger which has to be avoided at all costs.

The frigid woman has good reason to fear a mature and potent man: if she goes to bed with such a man, she will be exposed. With a 15-year-old boy, on the other hand, there is no such danger. Young boys, who are not yet sure of themselves sexually, will agree with her that high frequencies are the only sure sign of strong sexual endowment. When the nymphomaniacal frigid woman demands an astronomic number of sex acts per week, the uncritical youngster will do his utmost to oblige. She is the pacesetter, the dominating element, the one in control. She can make of the boy a simple passive instrument of her own driving needs, and he will go along. Because she has one big advantage over him: she is the experienced one in the relationship, and he the rank novice. If she were to make her quite special demands of a mature man, she would be laughed at.

No doubt, Sonny Boy Wisecarver was quite flattered when Eleanor Deveny said of him, "I would like to take care of Sonny the rest of my life, and not on a motherly basis. He is not what you'd call a great lover, but he is a terrific lovemaker. Sonny is good and considerate—he'd do anything in the world for me." A young man, just feeling his erotic oats, could not help but feel a warm glow when he receives such a glowing endorsement from a grown woman.

The ladies who rape young men have performed at least one public service: they have demonstrated for all to see that boys, far from being sexless children, are eminently rapeable. Boys in their middle teens have considerable erotic personalities, and often put them to use.

But, unwittingly, they have also dramatized other physiological facts which are more important. They have proven in the most telling way that there is no out for crippled, frigid women, that in the complicated world of sex the deification of quantity is a desperate dodge. They have shown us, with their own frenzies and panics, that the underside of nymphomania is, in case after weary case, a burning frustration. Frigid women, trapped in the prison of adolescence, can never open themselves to adult pleasures and fulfillments.

There are millions of grown women, obviously, who find deep sexual gratification with men of their own age groups. We seldom read about them, to be sure; normal sex, being unspectacular, does not often make the front pages. But they are far, far better off than the headline-making matrons, who are driven to rape growing boys because they themselves can never grow up. •

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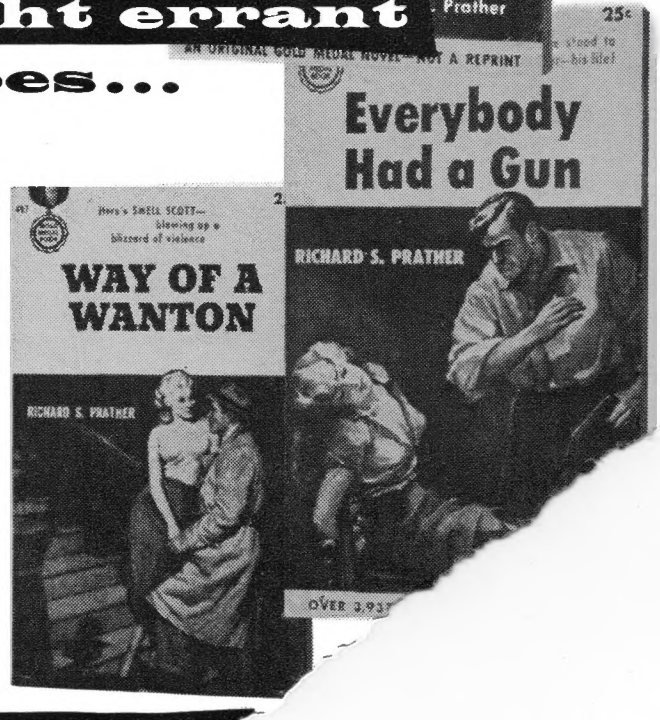

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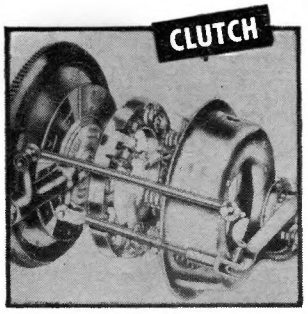

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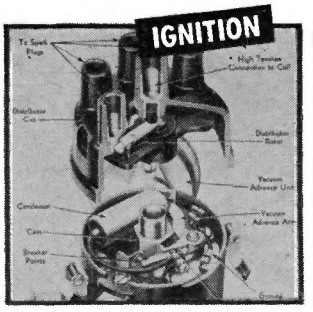

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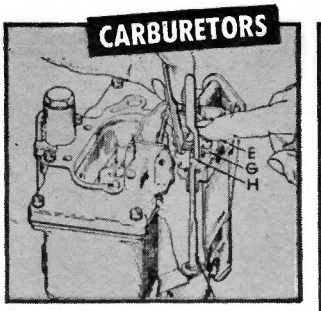

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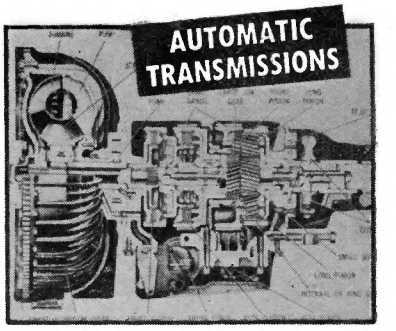

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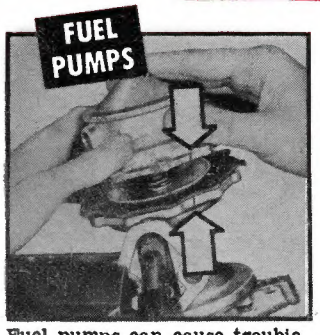

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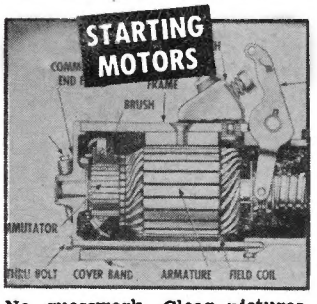

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